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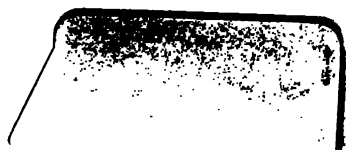
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1811

1812

1813

1814

# HISTORICAL PICTURES

OF

## THE MIDDLE AGES,

IN

Black and White ;

MADE ON THE SPOT

BY

A WANDERING ARTIST.

---

" L'univers est une espèce de livre, dont on n'a lu que la première page quand on n'a vu que son pays. J'en ai feuilleté un assez grand nombre."—*Le Cosmopolite*.

" The affairs of Switzerland occupy a very small space in the great chart of European history. But in some respects they are more interesting than the revolutions of mighty kingdoms. Nowhere besides do we find so many titles to our sympathy, or the union of so much virtue with so complete success."

HALLAM's *View of the State of Europe during the Middle Ages*.

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IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR

LONGMAN, BROWN, GREEN, AND LONGMANS,

FATERNOSTER-ROW.

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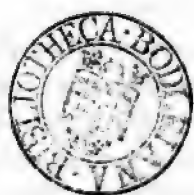
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## P R E F A C E.

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A PREFACE is usually so seldom read, and generally so little wanted, that the author of this work long hesitated as to the propriety of appending one. The reflection, however, that it was ushered into the world under the title of History, at length decided her to point out explicitly the abundant sources whence the materials were drawn, lest it might be supposed that these sketches were, in reality, nothing more than a few leading facts laid down to form a superstructure for a fabric of fiction. All the principal details of "the Nuns' War," more especially liable to suspicion from the dramatic character of its incidents, will be found in Wüerstisen's Great German Chronicle of Bâsle, published scarcely one hundred years afterwards, when the events narrated were yet in the memory of many aged persons, by whom they were transmitted to posterity, both orally and by writing. A short notice of this famous cloisteral



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dispute may also be met with in the eleventh volume of the "Conservateur Suisse," a periodical publication, printed some years ago at Lausanne; which, amid much purely local and now useless information, contains many articles of national interest. Several historians, both German and Swiss, have also mentioned this singular contest between the monks and nuns of Little Bâle. "The Abbots' War," was likewise derived from many authentic authorities — Müller's History of the Swiss Confederation — the Conservateur Suisse — Gibbon's and Sismondi's History of the Fall of the Roman Empire — Hallam's View of the Middle Ages, and several other works. "Bertha, Queen of the Transjurane," has been compiled from an immense number of detached histories and notices laboriously collated — some obtained in Switzerland, others picked up at Arles in Provence, and at Milan, where the spindle of the good queen is yet remembered, and the same proverb exists as in Helvetia, "The time is passed when Bertha spun."

With the accurate and conscientious Müller, historic fidelity requires from the author the declaration that in these sketches all the most essential facts are derived from documents of unquestioned authenticity; but the reflections and turn of expression belong to

herself ; nevertheless, in strict conformity to circumstances recorded by chroniclers and historians. Some few incidents indeed, of minor moment, have been derived from oral tradition, without which, in many instances, it would be difficult to unravel and then link together the tangled and broken chronicles of remote ages. Traditions commonly repose on a true foundation, altered in part by popular additions or suppressions ; and in Switzerland they often prove safer guides than in less romantic lands, because it is in the very essence of her children to treasure up the legendary lore of their forefathers. In the absence of printed memorials the mountaineer of the Alps, and the denizen of the city, had each the same desire to transmit to their children the records of the past with the exactitude which the lettered scribe employed when he wrote for the patron who paid him, or for the future, whose posthumous applause was to be his reward for the penury of the present ; and these oral recitations, proceeding from a gifted or beloved tongue, poured into the unworn ear of childhood, would doubtless leave a deeper mark on the memory than the skill of the printer could ever impress. There is a beautiful allusion to this simple method of transmitting the history of by-gone times in the

memoir of the learned Henry Bullinger, the correspondent of lady Jane Grey ; who in relating some past scene says, “there also was present my grand-mother, Gertrude Küffer, at the age of eighty.” She died when he was in his eighteenth year, so that he could learn, as he stated, many details from her with as much fidelity and precision as from a written book.\* Neither must it be imagined that the omission, or the registration of any particular fact by contemporary writers, is any evidence of the infidelity, or incorrectness of either. The chroniclers of Switzerland were often the chaplains of noble families ; and peculiar circumstances occasionally chained their pens, so that some pass over what others carefully record. In the lovely churchyard of Montreux, scarcely a mile from the immortalised castle of Chillon, stands a very plain but antique building, now appropriated to the double purposes of a school, and public library. The solemn interior architecture is similar to that of the beautiful church, and its original destination might have remained a mystery, had not the chronicle of the neighbouring château of Chatelarde certified that

\* Là se trouvait aussi ma grand'-mère, Gertrude Küffer, âgée de quatre-vingts ans.

it was built over the bodies of four thousand men of various nations, nobles, serfs, and hirelings, who fell at Chillon when surprised by the valiant Duke Peter, of Savoy, uncle of our own queen Ellenor wife of Henry III.; and tradition has preserved the remembrance of a daily mass, instituted for the repose of their souls. Of the foundation of this expiatory chantry there was no mention in the chronicle kept at the castle of Blonay, though only three miles from its site, probably, because one of the lords thereof having fallen in that disastrous battle, which insured the dominion of the Pays-de-Vaud to the house of Savoy, to which he was in opposition, his humbled successors would not register the event in their family archives, either from wounded pride or cautious policy; as, at Genoa, the historian of the republic was forbidden by the Doge to allude to the dreadful quarrel of two noble families, the Argovadi, and the Marquis de Volta, lest the atrocities it produced might injure the city in the estimation of the world. The destination of the chapel at Montreux has thus descended stamped with legitimacy to posterity; but had the chronicler of Chatelarde pursued the same course, or had the parchment folio perished by fire or neglect, after the last baron of Chate-



larde, Peter of Gingins, was killed defending his castle walls against Berne, its origin would have come down to the 19th century as a mere unsupported tradition, to be rejected or received at the will of the hearer. Mr. Hallam in, his "View of the State of Europe during the Middle Ages," the most interesting work of the present, to the lovers of the past, expresses some astonishment at the minute details of Müller's History of the Swiss, as compared with the meagre annals of England and France. Had the accomplished historian resided, like the writer of these rough sketches, two years in various cantons of Switzerland, that surprise would not have been excited. Almost every village had its castle, and nearly every castle its accredited chronicler. Destitute of the modern luxuries of books, newspapers, and letters, excepting, indeed, such important epistles as were deemed of sufficient consequence to be expedited by a special messenger from one baron's castle to another — and usually imprisoned during many months of the year, by roads often impassable from snow and torrents, the most trivial events in the narrow circle were circumstantially and scrupulously recorded for the amusement or future information of the family, as old Froissart naïvely tells us he penned down at

night for the public, whatever he might have picked up during his forages, in quest of news for his Chronicle, by day. The chance visit of a wanderer, with a budget of news from the great world beyond, often afforded the scribe of the household employment for his pen during many a long evening; and what he thus communicated was considered ample remuneration for the hospitality he received. Great cities and monasteries, also, not unfrequently preserved a collection of such facts as fell under their observation; and private individuals, in like manner, treasured up the ephemeral events of the day. Even after the invention of printing, the office of annalist was long in falling into disuse. The general reluctance of the many, whose interests are impaired by popular improvements to yield up at once their calling and bread, is shown by a curious petition to Pope Sixtus IV. in 1472, from two printers named Sweynheim and Pannartz, complaining of the poverty brought on them by having published more works than they could sell, and praying relief. And the Parliament of Paris, on a yet more lamentable petition from the copyists of MSS. setting forth the new art as alike cruel to them and dangerous to the public, ordered some of the books first printed in France to be seized,

either from superstition or false compassion. The inestimable benefits of the press were from many causes slowly developed to the middle classes: books yet scarce, and very dear, had many obstacles to encounter in their journeys abroad, and were especially slow in travelling to the Alpine castles and sequestered towns of Helvetia. Private chronicles thus continued to be the fashion both in Switzerland and Italy long after they were discontinued in England, where in fact they never existed to any great extent.

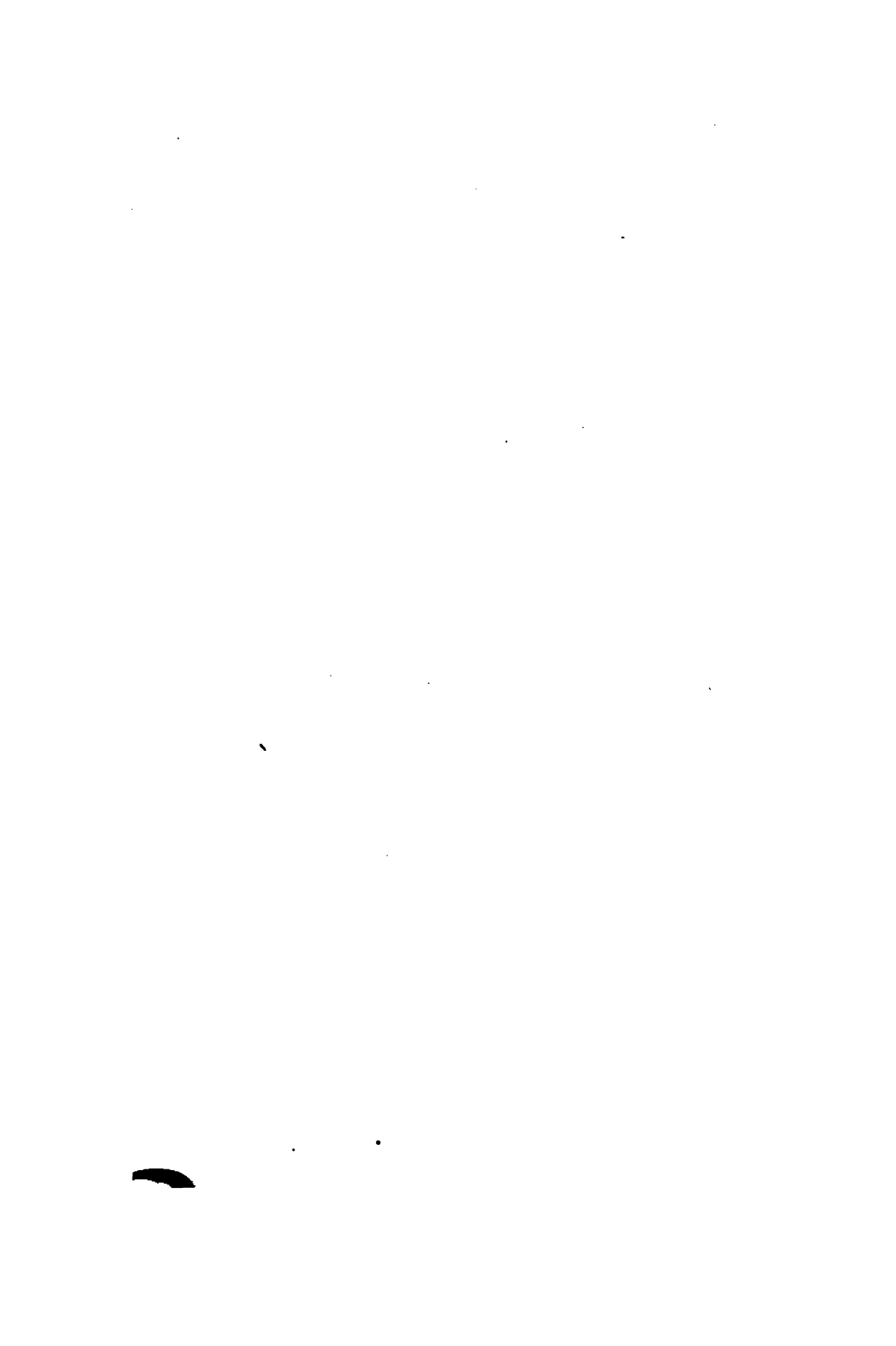
The author of these sketches of the past is not aware that any of her subjects has yet appeared in an English dress. Circumstances twice led her to arrest a wandering course for a season near public libraries, whose ample shelves, rich in the lore and literature of Helvetia, opened to her a mine of untouched wealth. Neither have they been selected from their peculiar interest in her eyes, but because they were the *first* made in advancing from Bâle, — the great portal which unlocks Switzerland to the northern traveller, — towards the orange groves, myrtle bowers, and marble palaces of Italy, by the lovely banks of the Leman, and the sublime pass of the Simplon. Far, very far, is she from imagining that a pencil so rapid and feeble

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**CONTENTS**  
**OF**  
**THE FIRST VOLUME.**

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	Page
<b>HISTORICAL PICTURES OF THE MIDDLE AGES</b> - - -	1
<b>THE NUNS' WAR</b> - - - - -	40
<b>THE WAR OF THE TWO ABBOTS</b> - - - -	200



# HISTORICAL PICTURES

OF

## THE MIDDLE AGES.

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### BÂSLE—SWITZERLAND, 1843.

"Erasmus diffuses a lustre over his age which no other name, among the learned, supplies."

"As the vessel moved slowly from the ancient bridge and quays, lined with thousands of spectators assembled in solemn silence to witness his departure, Erasmus arose, and, turning towards the city he had abandoned, pronounced, with much emotion, a Latin farewell, in four impromptu lines, which his friend Amerbach immediately transcribed upon his tablets :

" ' Bâsle, beloved city ! where I have passed the sweetest portion of my life, adieu ! May Heaven bless thee, and may thy hospitable walls never shelter any guest less happy, or less attached, than he who now bids thee farewell ! ' " \*

THE door of a museum, filled with rare and beautiful objects, is usually passed with careless indifference by the eager visitor impatient to gaze on the treasures it will unlock to his view ; and on his return, sated with seeing, the eye weary, and the

\* " Jam, Basilea, vale, quâ non urbs altera multis  
Annis exhibuit gratius hospitium.  
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Hospes utine unquam tristior adveniat ! " .

VOL. I.

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VOL. I.

B

12



mingling their glittering ornaments with the leafy tops of luxuriant trees — the old city walls, at intervals shaded by the blooming gardens which now arise in rich luxuriance from the deep circumvallating fosses at their feet — the wandering artist, whose feeble pencil traces this hasty sketch, has often felt more calm delight than when contemplating scenes of greater magnificence.

Bâsle, though politically a portion of the Swiss Confederation, is historically a part of Swabia; and still exhibits many of the characteristics of an imperial city — numerous churches of beautiful architecture — antique houses ornamented with sculpture and exterior fresco paintings — fine fountains — spacious squares — and ancient gateways retaining, with their portcullis's, the advanced work or barbican, similar to those which formerly existed at York — others decorated with designs in fresco by the hands of Holbein and his pupils. The roof of the cathedral — the Rathhaus, or Hôtel-de-ville, a Burgundian building of imposing appearance, and many of the old towers, are covered with a species of mosaic, formed of bright glossy tiles of various colours — several of the principal streets have *trottoirs* composed of shining pebbles wrought into devices brought from the banks of the Byrse, so hard as to admit of polishing; and stranger guests, *amateur* lapidists, are accused of sometimes digging up, under cover of the

night, these rough gems, to be arranged as shirt and wrist buttons. Mottoes, now of grave, now of merry import, placed over mouldering door-ways and under mullioned windows, occasionally greet the eye of the antiquary; but they are growing each day rarer, and a hundred years hence, excepting the grand features of the city, Bâsle will probably become like the ancient Roman colony of Deutz across the Rhine at Cologne, of which a German said, with much *naïveté*, to the writer, when expressing astonishment at the exceeding modernness of the streets, "it was its being so very old that makes it now so very new."\*

It was at the epoch of the long duration of the council, held for the reformation of ecclesiastical abuses from 1431 to 1444, that Æneas Sylvius Pic-

\* The greatest of all innovators—the destroyer of gilded palaces, the obliterator of monumental inscriptions, of sculptured column and animated statue—Time, has passed his ruthless scythe so remorselessly over the birthplace of Agrippina, that tradition fails to mark out even the sites of the edifices occupied by Claudius and Germanicus, and their Roman legions at Deutz—whilst at Augusta Rauracorum—the extensive settlement of which Bâsle was a colony, so that Erasmus in playful moments loved to style himself a Roman citizen,—scarcely a vestige remains above ground; though, beneath the flowery meads and waving crops, the ground is so full of relics of these ancient masters of the world, that each year commonly brings to light some long-buried memento of their reign. The author possesses a very curious and perfect lamp, found in a cottager's garden four years ago.

colomini, elevated twenty-two years afterwards to the pontifical throne under the name of Pius II., at that period the courtly secretary of the excellent Cardinal di Fermo, Archbishop of Arles, composed a description of Bâle, for which city he always preserved so affectionate a remembrance, that one of his first acts on attaining the tiara was to found, at the request of the citizens, the university, which has subsequently counted so long a list of learned members. The original Latin MS., dated 1436, is now in the public library of Bâle. It was printed in 1577. A translation soon appeared in the German language, and eventually in the French. He witnessed, from the top of a tower, the bloody fight of Saint Jacob—the Marathon, or rather the Thermopylæ, of Switzerland; and bears unbiassed testimony to the wondrous valour which enabled 1200 men to repulse 40,000, commanded by the *élite* of the French and Austrian nobility under the Dauphin, afterwards Louis XI. More than four centuries have passed away since this accomplished observer, whose abilities were far in advance of his principles, wrote in the purest Latin this description; and yet all the great outlines of the picture drawn by his skilful hand remain: the Rhine still rapidly pours a broad deep flood of pale green over its rocky bed; the great square is daily filled with the choicest fruits and vegetables; the picturesque costume of the young

maidens is unaltered, and admirably calculated to display that beauty of form and features which he (no mean judge) so enthusiastically lauds. The churches are, indeed, no longer studded with elegant tribunes (such as are now to be seen in Italy) where the patrician ladies sat to hear mass; and the relics, and statues, and holy paintings have all disappeared, for Bâle is eminently Protestant; but the forty-six fountains, supplying ever-gushing streams of the most limpid water, suggesting springs cool, deep, and native — the well-furnished shops, and general air of wealth pervading the whole aspect of the city — the ramparts, gates, cloisters, and style of architecture, attest the minute accuracy of his details.\*

\* *Æneas Sylvius Piccolomini*, sprung from a noble and gifted family of Sienna, was unquestionably one of the ablest men of his age. The powers of his extraordinary mind and splendid pen were first displayed at Bâle, during the council, by his warm support of that learned body against papal authority. He was then private secretary to the good Archbishop of Arles, perhaps the most strenuous advocate of the proposed reforms — subsequently to the council, appointed in gratitude for the zeal, energy, and ability he evinced in its favour; and lastly to the Emperor Frederick the Third. Though highly born he was poor, and owed his first elevation to the subtle arguments he employed in defending the council: his next, to the equally skilful and statesman-like manoeuvres with which he brought about its dissolution when his own interests and the wishes of the emperor decided him to pursue an opposite course. Learned, elegant, accomplished, and courageous, he was much admired at Bâle; and, when raised to the papal throne, he remembered the favours bestowed on the

The *interior* arrangements of the houses of the rich citizens and *gentils-hommes*, he says, yielded in no respect to those of Florence, — a high compliment, when it is remembered that Florence was the seat of the refined government of the Medici. He expatiates on the pretty exotic birds, shut up in costly prisons of gilded wire, whose sweet chants beguiled the hours of their fair mistresses, as they sat employing their delicate fingers in all the mysteries of stitchery, or pored over the dreary legends of saints; and the small pendant gardens, tastefully disposed in long baskets under the bay windows, filling the apartments with the odorous perfume of flowers and shrubs. He praises the citizens for their attention to commerce and business-like habits; and wisely, since all that embellishes life, or that leads to the intercourse of different nations, springs from that source; whilst the beneficent reciprocity of blessings and benefits necessarily leads to amelioration of the heart and manners. Yet Bâle, as a mercantile *entrepôt*, must then have been much behind the importance it afterwards reached; for, commenting on the

young unknown secretary of the Cardinal of Arles. This is perhaps (excepting his love of learning) the most pleasing *trait* in the character of one so entirely destitute of honourable feeling and real principle. His papal excommunication (in his official character as Pope Pius II.) of *himself* as Æneas Sylvius Piccolomini, for having dared to defend the councils against popes, is a matchless piece of effrontery and singularity.

accelerated rapidity of the Rhine, as it rushes from the cataract of Schaffhausen, he says, "no vessels can ascend the adverse tide from Strasbourg." What would he have thought could a magician's wand, or Prince Achmed's telescope directed through a vista of four hundred years into futurity, have shown him the Adler of the Upper Rhine, that most elegant of elegant steamers, decorated with gay pavilions of every colour, fearlessly dashing forward on her brilliant but hazardous enterprise, till, panting and foaming, she stopped to land her cosmopolite multitudes in triumph at the very foot of the old bridge?

Æneas, then twenty-six years of age, next offers his warm tribute of admiration to the personal charms of the ladies of Bâle, which he thinks were rather obscured than heightened by their rich habiliments, and profuse display of jewelry. Balls, it appears, were frequent, at which no plebeian could be present unless adorned in some civic dignity or excessively rich; in which case, he hints, that a golden key sometimes opened the doors at Bâle as elsewhere. Another writer of celebrity, Daniel l'Ermite, a native of Antwerp, who accompanied the French ambassador into Switzerland about 1600, also bears testimony to the loveliness of the *Bâloises*, and speaks of their costume as alike elegant and magnificent. He says they bear away the palm from their gentle compatriots, not excepting those of

Zurich, who are proverbially handsome. This letter, written in language that would have honoured the classic age of Augustus, addressed to the son of the Duke of Mantua, was printed by the Elzevirs in 1627, and excited much attention in Europe by the extraordinary beauty of its style, and information respecting a country then but little known. The sumptuary laws subsequently enacted must have produced a great and sombre change in the appearance of this fair population. On Sunday all but the nobility were required to dress in black; the authority of the official censors over all that related to the cut, quantity, or quality of clothes, was supreme; golden ornaments, diamonds, and precious stones were banished *in toto*, and desperate war long waged, against slashed sleeves and embroidered shoes.\*

\* From the still stricter metropolitan and most aristocratic cities of Bern, Geneva, and Zurich, issued mandate upon mandate not only against the weaker sex, but their co-partners in frivolity or expenditure belonging to the other — against breeches (delicate reader, start not!), pantaloons were then unknown — against breeches too wide or too narrow, — against doublets ornamented with ribbons, — against the gay furred mantles in which they draped their persons in the temple (so churches were then called); "*attirant les regards des personnes du sexe*," attracting the attention of women, — against shoes ornamented with gold heels, and points, and chains of gold and silver, — against silken garments of any kind, except at weddings, and their natural appendage, christenings, — against cloth of gold and rich brocades, — against the fine linen of Holland and the point lace of Flanders — against gold and

Amongst many highly curious particulars as to the mode of life, dress, manners, and morals of the inhabitants at that period by Æneas Sylvius, is one relative to the punishments inflicted on persons either guilty or suspected of crime; and whilst he praises the general uprightness of the motives and conduct

silver galleons and false hair, and the "accursed weed" from Virginia, anathematized by our own royal James.

The sons of the warlike republics were enjoined not to neglect to gird on the sword when they went to church, nor to effeminate themselves by the luxurious use of tea and coffee. At Bern, such was the awful power of the unpopular executioners of the law on these offences, that ladies passing in the streets might be hauled to the Hotel-de-ville, the obnoxious trains of illegal gowns forthwith cut off, and there left for the benefit of the poor. It appears, too, since nothing is new under the sun, that the excessive fulness of petticoats was as fashionable in the middle of the sixteenth century as in the middle of the nineteenth; for an old writer concludes a very long and bitter *trade* against such atrocities with this frightful wish, "Would to Heaven the women had as many wrinkles in their faces as they have plaits in their gowns!" that the sober youth might thus be preserved from the corruptions induced by these wanton vanities.

The luxury of female dress and gallantry of a bridegroom may be imagined from the inventory of the *parure* of a noble Vaudoise lady given by Tillier. Gold bracelets; a pearl chain necklace, composed of 880 large pearls; a diamond collar; another collar, having little filagree vases, full of musk; a rose of diamonds, probably a brooch; another of rubies; an emerald and a sapphire set in gold rings, received from the magnificent lord of Graffenried. Item, a medal of rubies, &c. &c.

Testament of the noble Lady Margaret de Graffenried, *née* Blonay, made at Lausanne the 17th of October, 1643.



of the magistrates, "frequenters of the church every day, and great venerators of images and saints," their zeal for religion, and peaceable habits as citizens, he cannot refrain from being astounded, if not shocked, at their judicial severity as rulers: breaking on the wheel — burning alive — imprisonment in dark dungeons, on a scanty allowance of black bread and muddy water, till death necessarily ensued — drowning in the Rhine — mutilation and other tortures, were the usual modes adopted to obtain confession of guilt, or punish its commission.

It is delightful, as a proof of the gradual improvement of successive ages, to be able to place, in contrast to this dark hideous portrait of a by-gone period, the bright modern pendant belonging to our own times. The Hôtel Dieu, recently constructed, is on a scale so splendid, that it seems rather a palace than a hospital: and when in 1789 nearly 1000 Jews, suddenly and cruelly driven from Alsace, sought a refuge in Bâle, every house, which would formerly have closed its doors with insult, hatred, and superstitious fear at their approach, was spontaneously opened to them. Private individuals, as well as the government, anticipated their wants; food, money, clothes, apartments, all were freely offered; and so truly Samaritan had been the conduct of every class, that on their return to their devastated homes, a learned rabbin of Alsace com-

posed in Hebrew a thanksgiving to the God of Israel for the mercies received at Bâsle, with a prayer for their Christian benefactors. At a later period, many hundreds of not less miserable Poles had their wounds also dressed by the humanised posterity of the stern lawgivers of the 15th century, whilst the general legislation of the country is eminently equitable and mild.\*

The Münster, or Cathedral, on the high bank of the Rhine, just where it becomes navigable above the ancient bridge which leads to Little-Bâsle, a most picturesque edifice, with richly sculptured spires and portals, commenced in 1010, belongs to that singular style of architecture termed Byzantine, rather than

\* Eccelin da Romano, usually called the "Tyrant of Italy," was not, however, alone distinguished for the atrocious cruelty of mutilation in the middle ages. Boniface lord of Canossa, better known by the title of Marquis of Tuscany, whose splendid patrimony was bequeathed by his daughter, the famous Countess Matilda, to increase the papal revenues, commanded that the ears and noses of his unhappy prisoners, on some occasions, should be cut off. A Benedictine monk, named Doniza, chaplain to the countess, in a poem dedicated to her, relating this event, exultingly says, "And three bouclers were filled with them." The refusal of the marquis to spare a widow's only son, who on her knees had offered, as an equivalent, his weight in silver, is lauded by the same author, as a proof of the marquis's invariable justice and adherence to his word. These facts, so naively recorded — the *oubliettes*, which existed in almost all feudal castles, and the *authorised use of torture everywhere*, will induce the traveller and historian to applaud, with the philosophic Gibbon, "the merit and happiness of his own time."

Gothic, and forms a noble and sacred shelter for the vast assemblage of mural monuments and magnificent tombs which rise, in solemn beauty, within its spacious aisles and cloisters. A staircase, leading out of the choir, conducts to the chapter house (*Conciliums Saal*), in which the meetings of the Council of Basle were held, when not so numerous as to be obliged to adjourn to the choir itself; and it is additionally interesting from being quite unaltered since that period. The *very* cushions, on which so many legates, archbishops, bishops, abbots, priors, monks, doctors, ambassadors, and learned lawyers sat, during the often stormy discussions which marked its sittings, still remain. A bust of Erasmus in lonely dignity, and a series of figures formed of a peculiar composition, representing the celebrated "Dance of Death," with two very antique pieces of carved furniture brought from a suppressed monastery, are the sole additions to this most curious old vaulted chamber.

In the long catalogue of remarkable events and ceremonies attached to this cathedral, the coronation of a pope, Amadeus VIII., duke of Saxony, known under the title of Felix V., and the funeral obsequies of Anne, empress of Germany, whose posterity still occupy the throne of Austria, are perhaps the most striking.

There is, in the record of the empress's interment, a strange mixture of barbaric pomp and human

tenderness, seeking to invest the object of lost affection with regal grandeur, even when the spirit had fled from its frail tenement, and the closed senses were alike shut to all earthly ties, whether of pride or of love : and her tomb, one of the most beautiful specimens of that glorious period of art, when monumental effigies were likenesses — when each distinction of age, of character, of office, was preserved ; when each fold of the flowing drapery or minute link of the chain armour, when each delicate outline of the faded features, shrouded under a veil, or starting from a helmet, was delineated by the skilful chisel of the thirteenth century, exists to recall to remembrance the stately and frightful pageant which consigned this empress to the grave she had herself selected in the cathedral of Bâle.

Gertrude Anne, countess of Hohenberg and Kibourg in her own right, first wife of the emperor Rudolph, count of Habsburg, founder of that dynasty, was not unfitted by her birth for the imperial honours to which she was called by the unexpected elevation of her husband. She was the great-niece of Berthold V., last duke of the illustrious family of Zähringen, and inherited, after the death of her brother Hartmann (the younger count of Kibourg, who died at an early age), the major part of the paternal property ; for, although he left an infant daughter, the laws of the land, little explanatory as

to female successions, tacitly deemed her the legitimate representative of the family. As the young Anne of Kibourg grew up, she intimated that she was much inclined to contest with her aunt, when arrived at majority, the possession of two or three great lordships; but the accession of Rudolph to the empire, having annihilated all chance of success in any contest, she wisely accepted, in lieu, a husband at his hands, in the young count Eberhard, of Lauffenbourg; whose high lineage and kindred rendered him a very suitable alliance for her.\*

The conduct of Rudolph, in giving their spirited young rival in marriage to a princely relative, presents a noble contrast to the cruelty exercised towards Arabella Stuart by James I., the execution of Jane Grey by Mary, and the insults of Elizabeth to all connected with the throne. Anne, grandmother

\* The history of this young heiress is somewhat singular. The immense possessions to which she was born were either so foolishly or faithlessly administered during her minority, that she and her mother Elizabeth, sister of the Count Palatine of Upper Burgundy, oftentimes experienced much pecuniary distress, and ran great danger of losing the whole, in some measure through the strange custom of the country, which allowed creditors, for even the smallest trifle, either to live, or place some friend at an *Inn*, there to be fed at the expense of the hapless debtor, till it was discharged. From the chicanery and manifold impositions to which a female minor especially might be subjected by such a law, she was rescued by her union, at eighteen, with the Count of Lauffenbourg. (*Müller.*)

of the empress, and wife of Ulric, count of Kibourg, succeeded to the major part of the possessions of her brother Berthold in Western Helvetia; a portion of the Pays de Vaud thus passed also for a time to the Imperial domains.\* The marriage of Anne with her cousin Rudolph, whose early violence of temper and unjust attacks on the property of his relations rendered him extremely unpopular at the period, was considered somewhat imprudent. Perhaps the acuteness of feminine perception enabled Anne to see through the veil which shrouded Rudolph's many glorious qualities, and a not too egotistical estimate of her own, might induce her to hope, that when subject to her gentle admonitions, and no longer harassed for money, he would justify her disinterested choice. Lord Bacon, alluding to the *secret* influence of woman in the domestic relations, observes "no man ever rises above the level of his wife." Certainly, after Rudolph's union with this superior woman, a great and salutary change gradually displayed itself in all his actions, till he was at length found worthy to wield the sceptre of Charlemagne.

Though Anne had been the mother of ten chil-

\* The cathedral of Lausanne was consecrated the 19th of October, 1275, by Gregory X. in the presence of Rudolph, king of Germany, and Anne his wife, with their four sons, Albert, Hartmann, Rudolph, and Sampson, and their four daughters. (*Müller.*)

dren, she was yet comparatively young and extremely beautiful, when that awful summons, which awaits on all, was delivered to her; and there is, in the memorial left by her confessor of her last moments, something exceedingly noble and affecting in her expressions on receiving the confirmation that she must endeavour to efface from her mind the remembrance of the riches, and glory, and happiness, which environed her in this world, to pass into the solitude and nothingness of the grave. She had been some time ill, without however any apprehension of danger, till within a few days of her dissolution, and the mandate to return to the dust from whence she came must have rendered it more appalling. In the language of the period she asked, "what she must now do to inherit Heaven." The reply of her spiritual director was also characteristic: there was no mention of Christ: she was to resign herself to her doom: forgive her enemies, and leave money to the clergy through the medium of church and convent. She replied immediately —

"I bow to the decree of God; and I as freely forgive those who may have injured me as I hope to be pardoned by my Heavenly Judge." Her will was unmade, and to the settlement of her earthly accounts she now directed all the powers of her unimpaired mind. Her first command was to be buried at Bâsle, where her youngest child, prince

Karl, a boy of seven years of age, had been interred five years previously. She did not, however, assign this as the motive of her wish, but—

“Because my dear lord, the emperor, hath done much disservice to the bishop afore time, it is my desire there to be laid.” And the bequest of a sum of money to augment the episcopal revenue, sufficiently large to found two prebends, evinced her sincere wish to make atonement to the see for the wrongs inflicted by Rudolph both on the bishop and diocese.\* Anne left many charitable donations to various religious institutions, with valuable remem-

\* Rudolph, though not naturally cruel, in accordance with the barbarity of the age in which he flourished, had cut off the right legs of fifty miserable men, natives of Neuchâtel, who were taken fighting for the bishop a few years before.

In 1789 the enlightened inhabitants of Bâle, who received the exiled Jews of Alsace into their very domiciles, were doubtless, in many instances, descended from the senators and citizens who, during the plague of 1347, drove the whole Jewish population, men, women, and children, to the amount of several hundreds, into a wooden house, and there burnt them all alive as the authors of the calamity! And at Kibourg, the Archduke Albert, from the prevalence of the same dark suspicion of poisoning the water-springs, or of exercising witchcraft against the Christians, was obliged to give up a still greater number to the mad fury of the populace.

The Jews' burial place in Bâle was where the arsenal now stands in St. Peter's Square; and the handsome tombstones, for they were a very affluent body, were broken up and taken to line the sides of the fosses, at the foot of the town walls, where many with Hebrew characters are still distinctly seen.



brances to her attendants; and having thus, to the best of her knowledge and ability, worthily finished her earthly task, she calmly resigned herself into the hands of her Maker on the eve of St. Matthew, 1281.

The emperor, who was ever greatly attached to this amiable woman, notwithstanding some infidelities which had a little clouded her brilliant destiny (for jealousy is the single fault of which Anne was ever accused), prepared to fulfil her last injunctions with the pomp and circumstance which he deemed befitting his love and her rank. The body, after being slightly embalmed with aromatic drugs, and the face, hands, and feet rubbed with some peculiarly precious ointment, was splendidly attired, and then enclosed in a strong coffin, or rather coffer, made of box-wood lined with velvet, skilfully sculptured with representations drawn from sacred history; stone, at that early epoch, not being so usual on the Continent as wood. The great distance also from Vienna to Bâle, when roads were hardly practicable for heavy carriages, might have led to the use of this more frail material. When these preliminary preparations were completed, the coffer was fastened by three padlocks, and reposed in a state apartment hung with black till early in March, when, the heart of winter being over, it was placed in a sort of triumphal chariot covered with escutcheons, crowns, banners, and heraldic devices. Four monks,

two bare-footed, and two Dominican brethren bearing torches, walked on each side, escorted by forty cavaliers. Three rudely-constructed, but magnificent, carriages followed, containing the ladies of the empress's suite; and a strong detachment of four hundred chosen soldiers, armed at all points, led and closed this melancholy procession from Vienna into Switzerland.

The emperor, at the period of Anne's demise, was contending with the bishop and citizens of Basle, on the pretence of demanding reparation for an alleged wrong, but in reality for the establishment of some of those onerous claims which subsequently, under his descendants, kindled so many bloody wars in his native land; but the empress's dying entreaties for peace, her generous bequest, and an autograph letter from the emperor himself, promising to repay in the amplest manner every expense attendant on her interment, having, at least temporarily, lulled the tempest on each side, the bishop determined to second the emperor's request that it should be marked by extraordinary splendour. He had, in fact, once been confessor to the emperor, and the recollection of the empress's many virtues, as well as her donation to the church, probably rendered him personally disposed to honour her remains. All the clergy of his diocese received invitations to be present at this august solemnity; and on Thursday, the 19th of March, 1282, he issued

from the gates of the episcopal palace at the head of twelve hundred ecclesiastics (of whom six were abbots), priests, conventual and secular, each bearing a lighted waxen torch, to meet the funeral cavalcade at some distance from the city gates. The imperial corpse was received at the door of the cathedral, with all the state and ceremony peculiar to papal pomp, by three other bishops awaiting its arrival with a minor host of dignitaries, and from thence (amid the chanting of litanies and the chiming of bells) conveyed into the choir, where the coffin was opened, and the deceased empress was placed upon a magnificent throne, which had been erected on a raised platform, surmounted by a dais or canopy of crimson velvet fringed with gold. Her ladies and the distinguished personages who took a prominent part in the procession, dressed in deep mourning, ranged themselves on either side, whilst the four bishops performed a solemn mass before the awe-stricken multitude, assembled in thousands to witness so strange and appalling a sight. Sumptuous robes of rich silk and velvet enveloped the inanimate form of departed majesty. A veil of white silk floated from her head, and a small but elegant crown of silver gilt rested on her forehead. A collar of gold curiously wrought, containing a rich sapphire and other precious stones, was round her neck; and on the pale fingers of her lifeless hands, crossed over

her bosom, glittered many costly gems. When the solemn service for the dead was finished, the body was again re-committed to the coffin, and entombed, amid the weeping of her attendants, in the choir close to that of the young prince Charles.\*

The old chronicler has not failed to record that, after this frightful scene, there was a grand entertainment at the bishop's palace, where fifty immense

\* It was not, formerly, uncommon to expose the dead in Germany, and it is still practised in some parts of Italy; but *ever* soon after the spirit has departed—whilst the body, though cold and inanimate, yet seems to retain some affinity to the world it has so recently quitted.

There is, however, a currently received tradition that Pedro I., king of Portugal, who had, whilst crown prince, secretly married Agnes de Castria, cruelly assassinated by the order of his father Alphonso IV., to efface the affront done to royalty in her person, caused, after his accession to the throne, the body of Agnes to be placed on his royal seat, and then fixing a crown on her fleshless brow, solemnly proclaimed her queen, and her children the legitimate successors of his throne. But Mariano, the best historian of the time, makes no mention of this most remarkable circumstance, and, if authentic, the event was nearly 80 years subsequent to the same exhibition in the cathedral at Basle, since the hapless Agnes, whose beauty and virtues merited a better fate, was stabbed in 1357.

Charlemagne was found at Aix-la-Chapelle, 350 years after his interment; but there is no account extant of the ceremonies attending his funeral obsequies, or that he was previously exhibited before inhumation, though it is probable he was so. There is a splendid description of Charlemagne's appearance when his tomb was opened in Mr., now Sir James, Emmerson Tennent's "Belgium."

tables were spread with the substantial cheer of olden times, and rich vintage of the Rhine. It would be unjust not to add that great alms were given to the poor, as well as this "*imbismal*" to the hierarchy, for such is the old obsolete Swabian expression, compounded of two words implying the same meaning, employed to describe this famous repast.\*

The monument that soon arose to the memory of the royal mother and child is still one of the most interesting relics of the cathedral. The effigy of the empress, the size of life, reposes on a bed of state with her young son by her side. Her diadem adorns her brows; her hands are clasped in prayer; and the royal robes she wore, when consigned to dust, have been faithfully represented in all their details by the Italian artist employed to rear this record of

\* There was nothing extraordinary in this part of the ceremonial of Anne's interment—funeral feasts were not uncommon in the north of England sixty years ago—and the custom dates from a very early period, for it usually succeeded Jewish burials. Thus, after Abner's funeral was solemnised, the people came to David to eat meat with him, though they could not persuade him to do so. He was the chief mourner, and probably had invited them to this banquet. Of this Jeremiah speaks, where he calls it the *cup of consolation, which they drank for their father or mother*; and accordingly the place, where this funeral entertainment was made, is called in the next verse the house of feasting. Hosea calls it the *bread of mourners*. (*Hartwell Horne's Introduction to the Study of the Bible.*)

her husband's undiminished affection for her, and the pretty boy whose sweet features strongly resemble her own. Her crown, indeed, encircles a head of great beauty; her calm features presenting some trace of the gentle and lovely expression which characterises the face of our own Elizabeth of York, as she sleeps by the side of her cold-hearted lord, who was too apt to regard her as the rival of his throne rather than the partner of his bosom. A rich frieze of elaborate workmanship, containing armorial bearings, and the shields of the houses of Habsburg, Kibourg, and Hohenberg, runs around the sides of this costly mansion for the dead; but she for whom it was so cunningly and carefully erected is no longer its silent possessor.

After the Reformation, to which Bâle so powerfully contributed, was finally achieved, the cathedral became the parochial church of the inhabitants; and the empress Maria Theresa of Germany, a good but certainly narrow-minded bigoted woman, reflecting with pain that the mortal remains of her ancestors were dissolving in a building no longer consecrated to the worship of the Romish faith, demanded of the senate of Bâle, in 1771, permission to open the tomb, in order to transport their remains to the abbey of St. Blaise in the Black Forest, together with those of eleven other princes and princesses of the house of Habsburg, who, in the lapse of ages,

since the empress's death, had been brought for interment near her. Of this number the first was a son, nineteen years of age, unfortunately drowned in the Rhine a few months afterwards, with fourteen gentlemen the *élite* of the Austrian nobility, attended by circumstances very analogous to the fate of our young prince, son of Henry I. Hartmann, second son of Rudolph, created landgrave in Alsace, a most gallant amiable youth, not unjustly the idol of his father, who hoped to obtain for him the reversion of the empire, had already become so distinguished that Edward I., struck by his chivalrous bearing and early promise, was entering into some negotiations, "with Master John of Derby dean of Litchfield\*," then at Vienna, for a union between him and the eldest princess of England, when he should have succeeded in compelling Philip, count of Savoy, with whom his father was then at variance, to offer homage to the emperor. All was accomplished: a glorious peace terminated the war which the prince, with a degree of valour and skilfulness astonishing for his age, had thus successfully conducted to a brilliant close, and he was, with a numerous retinue,

\* It was in favour of Hartmann that Rudolph, with the concurrence of the barons, meditated to erect into a kingdom the ancient Burgundy-transjurane, Provence, Languedoc, and part of northern Italy, making Arles once more a capital—forming thus a crown set with some of nature's most beautiful jewels.

gaily descending the Rhine from Brissach to rejoin his proud and delighted father, when the boat, either by some act of carelessness, or one of those sudden accidents which proclaim that "in the midst of life we are in death," entered into a current near Rheinau, where the river is divided by many little isles, struck against the branch of a tree leaning over the water, and was capsized in a moment. The young prince could swim; and he was in safety, when he turned back at the cry of one of his companions, and in the generous effort to preserve him, the waves swallowed up both.\*

\* Rhymer has preserved an affecting letter from Rudolph, to Edward the First, relative to this sad event; and Rudolph, who never ceased to lament this beloved son, gave subsequently to the chapter of Bâle, in memorial of him, the patronage of the churches of Augst and Zeiningen, belonging to the empire, to found two prebends, and enrich two altars in the cathedral. This gift is dated at Lucerne, 18th of Weinmonats (October), 1285, six years before his own death.

There is at Bâle a statue of Rudolph, executed during his life, in stone — a coloured likeness, as was usual in the thirteenth century. He is seated on his throne, in one hand is the imperial apple, and the other grasps a sceptre; his sword rests between his knees. He is portrayed a man of noble commanding presence, with a fine aquiline nose, high forehead, and fair but not feminine complexion, of the pure German stock. This very curious and well-preserved remnant of antiquity is to be seen near the porte St. John, within the court of a fine old mansion called the Seiden Hof, the present residence of a banker, and in 1815 temporarily occupied by the emperor Alexander.



The empress's grandson Leopold, killed at the dreadful battle of Sempach with the flower of the Austrian nobility, was the next visitant to that crowded but silent mansion where the guests exchange no salutations.

One of the wisest and most merciful decrees of Providence is that which forbids man to look into futurity. Could the just and beneficent empress, who desired to be interred at Bâsle, as some compensation for the minor wrongs her husband had inflicted on her native country by his early wars, have surmised even the half of those murderous combats which her descendants delivered on the blood-stained soil of Switzerland, her gentle spirit would indeed have been wrung with woe at its departure from earth.

The authorities of Bâsle having readily granted the empress Maria Theresa's request, the thirteen royal personages were exhumed, and, attended by several ecclesiastics and the deputation from Vienna, at length reached the Abbey of St. Blaise, where all that remained of the emperor Albert, Anne's third son, assassinated by her grandson, the miserable duke John of Swabia, whose patrimonial inheritance he had usurped, and her grand-daughter, Agnes queen of Hungary — great alike in the atrocious crimes she

Tradition points it out as the sojourn of Rudolph himself, in 1273, just after his election to the empire.

committed to avenge her father's murder, and the consistency with which she inflicted on herself, during fifty years of penitence, the most painful punishments, — had already arrived from Königsfelden, the now secularised convent erected by Agnes and her mother, over the spot where the emperor Albert fell from his horse.

Mrs. Hemans has touched on this scene with her wonted beauty of thought and language: —

"A peasant girl that royal head upon her bosom laid,  
And, shrinking not for woman's dread, the face of death survey'd :  
Alone she sate. From hill and wood low sunk the mournful sun ;  
Fast gush'd the fount of noble blood. Treason his worst had done.  
With her long hair she vainly press'd the wounds to staunch their tide ;  
Unknown on that meek, humble breast, imperial Albert died."

Here again, amidst the solemn chants and imposing services of the Romish ritual, the mouldering remnants of greatness were once more shrouded from mortal eye ; and a majestic monument soon arose in the church of the monastery under the direction of the Abbot Gilbert. In this hallowed sanctuary they reposed together, till the fierce war between the French and Austrians having alarmed the emperor Francis for the safety of these precious relics of his

race, exposed to the danger of desecration for the sake of the gold or jewels they might be supposed to contain, he despatched some trusty agents, escorted by a strong body of troops, to disinter and convey them to his dominions. Nearly five hundred years had elapsed since the remains of the empress Anne had quitted Vienna, when this funeral *cortége* reached the metropolis of Germany, and found, it is to be hoped, a final resting place in the same mausoleum which Maria Theresa had constructed some years previously for her beloved husband, and illustrious family, under the roof of the Capuchin convent.

When the tomb of the empress was opened at Bâsle, the coffin, or rather coffer, being found in too decayed a state to encounter a second journey, the padlocks were removed, and the body carefully transferred to one of solid mahogany, in the presence of the German commissioners and Swiss authorities, to whom a very extraordinary and awful spectacle was then exposed. The whole person of the empress was found in a perfect state, changed only to a deep black — her diadem still rested on her brows, and her golden collar encircled her throat — her royal habiliments preserved their graceful contour — but every hue, every shade of colour, had fled.

As the empress Maria Theresa demanded the ashes of her ancestors only, the commissioners gave the Imperial ornaments to the city of Bâsle, in memorial

of a former benefactress, and they remained in the public Museum attached to the library, till the unhappy war of 1830, between Bâsle City and Bâsle Campagne, when a division of the public treasure being made, after the settlement of the dispute, they unfortunately fell to the lot of Bâsle Campagne. Little appreciating these curious wrecks of a by-gone age, they were, with many other relics of the same interesting nature, put up to auction, and sold for less than their intrinsic worth in bullion. The necklace was purchased by a jeweller, and the crown became the property of a wandering Israelite !\*

*Sic transit Gloria Mundi.*

A letter from this empress, written in 1275, about two years after her elevation to the throne of Germany, preserved in the German chronicle of Tschudi, throwing light at once over the manners of the age

\* Amongst the rich and rare objects thus scattered abroad or lost to posterity, was a votive table in pure gold, offered by Henry II., emperor of Germany, indiscriminately termed the *Lame*, or the *Saint*, who rebuilt the cathedral in 1010. This magnificent relic, which dated from the very commencement of the eleventh century, was made of plates of pure gold exquisitely chiselled, and its graceful proportions recalled the best models of the Byzantian style. It was sold to a gentleman, who carried his cheaply acquired treasure into Holland, and last year was desirous of disposing of it by a public lottery.

and her own character, may not unfitly close this notice. Rudolph of Stauffacher, father of one of the liberators of the Grütli, having, as Ammann or chief magistrate of the district of Schwytz, required the convent of Steinen, a small village in the neighbourhood of the lake of Löwerz within his jurisdiction, to pay a certain contribution levied alike on all landed proprietors, the abbess repeatedly refused, when, in virtue of his office, he arrested a horse belonging to that religious corporation, and declared he would keep possession of it till the sum was duly discharged. The haughty abbess, probably far more indignant at this plebeian insult than the loss of the horse, immediately complained in no measured terms of Stauffacher's conduct to the empress, at that time visiting the château of Kybourg in Switzerland; and, doubtless influenced by pious and compassionate motives, she in consequence wrote the following letter:—

“Anna by the Grace of God queen of the Romans. To the prudent and honest Ammanns Rudolph of Stauffacher, and Werner of Seeven— Salutation and all good: Know, that having by the good pleasure of our illustrious Lord and King taken under our especial care, protection, and safe guard our dear sisters in Christ, the nuns of Steinen belonging to the Cistercean order in the diocese of Constance, with all their goods and domains, We do not intend

that they should be constrained by our officers to the payment of any taxes of whatever sort they may be. Now being informed that you Rudolph of Stauffacher landmann, have seized and do detain a horse belonging to the before mentioned Cistercean nuns of Steinen, We address ourselves to your discretion, and require you immediately to restore the said horse without delay, or opposition of any kind; recommending moreover to you both, Rudolph de Stauffacher and Werner de Seeven, not merely to molest no more in any fashion, but on the contrary to defend in all their rights and privileges, these the said holy sisters with all your power faithfully, and on every occasion, against the insults and vexations of others. Given at Kybourg the fourth day of September of the second year of the reign of our aforesaid Lord and King. —Anna.”\* The style of this epistle is right royal, showing that Anne was fully imbued with a sense of her importance, and had glided gracefully into her high position ; but she had yet to learn that an

\* There is considerable difficulty in determining baptismal names in Swiss and German history. Agnes, mother of the emperor Henry IV., is occasionally called Innes. Müller styles the wife of Rudolph of Habsburg, Gertrude—Würstisen invariably speaks of her as Anna—whilst Tschudi names her indiscriminately Anna or Gertrude. Her own letter is signed Anna alone. It is therefore probable that after her elevation to the Imperial Crown, she relinquished her first appellation, and, like our beloved queen, adopted exclusively her second.

empress is not an emperor! and the lesson was speedily taught her by the stout old landmann. Undismayed by this queenly mandate, he addressed himself forthwith to the fountain-head of power, through the medium of Conrad Hanno, who lived in the vicinity of Steinen, and had fought with Rudolph on many a battle-field, and represented that the tax\* demanded was both equitable, and necessary for the well-being and good government of the country. Rudolph, who was naturally frank and generous as well as politic, especially in the earlier period of his career, before the influence of his sons warped his better feelings, listened to the reasonable arguments of his old comrade in arms; and, despite of his attachment to Anne, pronounced in favour of Stauffacher, though she had also endeavoured to strengthen her cause by enlisting into the service of the nuns of Steinen, Rudolph's especial friend, Count Hartmann of Baldegk. †

\* Distraints of cattle were common for the payment of public rates of whatever nature. The dean and chapter of Lausanne, at a later period, having refused to pay their appointed quota towards the necessary repair of the town walls, were in like manner visited by the seizure of some cows; on which occasion they threatened a papal excommunication against the perpetrators of the offence. But the age was growing hourly bolder, and the burghers kept the cows till, the hapless dignitaries pining for milk, discharged the debt.

† This was not the only instance where his love of justice was displayed under similar circumstances: in 1289, he decided

When Maria Theresa terminated her reign, most of the noble families who had devoted their lives and fortunes to the primitive aggrandizement of the house of Habsburg were extinct; and continual wars between the Imperial family and the Swiss had long alienated them from the country, without, however, destroying all those feelings and reminiscences which render ancestral possessions so dear to the heart; for Frederic III. visited the half-devastated towers of Habsburg just after his accession to the throne of Germany in 1440; and on seeing them evinced a degree of sensibility very foreign to his usual stoicism of character and coldness of demeanour. In 1815 the emperor Francis II., after the conclusion of the war, also made a pilgrimage of sentiment to the ruins of Habsburg, accompanied only by the burgomaster of the little adjacent town of Brugg; and found the fortress in which Rudolph first drew his breath had experienced the common lot of ancient buildings, where —

“ The peasant holds the lordly pile,  
And cattle fill the roofless aisle : ” —

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in the same way a contest between the constituted authorities and Conrad of Tellendorf, governor of Kybourg, whom a body of nuns had surprised into a charter of exemption. The general unpopularity of such immunities is attested by the fact that the peasants of Schwytz, long afterwards, sold to Conrad Hanno, then grown grey in the service of his country, a propriety, for ten livres, worth as many hundred florins.



where the stream, that once defended the frowning battlements of the haughty occupant, is often diverted from its pristine course to turn, for the benefit of the descendants of his serfs, the merry wheel of some tiny manufactory; whilst webs of cloth, and heaps of linen hanging to dry or to bleach on the crumbling walls, replace the proud banners that formerly floated over them. The position of Habsburg, perched on a steep insular mountain, forbade this species of commercial degradation; but grass grew luxuriantly in its halls and courts; and the massive old keep or donjon, built by the gold of Werner, bishop of Strasbourg, to increase the importance of his elder brother the first count, was converted into a shot tower!

Anne was sojourning at Habsburg, when a crowd of titled dames and belted knights came to congratulate her on her lord's unexpected elevation to the most powerful throne in Europe. And it is orally recorded that, whilst the emperor Francis was gazing with intense interest on this ruined cradle of a long line of emperors, an old woman whose dishevelled silver hair was hardly shaded by a ragged handkerchief, looking through the thick iron bars of the mullioned window, where tradition states that Anne stood to receive the courtly train, screamed out her wonder, "that any one like a gentleman could take pleasure in beholding such a miserable old tenement."

The career of Rudolph, says Müller, presents a noble example to young men of ardent temperament, whose youthful passions have led them astray at the outset of life, not to despair that their early errors may yet be redeemed by the wise government of their future lives. Before he was forty years of age, Rudolph had made war on almost all his family in furtherance of his ambitious views on their patrimony; his own inheritance being far too inadequate to satisfy his desires after wealth and power. He was twice excommunicated as a Ghibelin, and again for having, in his quarrels with the Bishop of Bâle, burnt the convent of the penitent sisters of St. Mary Magdalen, situated in a faubourg of the city. Probably in atonement for this offence, he joined the crusade of Ottocar, king of Bohemia, against the infidels of Prussia, who had for fifty years struggled against the chevaliers of the Teutonic order in defence of their liberty and heathen gods. His union with his cousin Gertrude, whose heart had been unable to withstand the attractions of his handsome person and chivalrous bearing, notwithstanding his family offences, seems to have been the first step towards his reformation; and although he had absolutely forced two of his uncles to give away the major part of their possession merely to escape his persecutions, he was thenceforth admitted into the kindred circle again; a great act of Christian

and kinsmanly forgiveness, which ultimately paved the way to the extraordinary elevation of their house to the imperial dignity through a member who, after having been so flagrant a violator of all laws, was elected expressly to establish the order and tranquillity of a mighty realm. Nor did he disappoint the expectations of those who saw in him the glorious Prince Hal of our own country. Active, simple, popular, wise, and valorous, — in every thing the man of his age, — he accomplished great things without violent measures; and while vigilant for the state, never lost sight of his own house, building it up, however, with prudent caution and slowness, which his son Albert neglecting, in his eager wish to complete the work, lost his life.\*

One of two much-aggrieved uncles subsequently appointed him his heir; the descendants of the other, the Count of Lauffenbourg-Habsburg, were doomed by his early violence to a different destiny and expatriation to a distant land. After valiantly defending his aged father against this turbulent cousin, Godfrey, son of the old Count of Lauffenbourg-Habsburg, seeing resistance useless, yielded to necessity, and made an onerous peace; but not till he was so impoverished that his eldest son, William, Count of Lauffenbourg-Habsburg, Lord of Lauffenbourg and

\* Müller.

of Rhinfelding in Germany, with no other riches than his titles and admirable qualities, passed into England, where he obtained a rank inferior indeed to that which he had abandoned, but still illustrious.

The imperial line of Rudolph was extinguished in the person of Maria Theresa, empress of Germany, but the descendants of the self-exiled Count of Lauffenbourg still exist in the noble family of Fielding, Earl of Denbigh. There is a long Latin notice of this branch of the house of Habsburg in Müller's German History of the Swiss; and it is curious to mark the various changes in the spelling of the name of these former lords of Rhinfelding — now occupying a seat in the British parliament — Fildying, Felden, Filden, Fielding.

## THE NUNS' WAR.

### AN HISTORICAL SKETCH OF THE MIDDLE AGES.

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Reformation der weissen Schweistern mit den Schwartzten pletzen.\* — *Würtisen. Great Chronicle of Basel.*

Prediger wollen die Frauen zu Clingenthal reformieren, als sie nicht gehorchen, stossen sie die aus ihrem Kloster: das giebt Anlass einer offenen Feindschaft, dadurch Herren und Städte bemühet werden. — *Würtisen.*

Mais il était moins difficile de terminer heureusement ces sortes d'affaires, et même des guerres considerables, que les tracasseries de vingt-quatre religieuses dans le couvent de Klingenthal au Petit-Bâle. Soustraites depuis nombre d'années à l'ordre de Saint Dominique, elles jouissaient d'une independance peu compatible avec la vie claustrale. Le pape Sixte 4<sup>ieme</sup> l'apprit et rendit le monastère à l'ordre religieux. On n'avait pas achevé la lecture de la bulle, que les nonnes déclarèrent à grands cris qu'elles brûleraient plutôt le couvent. — *Conservateur Suisse.*

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BASLE—SWITZERLAND. 1480—1484.

THE traveller, however brief his sojourn at Bâsle, cannot fail to remark the solid battlements which

\* Reformation of the white and black sisters of the convent of Klingenthal. *Pletzen*, a very old Swabian expression, meaning portions or places. Their veils, which fell, somewhat like a

on the opposite shore of the Rhine, and the mass of  
 ruins within, surmounted by a dilapidated church  
 of extremely beautiful architecture: should his curi-  
 osity tempt him to cross the fine old bridge, which  
 spans the wide and rapid Rhine, and then turn up a  
 narrow street to the left, he will find at its ex-  
 tremity the mouldering, but most extensive remains  
 of a religious house, now in part converted into a  
 hospital for invalid soldiers. Mullioned windows,  
 in which hang files of shirts and stockings; Gothic  
 ways, half blocked up by bricks, and turf and  
 stones; fragments of stone of exquisite work-  
 ship, on which the skilful sculptor had lavished  
 many days of painful labour, profusely scattered over  
 well-trodden dirty court-yards, tell a lesson of  
 grandeur, and present a picture of by-gone splen-  
 dour: not to be mistaken. Reader, that desolate  
 dwelling was once the home of the noblest ladies of  
 the age! the silent aisles of that deserted church, con-  
 verted into stables and granaries, yet enclose the dust

from the head, over the shoulders behind, were lined with  
 fur. Würstisen has perpetuated the costume of the nuns of  
 Klingenthal, and that of the rival monks, in two coarse wood-  
 cuts such as adorned some of the earliest copies of Chevy-chase,  
 the Seven Champions of Christendom—the delight of our  
 childhood, whose expressiveness is ample apology for the lack  
 of pictorial beauty. It must be borne in mind by the  
 German scholar of 1845, that Würstisen wrote nearly three  
 hundred years ago.

of princes, nobles, prelates, abbesses, and titled damsels, whose well-authenticated gentle blood could alone have procured them the honour of reposing within its hallowed precincts. A society of Dominican nuns were the possessors of this once sacred edifice—here for many centuries their superior reigned in sovereign power, independent of all control but that of the supreme head of the Romish church. What a lesson on the mutability of life—on the evanescent nature of earthly pomp and worldly grandeur—may be learnt from these crumbling ruins! Of all the noble ladies who lived and died within their holy enclosure, not a name, not a trace exists in this their seat of empire! And yet, a vestige of their former glory,—a relic of feminine workmanship, nearly as fresh as when it passed from the fair and skilful fingers, so long buried in the dust of time,—fitly survives to recall the remembrance of their being and their deeds.

In wandering through one of the many museums of Bâsle, my eye was attracted by a peculiarly embroidered cloth, which was extended over a long wide table covered with various antiquities found in the city, and its Roman predecessor Augusta—books, medals, pictures, curious armour—ancient fire arms, busts, profiles of emperors and empresses, heads of arrows, gems in ancient settings, carvings in ivory, and grotesque china—all the diversified objects, in

fine, of antiquarian research. A deep border, composed entirely of different armorial escutcheons, each surmounted by a count's coronet, ran round a fine orange-coloured cloth, variously and most elaborately embroidered at the corners and in the centre with coloured silks of every tint. The shades were so intimately blended as to appear rather the production of the pencil than the needle; and the details were finished with such consummate skill and taste, that the eye eagerly wandered from what was already seen, to that concealed by the load of objects which lay on the table.

"That cloth, worked by noble and princely ladies, once covered the table of the parlour in the Dominican convent at little Bâle," said the obliging proprietor, observing the minute attention with which I was examining this singular production; "and the shields are those of the long line of illustrious abbesses, each a countess of the holy Roman empire in virtue of her appointment. When the convent was secularised, about a hundred years ago, and its effects sold by auction, my father purchased it with many other things, all of which have been long since disposed of." \*

\* Bâle possesses at least four of these curiosity-shops, as they are called. The one which suggested this sketch was rather a very extensive museum, at which a franc is paid at the door. There is another, that of Miville-Krug, *vis-à-vis de la Biblio-*



To this frail memorial of the abbesses of little Bâsle, is appended the following short history, derived from Swiss records and traditions.

About the middle of the thirteenth century, a small female community, under the rigid rule of St. Dominic, settled near St. Lienharts Munster, in the bleak village of Heuseren, at the foot of Rouffâch in Alsace, a picturesque antique little town, situated high up on the Vosgian chain of mountains, under the protection of a powerful baron, the ruins of whose feudal towers still attract and delight the eye of the traveller between Strasbourg and Bâsle. Their charter of endowment emanated from Pope Innocent IV., and was dated from Lyons 1245, whither he had fled from the wrath of the Emperor Frederick II., whom he had excommunicated. In this retired residence they remained scarcely eight years. Discontented with the wildness of the country and the insignificance of their domain, they quitted this, their first foundation; and conducted by their prioress, Adelaïde of Uttenheim, a lady of ancient race, proceeded, at the beginning of 1253, to establish another convent in the valley of Werra,

*thèque*, also rich in such articles; where nothing is demanded, but a slight purchase perhaps expected—not so agreeable an arrangement to the mere traveller, as even trifles of this nature sell high, and add something more to the load of luggage almost always too burthensome,—*impedimenta*, as the Romans appropriately termed it.

in the heart of the Black Forest; assured of the protection of the baron Walter of Clingen, a nobleman equally affluent and devout, the possessor of a strongly fortified castle in the forest, of many great fiefs, and amongst others that of Clingnau in Argovia, one of the principal divisions of ancient Switzerland.

Convents were at that period in all the *odeur* of *sainteté*; few if any revelations had then been made to tarnish the lustre of their reputation for holiness; wherever they arose, notwithstanding many exclusive privileges usually possessed by their inmates, the workman generally found employment\*, the people amusement, and the higher classes of society a safe asylum to which they could consign the female branches of the family for education in their early years, or that veiled seclusion which the Catholic religion teaches is acceptable to the Almighty, and worldly considerations often rendered so desirable to

\* C'est pour cette raison que la fondation d'un couvent ou celle d'un château avoit toujours pour conséquence la construction d'un misérable village où se rassembloient, à l'ombre de la grande maison, les hommes dont le travail étoit nécessaire au maître. — *Histoire de la Chute de l'Empire Romain, par J. C. L. Simonde de Sismondi.*

There is extant a curious list of all sorts of occupations, from sculptors and jewellers, to beer and bread makers, made out by Charlemagne for the use of his stewards, who were required to find workmen, *good* in all these different arts, for the use of *each* of his castles.

themselves as a provision for daughters born of noble but necessitous houses. The Baron of Clingen did not disappoint the expectations of the prioress and her nuns: he received them honourably, and three years afterwards, although he had previously given them much aid, he bestowed on the *naissant* establishment, with the consent of Sophia his wife, his son Walter, and his brother Ulric Walter, land both for pasturage and tillage; a very extensive tract of forest to supply them with the wood necessary for building and fuel; a right of fishery, together with the tithes of the church of Werra, and power of appointing the *Pfaffe*, or parish priest (a privilege commonly granted in former times to the founders of a religious corporation, whether male or female) on the not onerous condition of paying the stipend of the priest, and offering up prayers for the souls of himself and family. This princely donation, which is dated from Clingnau, the second of September 1256, was subsequently confirmed by his son and successor, Walter of Clingnau, and the Bishop of Constance, in whose diocese Clingnau was situated.

Thus amply endowed, the nuns carried on their various works with great energy—they enlarged the narrow boundary of their convent walls, and soon a building, far more considerable than the one they had left, arose in the vicinity of the little town of Steignegk, belonging to the baron; which out of

gratitude to him, and from its position in a fertile valley, they named Klingenthal (*thal*, dale, valley). Notwithstanding the heavy expense of rearing such an edifice, the nuns found themselves so rich at the expiration of three more years, that they were enabled to extend their territorial limits by the purchase of the forest of Ehwald from their benefactor himself, whose numerous offspring and generous disposition had probably drained his resources; and in process of time they became, by the exchange of other property, the possessors of the whole of the tithes of Werra, with a power of holding courts of justice through the intermediation of law-agents appointed by themselves.\*

Every successive year added to the wealth and importance of the sisters of Klingenthal, and witnessed some improvement in their extensive demesnes; but they were not destined to end their earthly pilgrimage in the little interior square court, surrounded with cloisteral arcades in the sacred precincts of their own walls, which custom has usually assigned as the final resting-place of the votaries of a monastic life.

\* This was not a very uncommon privilege. If the mayor or judges, who administered the laws of the country, did not give satisfaction, the parties could often appeal from the sentence to the abbess or prioress of some important convent thus endowed, who was regarded by the people as a mother; and they were generally considered to act as such with compassion, justice, and liberality to all their subjects. — *Tschudi*.

At the turbulent period which just preceded the elevation of Rudolph, Count of Habsburg, to the imperial throne, Rudolph was waging war against Henry of Gradenthal, bishop of Bâsle, who counted among his most faithful adherents the baron of Clingnau: in the contest, his stately castle of Werra was seized by Rudolph, and burnt to the ground. The baron and his family were fortunately residing in another part of their domain, where they were compelled to remain. The nuns, no longer under his shelter, experienced the common lot of the unprotected in the vicinity of contending armies. Besides encountering many rude insults from the undisciplined troops of Rudolph, they were twice pillaged, — their miserable vassals and serfs, hunted and worried like wild animals, became incapable of discharging either their pecuniary obligations, or those of service, still more valuable; and under these calamitous circumstances, continually harassed by the fear of plunder and violence, and convinced that if they failed to satisfy the rapacious demands of these military freebooters, their convent would experience the same fate as the baron's castle, they judged it expedient to retreat from the scene of warfare. Collecting, therefore, what remained of former wealth, they withdrew secretly to Bâsle, within whose double inclosure of strong fortifi-

cations they hoped to find safety till the danger was over.

In the spring of 1273 the disconsolate party arrived, and hired a small retired dwelling, surrounded by gardens, in Minder, or Little Bâsle, which had obtained the honour of walls and a protecting ditch two years previously. In this humble abode they had soon the grief of learning that the convent of Klingenthal, on whose erection and decoration they had expended such enormous sums, and the assiduous attention of seventeen years, thus apparently abandoned, had become the prey of the followers of both the belligerents. Every article capable of removal was carried off, and the whole building so utterly devastated that all future hope of return must be relinquished. Thus homeless, they determined on remaining where they were, and they found in the young baron of Clingen, who had extensive connections in Bâsle, a warm and influential friend, anxious to second their wishes to the utmost of his power.

But the location of a monastery, however it might be desired in the half-populated villages of Alsace and Switzerland, was not accomplished without difficulty in a great city; more from the jealousy of the different conventual orders themselves, than any other cause. Of these Bâsle had already several within her bosom; and at Minder-Bâsle there also existed two

communities, one of which, the brother-preachers of St. Dominic, had received, when they began the construction of their convent fifty years before, a joint charter from the pope and bishops of Bâle and Constance to whose jurisdiction Minder-Bâle was amenable ; that no other monastic establishment should ever be allowed to fix within a very considerable distance of their domicile.

Whilst yet in doubt as to their future destiny, Rudolph of Habsburg was most unexpectedly raised to the imperial throne, at the very time he lay encamped in battle array before the city ; and the inhabitants of Bâle, on receiving the information, immediately threw open their gates, and despatched a deputation to welcome their sovereign, who soon afterwards made a triumphal entry. The war thus singularly as well as happily terminated, brought peace and prosperity even to the desolate fugitives from Klingenthal. Rudolph, naturally chivalrous and well-disposed, on learning the sad detail of their misfortunes, which arose from his dispute with the bishop, and their wish to establish themselves in Minder-Bâle, interceded for them not only with the two bishops of Bâle and Constance, but with the prior of the fraternity of Dominican monks, who had hitherto chiefly opposed their residence within the prescribed boundary. The ice thus broken by royal hands, the

course of the nuns experienced no further impediments. The Swabian nobility, many of whom had winter residences in Bâsle, and the citizens seemed to vie with each other in affording assistance and countenance to a helpless female community, which had suffered so much from dissensions now happily adjusted by imperial interference. The brother-preachers, not limiting their benevolence to the mere sacrifice of their exclusive privilege, collected large sums from various confraternities of Dominicans, to whose rule they were subject, to enable them to lay the foundation of their new cloister; whilst the burgomaster and council of Bâsle gave up a considerable extent of ground for the site of the proposed edifice and a surrounding garden. Under these favourable auspices they commenced a spacious structure environed with massive walls at Minder-Bâsle, separated from the city so named by the Rhine, across which the beautiful wooden bridge which now exists had been recently thrown. And soon on the banks of that "exulting and abounding river," this, their third habitation, became the largest and most sumptuous religious institution in the rich and populous canton of Bâsle.

A return to peace and good order in the country brought back, also, a great part of the revenues of their ancient possessions in the valley of Werra. Land never disappears,—not one stone now remains



upon another to mark the boundary line of the once extensive conventual buildings, but a green meadow, sheltered by lime and walnut trees, still bears the name of Klingenthal.

Five years after their settlement at Little-Bâsle, the "Sisters of Klingenthal," — the title they still chose to retain, out of gratitude to the family of the original founder, — received a new and important distinction. The senate of Bâsle, not to be behind hand in piety, or loyalty, or gallantry, towards those "whom the king delighted to honour," granted them, in addition to their former donation of land, the rights and immunities of citizenship in the great city, together with many other civic advantages and endowments. The diploma, most graciously worded, declares, "that the burgomaster and citizens of Bâsle will preserve the 'Sisters of Klingenthal' as carefully as the apple of their eyes, and never permit, as far as they can help it, the least infringement of their rights, or that they shall be cited before any tribunal but their own; on condition, nevertheless, that for the well-being and good of the community in general, and for the sake of wholesome example, they, the said pious sisters, shall serve the Lord uninterruptedly; chanting daily services in their church, and follow their rules as a sober Sisterhood, dedicated to holiness and good works." \*

\* Conservateur Suisse.

On the seventeenth day of May, 1297, their beautiful church was finally completed, and solemnly consecrated with great pomp and splendour by Boniface, suffragan or vicar-general of the Bishop of Bâsle, who was in declining health. It was dedicated to the Virgin, and, from that epoch, part of the highest nobility of the canton and its environs selected the choir for their sepulchre. Tombs bearing the escutcheons of the counts of Kybourg and Habsburg, ancestors of the imperial line now occupying the throne of Germany — the barons of Neuchâtel, and many other counts and knights, successively arose, in all the heavy magnificence of the succeeding age, within the profusely adorned walls of this once beautiful Gothic building.

The monuments of Walter Clingen and his wife (whose bodies were removed to Bâsle) with their three daughters — Clara, Margravine of Baden, Katherine, countess of Pfirt, and Verena, countess of Veringen, as founders and founders' kin, were buried before the high altar; where was also inhumed Simon of Thierstein, with whom they were connected by marriage.\* He had, however, other and far

\* Simon of Thierstein flourished about a hundred years after the foundation of Klingenthal. The gentleness of his conduct in the domestic relations of life, is thus artlessly attested by an old writer. Count Simon married Verena, daughter and co-heiress of the baron of Nidau; and having one day before he went on a long journey, sent a handsome young varlet to

greater claims to this antique religious honour. Forgetting the spirit of *caste*, he was gratefully known to posterity by nobly stepping forward to unite in a treaty made with the Bâlois, to preserve by force of arms liberty of commerce and the security of the high roads against several lawless barons, knights, and squires, who exercised brigandage with such unblushing effrontery and violence, that the merchants were previously obliged to go in numerous companies

prison, in the castle of Wallenbourg, the countess, after her husband's departure, ordered his release. The castellan not daring either to comply or give up the keys, the lady proceeded into the dungeons, and with a hatchet, herself broke off the locks and fetters that bound the captive. The good count, on learning what had happened from the castellan, only shook his head, saying, the countess was a noble dame of great spirit. John of Vienne, bishop of Bâsle, declared war against him and his brother-in-law, Count of Habsburg, who married this spirited lady's sister, because they had not received from the Episcopal bench the investiture of the lordship of Nidau, and each paid a very large fine to appease his resentment.

Beauty, genius, and valour are said to be sometimes hereditary in favoured races; the possession of the former appears to have distinguished the baronial family of Klingen. The three daughters of Walter, first founder of Klingenthal, were considered eminently beautiful, and made splendid connections; for the count of Pfirt, though not at the head of a royal house, was connected with royalty, Johanna, his aunt, having married the Archduke Albert, of Austria; and he had extensive domains with a stronghold, two miles only from Bâsle.—Albert, almost the last shoot of the fast-withering genealogical tree of Klingen, has been transmitted to posterity as a singularly handsome man, by several historians.

escorted by a strong body of troops when they journeyed from one town to another.\*

His ancestor, Count Hermann of Thierstein, whose beneficence raised from their ruins many private houses, and repaired several churches after the earth-

\* The portrait of St Louis, sitting under an oak tree in the wood of Vincennes, to hear causes and administer justice, so pleasingly presented by Joinville, is a picture not peculiar to France. Many such might be seen in Switzerland, where the laws were also so imperfect (often not even written) that symbols and striking circumstances, engraved on the memories of the aged, were permitted to establish facts and precedents, which could not otherwise be supported, to assist the decision of the judge. One of these primitive scenes is recorded by Müller, relative to this illustrious family. One day Count Otto, of Thierstein, came with a very great number of lords and others, as well vassals as men-at-arms, and seated himself under the great lime tree, before the village of Prattelen, in a vast and magnificent arm chair ornamented with gold buttons, and his standard bearer, with his banner unfurled behind, to wait in the midst of his people, all seated on chairs beside him, for the Sire of Ramstein, who was expected to come to provoke him to single combat. But the Sire Götzmann, of Eptingen, holding his young son by the hand, came to pray him not to trouble him in his own village of Prattelen, and not to seat himself there. The count answered, "Götzmann, this will not cause thee any injury." Götzmann replied, "Lord, many strangers come here, and they might believe that you have the right to judge in my village, which may be an injury to me and mine." Then the count rising up, said, "I am sorry for it. Sell me some straw, that we may go and seat ourselves out of thy jurisdiction." And the remembrance of this circumstance by an old man, who had nearly completed a century, was subsequently admitted as a proof that the sires of Eptingen had a right to administer justice at Prattelen.

quake in 1356, so fatal to Bâle and the adjacent villages, reposed by his side, whilst the remains of many other nobles and patriots were mingled together in the solemn aisles and richly decorated chapels of this hallowed sanctuary.

The convent of Klingenthal had hardly been established on a solid footing, ere its funds were further augmented by bequests and rich gifts from the nobles of Swabia, Alsace, and Switzerland, — all emulous to procure for themselves “treasures, which neither moths nor rust can corrupt,” by bestowing a portion of their earthly possessions on this favoured community, soon regarded as scarcely less patrician than that of the noble ladies of Zurich; and its spacious corridors and cloisters were ere long peopled with nuns sprung from the first families of these countries. Some were placed there in their earliest childhood, orphans whose guardians deemed it the safest and most honourable shelter for their wealth and innocence; others, destined by their parents from infancy to a religious life, scarcely knew any other home; many entered in their first bloom, voluntary victims, willingly sacrificing their charms on the altar of faith; and not a few, when weary of the world or disappointed in some darling hope of love or ambition; — but all alike, under the cloisteral habit and vow of humility, preserved the pride of birth and haughtiness of demeanour which they had inherited

from their ancestors, or brought with them from the feudal castles and courts of their parents.

During the first forty years of their abode at Little Bâsle, the annals of the nuns are exceedingly meagre of incident, and, excepting a brief notice of the sojourn of the Baroness of Wartz, uninteresting. It is recorded by many contemporary writers that, after witnessing the dreadful execution of her young and gallant husband, broken on the wheel for supposed participation in the assassination of the emperor Albert, she walked barefooted to Bâsle, and there, in a few days, expired within the sanctuary of a monastery. But it is not generally known that Klingenthal received this perfect model of a fond faithful wife and strong-minded woman. Tradition, a far safer guide in Switzerland than many other countries, because it is in the very essence of her children to treasure up the legendary lore of their forefathers, has preserved some sad particulars of her mournful history; and, as the sister-in-law of the prioress, they may not be deemed irrelevant in this sketch of Klingenthal.

Adelaide, sister of the Baron of Palm or Balm, had married, ere she was twenty years of age, her brother's friend Rudolph, baron of Wartz, an accomplished spirited young nobleman of ancient lineage in Helvetia. He held an appointment about the person of Don John of Austria, nephew of the Emperor

Albert, and his father had previously filled some important function in the establishment of the young duke's father. Wartz was further bound to his royal master by the ties of friendship, for they had been playfellows; and it was remembered, to aggravate the suspicion of his guilt, that he had sometimes unguardedly permitted himself to express his sentiments on the unjust conduct of the emperor in retaining Don John's paternal inheritance after he had attained his majority. Wartz had been married scarcely three years when the emperor was assassinated whilst riding out after dinner with his nephew Don John, the Baron of Balm, Walter von Eschenbach, and the Baron of Wartz. The emperor had crossed the ferry of the Reuss in a small boat, leaving his suite on the opposite bank to await his return from a short visit to the château of Habsburg; and it is supposed that, in a sudden outburst of rage, Don John seized on the moment, so singularly and fatally offered, to sheath his lance in the neck of the usurper. The Rubicon was passed. The Baron of Balm followed up the blow by a stroke of his sword, and Walter von Eschenbach cleft his skull with a felling stroke that levelled him to the earth. Wartz alone took no share in the murder; and solemnly asserted his ignorance of the designs of Don John, his brother-in-law, and Eschenbach, whilst his broken limbs were quivering on the wheel. It is, indeed, scarcely pos-

sible to imagine the deed premeditated; for it was perpetrated in broad daylight, in the sight of a large retinue of armed attendants, and almost under the walls of the imperial residence. The assassins had made no preparations for their flight afterwards; and although they all escaped except the Baron of Wartz, it was mainly through the astonishment and fear of the emperor's other attendants, who also fled in the horror and panic of the moment: they were destitute of money or other resources, and found their way, separately, into different concealments, disguised as beggars, where they met the miserable doom usually awarded, even in this world, to assassins; for, whatever the wrong sustained, the laws of Heaven and of society alike forbid man to be his own avenger.\*

Don John, after dragging out a wretched existence many months, went to Avignon, confessed the crime to Clement V., and was spiritually absolved; but given up to secular punishment. His sentence of death was commuted into perpetual imprisonment, under

\* It is reported by some writers, that the morning preceding this terrible occurrence, Don John had warmly importuned his uncle for admission to his birthrights, and that the emperor, who had ever purposely withheld him from any participation in manly exercises, sent him at dinner a crown of flowers, with an intimation that he was better fitted to pass his time in the society and amusements of ladies than in the government of a kingdom.



the rigours of which he died at the early age of 25.\* The Baron of Eschenbach wandered into Wurtemberg where, for thirty-five years, he supported the horrors of remorse, and the multiplied hardships of a shepherd's precarious life in the mountains, unknown and unsuspected by the rude associates of his labours till death revealed his former state. At the period of the emperor's assassination he was in the prime of life, and possessed of immense estates, besides being lord of the fortified town of Maschwanden. His possessions were appropriated to building the expiatory convent of Kœnigsfelden, and his only son, at the intercession of a pitying priest, rescued from the fate of the infant heir of Wartz to be brought up as a scullion in the kitchen of the empress Elizabeth; whilst his destitute wife and two hapless daughters took refuge in a convent. The Baron of Palm fled to Bâsle, where he ended his existence in the humble

\* There is also a tradition so popular that it has attained a place in many Swiss annals, that during his wanderings in the wild mountains of the country to which he was born heir, the wretched prince was supported by a young female peasant, to whose industry and ingenuity he owed his preservation for so long a period. — Seventy years afterwards, an aged, poverty-stricken man, of majestic mien, whose silver hair shaded features of great beauty, might be seen in the streets of Vienna: though almost blind, he seldom begged — but at intervals, when he fancied he recognised a face of uncommon benevolence, he would approach, and say in a low voice, "Pity the miserable son of the miserable Don John of Swabia."

capacity of lay-brother in a monastery, earning his bitter bread by various menial occupations ; he survived this woeful change in his destiny many sorrowful years, avowing with deep contrition his crime and name on his death bed. Two esquires of Don John, named Tegerfelden and Finstingen, present at the terrible scene, though not otherwise implicated, were never heard of more alive ; but some circumstances led to the belief that they had perished miserably of cold and hunger in the mountains of Appenzell.

The fate of Wartz was far more terrible—if guilty, he had small time for repentance—if innocent, what a doom was his ! For nearly six months he wandered from forest to forest, and rock to rock, a prey to every species of personal suffering : cold, hunger, thirst, nakedness, and fear. His miserable existence prolonged only through the fidelity of a foster brother, who having lived with him as a servant from infancy, resolved on sharing his fate, and swam across the Reuss to join him, whilst the rest of the suite fled away, leaving the emperor extended on the ground bathed in blood. Relying, it is said, on his innocence, the unhappy man at length determined to confide himself to a friend and relation, the Count Diebolten von Blamont, from whose château in Burgundy he intended to escape into Provence, where he had connexions, through whose mediation he hoped to obtain the pope's countenance, as a preli-

minary step towards an application for pardon to the house of Austria. The Count, it is thought, was disposed to favour the wretched man's flight, but the Countess, who was distantly allied to the imperial family, either influenced by fear, or a sense of justice, emanating from a belief in his guilt, worked upon her husband to betray him. Alas! that a female heart could so mistake its duty! Wartz had not lifted his hand against the emperor — more than a thousand victims, the relatives of the assassins, had already expiated with their lives a crime of which they were totally guiltless; and even, had he possessed a criminal knowledge of the intentions of his master Don John, how could he have come forward to denounce him? The struggle between justice and hospitality thus decided, Wartz was taken prisoner with his man-servant, and soon afterwards surrendered to Duke Leopold, brother of the late Emperor Albert, who had offered an immense reward for his apprehension; and as the price of blood was accepted by Count Diebolten von Blamont, it is but fair to surmise that the Countess had not experienced much difficulty in overcoming his sense of what was due to a fugitive guest, relying on his generosity. So deeply indeed was his estimation in society compromised by this mercenary act, that he was considered to have sold a friend, rather than denounced a criminal, and

retained through life the appropriate epithet of "merchant."

By a refinement of cruelty, Russelin, Baron von Wartz's faithful servant, was broken alive on the wheel at Ensigheim in his presence, that he might have a foretaste of his own sufferings; and a few weeks afterwards he was dragged by wild horses to the scene of his own execution, the spot where Albert fell. When delivered into the hands of Duke Leopold, he boldly denied his guilt, and demanded that in virtue of his rank he should be permitted to defend his innocence by his sword, according to the customs of chivalry, which allowed a nobleman to offer wager of battle if accused of crime. When this aristocratical privilege was denied him he lost courage, and interceded for his own life and that of his foster brother, with "bitter tears and strong cries." But when the horrible doom of Russelin, who was repeatedly put to the torture to obtain some shadow of evidence against himself, convinced him all hope of pardon was futile, he recovered his native firmness, and awaited the dreadful summons to death with manly fortitude. He had then no measures to keep, and he declared that although perfectly ignorant of the crime imputed to him, and convinced that it was *unpremeditated* on the part of Duke John of Swabia, he considered it a just punishment of the emperor's cruel conduct towards

his orphan nephew ; and, further, avowed his belief in a popular suspicion that Albert had himself caused the death of his predecessor the Emperor Adolphus of Nassau.

The miserable man was extended on the scaffold, on the point of receiving the first blow, when the horror-stricken crowd, assembled to witness this fearful sight, made way for a female in deep mourning, whose wan pale face, and eager efforts to approach the scene of suffering, overcame all obstacles to her desire. She walked steadily forward, and dropping on her knees implored the executioner to permit her to remain. She was the wife of the victim !

Naturally of a gentle retiring nature, the Baroness of Wartz had mingled but little in the haughty court of the Emperor Albert ; and after she became a mother she withdrew yet more from its gaieties, though her youth and beauty, high rank, and amiable qualities had ever ensured her a distinguished place in its patrician circle. She was residing at the Castle of *Balm*, a little hamlet in the parish of Gunsperg in Argovia, unconscious of impending evil, when the emperor met his death ; and she first learnt the fatal news by seeing her castle invested by armed troops, in search of her husband and brother. Her baby, an infant of twelve months old, asleep in its cradle at her foot, was murdered in her presence by the express order of Agnes, queen of Hungary, Albert's

daughter, as the child of a regicide; and she was commanded, under penalty of instant death, to declare where her husband had found a shelter. Her paroxysms of fright, astonishment, and grief answered for her ignorance of the dreadful catastrophe; and after leaving a strong escort in the castle, and planting another around it to prevent all possibility of his escape if there concealed, the officer sent on this expedition departed.

Adelaide of Wartz had ceased to be a mother, and her affections as a wife nestled yet more strongly in her heart: she had no link to bind her to life but that of wife, none to love but her husband. She deceived the vigilance of her guards, at the risk of her life made her way to the royal château, and, penetrating into the presence of the widowed empress Elizabeth and her daughter Agnes, threw herself at their feet imploring the life of her husband. Her prayer was sternly refused; she then begged a mitigation of his sufferings — that also was denied; to share his prison — each petition was fiercely rejected; and she was repulsed from the castle to wander around the dungeon which would so soon open to deliver that husband to an ignominious and frightful death.

She was present during all the sickening details of his horrible sentence, supporting him through his agonies by the assurance of her unabated attachment,

and belief in his innocence; and when the executioner had finished his fatal office, and one by one the silent multitude withdrew as night closed in, she crept under the wheel where he was left to die in lingering torments, the *coup de grace*, or final blow of mercy, by which the sufferings of the victim were usually finished when each limb was broken, having been expressly forbidden.

Morning dawned on the miserable pair — Wartz was in the prime of life, of noble athletic form, and though each member was doubly fractured, his vital energy remained. Three nights and three days, without food, without sleep, she watched “in the valley of the shadow of death,” suffering neither “the birds of the air to rest on him by day, nor the beasts of the field by night:” wiping from his dying brow the big drops of anguish that burst from every pore. Nature wrestled long with death; on the third evening he grew too faint to thank her for her love, and as the morning of the fourth day dawned, he died. Her earthly task was accomplished: she rose from her knees and directed her tottering steps to Klingenthal, whose prioress was the baron’s sister. How she got there she could not tell: she fainted at the portal, and was carried in as an object of charity, so emaciated by famine, so changed by woe, that the prioress for some time had no recollection of her person.

It was deemed so dangerous to show pity towards the miserable widow of a hapless man, thus punished for a crime never proved against him, that the rank of this sweet victim to conjugal love was not allowed to transpire till after her death, which did not take place before the expiration of two years; for grief, in despite of the wishes of the wretched, though it generally aims a sure blow, is seldom quick to kill.

For more than a century after the recluses of Klingenthal removed their *Penates* to Little Bâsle, they held a high rank in the estimation of the country they had chosen for their retreat; and although in the primitive fervour of their incorporation, they never professed to practise such austerities as might sanction the hope of any fresh miracles to enlighten or instruct the Bâlois, they were believed to follow strictly the rules of their severe order; nor was there anything to draw attention to their conduct till about the year 1430, when their dissensions with the fathers of the Dominican monastery began to excite the warm displeasure of the monks, and attract public attention to both parties.

In the middle ages, attached to almost every religious house, was a sort of intermediate appointment between advocate, protector, and agent, usually bestowed, with a large salary or equivalent advantages, on some layman of great personal importance, sworn, in return, to defend the privileges and immu-



nities of the establishment, as well as receive the revenues of distant estates, repel aggressions, and watch generally over its interior interests and exterior arrangements. The possession of this important appointment, denominated *advocatus*, or advocate\*, was a dignity often sought by nobles of the highest rank; and if the monastery were one of great importance, even royalty did not disdain its investiture, since it secured the support of the superior, and the many vassals belonging to the numerous fiefs with which piety or superstition had endowed it.

It appears that when the nuns of Klingenthal settled at Bâsle, this honourable and responsible office was either left in abeyance, or that, out of gratitude for the permission to erect their convent within the jurisdiction of the Dominican brothers already domiciled there, the prior had been tacitly allowed to enjoy it. "No title was more tempting to an ambitious chief, than that of Advocate to a convent. That specious name conveyed with it a kind of indefinite guardianship, and right of interference, which frequently ended in reversing the

\* On appelait l'avoué d'un couvent, un laïque qui originairement en soignait l'économie et les revenus, et qui ensuite devait le défendre soit devant les tribunaux, soit par les armes : un serment solennel l'attachait aux intérêts du monastère, dont il était le protecteur. Dans le moyen âge, la plupart des abbayes de la Suisse avaient pour avoués des comtes ou des barons, dans la famille desquels cette charge devint héréditaire. — *Sismondi*.

condition of the ecclesiastical sovereign and its vassal."\* As belonging to the same order, they were likewise obliged to obey their male *confrères* on material points of discipline; and under these circumstances the monks found it quite natural that they should exercise unlimited control over the affairs of their cloistered sisters. At first their government was either less despotic, or the latter felt themselves too weak to resist it; for the harmony which ought to subsist between communities so closely connected, experienced no considerable diminution till a few years before this period, when the nuns, flanked by a long line of dignified relations, determined to resist this onerous supervision. The monks, soon aware of their intention, were equally resolved not to yield, and had their feminine antagonists been members of less illustrious families they would doubtless in this, as in many other instances where they displayed their thirst of dominion, have succeeded. For some time both parties were polite, but active and vigilant; each secretly afraid of the power of the other, smothered their animosity, and made that sort of war which irritates without bringing anything to a conclusion. The nuns cautiously eluded inquiries, closed their ears to advice, and kept as much as possible their concerns, spiritual and

\* Hallam.

temporal, from the prying curiosity of men whom they considered self-constituted and most obnoxious directors of their actions and fortune; whilst the monks, not behindhand in watchfulness or craft, availed themselves of the privileges of their position to subdue the pride and cramp the energies of these rebels to their imagined rights. The artful question, subtly proposed by masculine intellect and shrewdness, was foreseen and parried by feminine acuteness and ingenuity. The monks hinted at the power of the church, and the sacredness of monastic discipline — the nuns talked of the puissance of their fathers, and brothers, and cousins, and made adroit allusions to their exemption from any bonds but those common to a religious profession.

This profitless contest of words might have been spun out much longer, if the prioress — the Lady Anne of Thierstein \*, who inherited all the spirit and

\* Anne of Thierstein, elected prioress in 1424, was a member of the primitive race settled at Farnsperg, "*das gross und wolhbewahrt Schloss*," which proudly looked down from its lofty eminence upon so many smiling valleys and cheerful hamlets, all owing allegiance to the lordly proprietor at a very distant epoch; for so early as 1180, this family, already illustrious, was divided into three houses, from two of which descended the lines of Guelf, Kybourg, and Habsburg. In 1154, the prince-bishop of Basle was a Thierstein, and about the same epoch Ludwig, Abbot of Einsiedeln; but the list of *Tochter Klosterfrauen*, is far longer than that of sons devoted to the seclusion of a monastic life, probably from the valorous spirit of

address which distinguished every individual of that noble family, weary of the very sight of her cowed persecutors, had not, by suddenly changing her tactics, brought this covert fight to a final close in 1431. She ordered the gates of the convent to be shut in the faces of these unwelcome visitors; and having by this desperate *coup d'état* freed herself at once from all unpleasant arguments on the subject, she proceeded to declare that, the affairs of the convent being grossly mismanaged, and the Dominicans themselves become absolutely insupportable from their brutality, tyranny, and ignorance, she, in the just exercise of her own inalienable rights, and in the names of the twenty-four honourable ladies composing the society of Klingenthal under her government, dissolved the union which had so long subsisted between them and the brother-preachers of the Dominican order, and had placed the monastery under the immediate direction and protection of its

the family, more willing to carve out fortune with the sword than seek it under a cowl. Two counts, Walraf, *zu Sempach erschlagen*, 1386, and Hans, *auch zu Sempach erschlagen*, both killed at Sempach, experienced the same fate as hundreds of the nobility during the long struggle between the house of Austria and the Swiss. Wolfhard married Ida of Habsburg 1179, and at a later period one of the female ancestors of Henry de Höwen, bishop of Constance, was a countess of Thierstein. There were also many marriages between them and the barons of Klingen, the counts of Toggenburg, and other distinguished nobles.

spiritual diocesan, the bishop of Constance, Henry of Höwen, a prelate of noble lineage and princely bearing.\*

It is more than probable that the Dominican monks, imbued with the fierce spirit of their intolerant founder, and often men of coarse manners and humble extraction, whose learning rather than refinement was their passport to power, had rendered themselves far more distasteful to their patrician sisters, by domineering insolence and the uncourtly admonitions of plebeian reproof, than by any fault in the stewardship of their temporalities, which circumstances afterwards proved to be in a flourishing state; and when recovered from their amazement at the boldness and dexterity of their female adversaries, they loudly appealed against the injustice of this unpalatable rejection. But all in vain: the bishop of Constance, it may be, not unwilling to enjoy the advantages arising from the administration of such extensive possessions, and allied either by consanguinity or friendship with the high-born complainants, declared he "could not refuse the shelter of his episcopal crook to female lambs of his own flock, flying to him for pity, guidance, and protection." This deci-

\* Little-Bâsle properly belonged to the see of Constance, though the bishop of Bâsle was associated in the charter from his proximity. He does not appear to have taken any part in the dispute at its commencement.

sion terminated all further intercourse between the cloistered combatants. The discomfited monks withdrew from the hopeless contest, for a bishop was too important and sacred a personage in the fifteenth century to be thwarted by any class of men, much less a body of Dominican friars; and the ladies of Klingenthal (so they were respectfully denominated) remained undisputed mistresses of their own domains, and, what they perhaps valued yet more, their own actions.

That this quarrel did them little injury in public estimation \* is evidenced from the respected name of

\* The Dominicans were not, in fact, generally popular, especially in the first two centuries of their establishment: their reprimands were stern, and their carriage haughty and overbearing. It would seem, indeed, as if the fierce, untamed spirit of their chief, the founder of the Inquisition, the destroyer of the Albigenses, were infused through the veins, and throbbed in the pulses of all his disciples; for they have frequently been on unfriendly terms with each other, not merely upon comparatively minor points, but those essential dogmas of the Church, on which it might have been presumed they, at least, would be unanimous. At that grand epoch when the Christian world, then *undivided* by the distinctions of Protestant and Romanist, was agitated by the respective claims of Urban VI. and Clement VII., to the papal throne in 1378, Catherine of Sienna, afterwards canonised by Pius II., a nun of the order of St. Dominic, who played a more conspicuous part in life's drama than her sex is usually allowed to perform, wrote very largely and warmly in favour of Urban VI.; whilst Vincent Ferrier, a monk of the same rule at Bologna, also a canonised saint, and not less celebrated than his female antago-

the learned Peter Icelin, a monk of the order of Augustins at Bâsle, appearing in the great chronicle as their father confessor six years after its termination; and the internal prosperity of the institution may be divined from the existence of a deed, executed about the same period (1437), by which John of Eschenberg, as steward of the convent of Klingenthal, in Minder-Basel, Elizabeth Knüwlerin, prioress, and Ulmann Imhof, of Great Bâsle, lent the sum of 1800 florins of the Rhine, at five per cent interest, to the Count Henry of Werdenberg-Sargans, to enable him to redeem his lordship of Sargans, and pay some pressing debts. The cantons of Glaris and Schwytz were his bail for this loan, which he doubtless owed to the private friendship of some of the nuns, for his affairs were then in a state of great embarrassment, and there is no record that he ever paid it, except by an offer of his sword, when his hand, enfeebled by age and sorrow, could hardly grasp the weapon he was so willing to exert in defence of the rights of the convent.

It appears from this document that the Lady Anne of Thierstein had gone to join her kindred dust, but she left her mantle behind her; and ere the expiration of half-a-century it was worn with pre-eminent wisdom and effect by two of her successors in another skir-

nist for miracles and revelations, took an equally active interest in the success of Clement VII.

mish, or, more properly speaking, pitched battle ; not simply as before, with their ancient foes the Dominican monks of Bâsle, but the whole of that grave and learned body wheresoever placed.\*

The Council of Bâsle, convoked for the reformation of the church in the same year that the sisters of Klingenthal threw off the yoke of the brother-preachers (it may be remarked *en-passant*, that the Lady Anne displayed considerable generalship in selecting *that epoch* for the period of her revolt, as her brother, Count John of Thierstein, invested with the important office of protector of the council, then resided in the city), resumed its sittings soon after these events ; it was then waning to a close ; and the plague, which burst out almost instantaneously, doubtless accelerated its extinction. This was the second time that Bâsle had experienced that most terrific of all the visitations of Providence ; and although it came in milder guise than in 1348, still the march of death was frightfully rapid and fatal. A hundred persons usually perished every day. Many of the abbots, prelates, and doctors, who had assembled to attend the council, died, and were interred in their habits, so little could the ceremonials of religion be respected at such a moment. The cemeteries of religious houses were principally selected as the last home of these

\* The Lady Anne " could not bear the sight of a *Pfaffenplatte*," shaved crown of a friar's head.



illustrious pilgrims, doomed never more to return to the one they had quitted. Klingenthal, as well as the Carthusian monastery at Little Bâsle, received many of the most distinguished victims; and soon after this grievous mortality, the famous "Dance of Death," so long incorrectly attributed to Hans Holbein, was painted on the walls of a long corridor belonging to the monastery of the Dominicans at Bâsle. It was executed by the order of the surviving fathers of the council, in memorial of so awful an event. The name of the artist is unknown, but his manner indicated that he belonged to the Flemish school, and must have been distinguished in his age. The costumes were rigidly preserved, and nearly all the figures were portraits of the reigning pontiff, and the other great personages who figured on that occasion. The head of the pope is that of Felix V., elected in the place of Eugenius IV.; the emperor presented a striking likeness of Sigismund, and the king was designed for Albert II., then king of the Romans.\*

\* The "Dance of Death" was neither original nor peculiar to the Dominicans of Great Bâsle. Another, equally good, though less known, had previously adorned the Chartreuse at Little Bâsle, which might still be seen after the corridor of the Dominican monastery was pulled down; and one of great merit, painted by a native artist, existed at Berne (Nicholas Manuel, 1516). The church of the Dominicans is now appropriated to the worship of the French Protestants, and the Rev. Philip

But the sufferings of the inhabitants of Bâsle on this occasion were light in comparison of the horrors attending the general outbreak of the plague in 1348, when it was calculated that a third of mankind had been destroyed. From the gate of Escheim to the gate of the Rhine, three married couples only survived, and upwards of twelve thousand thus passed away from life to death in Bâsle, after a few short

Bridel, pastor of Montreux, in the Canton-de-Vaud, who resided there ten years as minister, published in the "*Conservateur Suisse*," forty years ago, the information from which this notice is drawn. The cheerful little plot of green turf, bordered with fragrant lime-trees, in front of the old church, was the cemetery of the friars; and the celebrated "Dance of Death," painted on the walls of the corridors, then surrounded it. Holbein was not born till 1489, at least fifty years after its execution, nor did he even retouch it. John Hugh Klauber, probably one of his pupils, repaired some damages incident to age and constant exposure to the multitude in 1568. Klauber was a native of Basle, and he subsequently added his own portrait with that of Oecolampadius preaching, and some other distinguished persons of his time. The Bâlois consider themselves unjustly accused of Vandalism for destroying this corridor. It appears in fact to have been in a most dilapidated condition, the heaped-up burial ground was becoming injurious to the health of the adjacent inhabitants, and a crowded population required some space for fresh air and exercise.

"Pour revenir à la danse de Bâle, elle fut exécutée par l'ordre du concile assemblé dans cette ville en 1435, à l'occasion d'une peste qui regnoit alors. Elle emporta même quelques pères du concile, qui furent enterrés dans la chartreuse du petit-Bâle. Pres de là, se voient encore aujourd'hui les restes d'une autre danse des morts, aussi bonne et cependant bien moins connue que celle dont nous parlons." — *The Rev. Philip Bridel.*

hours of agony. The details of its progress and power in Italy have been admirably detailed by a contemporary historian ; and subsequently so immortalised by the pen of Bulwer, that in perusing the pages of *Rienzi*, the mind, entranced in the beauty of the language, almost loses sight of the woes, and wickedness, and horrors of the subject.

The archives of *Bâle* contain no adequate accounts of this period, but in the old editions of *Würstisen's* chronicle is a vignette, which conveys to the intellect, through the medium of the sight, whatever he left unsaid. A grim and ghastly figure of Death, armed with his scythe and hour-glass, heads the brief details he has given of these two most fearful incidents in the history of *Bâle* ; and a third scarcely less pregnant with terror and desolation which rapidly followed the first. In 1356, ten consecutive earthquakes nearly buried *Bâle* in its own ruins. The monastery of *St. Alban*, after being shaken till every stone became dislocated by repeated concussions, was eventually destroyed by a raging fire, which, bursting out among the heaps of rubbish, extended to the opposite gate of *St. John*, consuming in its progress all that could feed its devouring flames. The city walls were thrown down in several places ; forty eight mansions belonging to the chief nobility of the city and canton fell that fatal night. No church or tower remained entire ; and among many meaner victims, a countess

of Thierstein, whom death surprised with her young baby in her arms, was brought from the fortress of her lord for interment at Klingenthal amongst his kindred dust.\*

Klingenthal surmounted these successive calamities, and became in a few years once more the asylum of another of those gentle, loving spirits, like Adelaide, baroness of Wartz, unfitted for the turmoils and cares of this world; whose broken heart there sought and found a resting-place in the

\* It was in mournful commemoration of these successive calamities that several analogous medals were struck at Bâsle, intended for funereal presents. One bore a death's head, from which sprung a wheatear, an emblem of the resurrection, with this device in Latin, "To-day," my turn; to-morrow, yours, on the reverse. Another contained a death's head and cross-bones, intermixed with roses, blooming and faded, surrounded by a motto arising from a play of words in German—*Heute roth, morgen todt*: "To-day, blooming; to-morrow, withered;" literally, to-day, red; to-morrow, dead. A broken hourglass with the sand scattered, and a pillar thrown down, were also designed to convey to the living the uncertain tenure of their days.

Convinced of the immortality of the soul, the great Haller chose for his emblem a chrysalis changing into a butterfly, with this device in Latin, "All has not perished;" and this doubtless gave birth to the many affecting memorials erected over the graves of children, in the open quadrangular plot of ground, surrounded by the cloisters at Bâsle, appropriated to their sepulchre. Butterflies of every size and hue, rising from slender spiral rods of iron, hidden by tall rose trees and evergreens, impress on the mind a beautiful thought—the idea that we behold the spirits of these little blessed ones, actually ascending to heaven before our eyes.

grave. The beautiful Louisa Ritsch, sole heiress of a gentleman of ancient family in Freyburg, was a voluntary sacrifice, offered up in the spring of her charms, at the altar of her native country. A short period before her father's death, an event sudden and unexpected, he had promised her hand to Heinzmann Felga, burgomaster of Freyburg. No contract had been, however, drawn up before his dissolution; and Louisa soon afterwards removed with her mother to Berne, without this engagement having received the confirmation of the law. Louisa's sorrow, and the respect due to her father's memory, were doubtless the reasons of this apparent neglect, for it was understood at some period they were to be regularly affianced, and Heinzmann occasionally came to Berne to see his future bride.

The manners of the age were little chivalrous; and the burgomaster, a man between thirty and forty, and occupying a station requiring in such perturbed times much exertion both of mind and body, suffered twelve months to elapse without formally demanding from her mother the fulfilment of her late husband's promise. In that interval the widow of his friend had become the wife of Rudolph of Ringoltingen, lord of Landshut, one of the most esteemed counsellors of Berne, and also its avoyer. He was an active, ambitious, designing man, possessed of a beautiful patrimonial estate in the canton, and of many houses

in the city. He kept an expensive establishment, and to support his influence in Berne lived in great splendour. He was a widower with many children; and alike charmed by the loveliness of his daughter-in-law, and desirous of transferring her wealth to his own family, he resolved to unite her to his eldest son the chevalier Thuring, of Ringoltingen, a fine young man only three years her senior.

This project met with the most determined opposition from the burgomaster of Freyburg, too late awakened from his false security or indifference; and he proved by the sudden violence of his grief and resentment,

That, what we have we prize not to the worth,  
Whiles we enjoy it; but being lack'd and lost,  
Why, then we rack the value; then we find  
The virtue, that possession would not shew us  
Whiles it was ours.

Heinzmann Felga was also a man of fortune and consequence, and could count on the warm support of his brother, who held at Freyburg the some important function that Ringoltingen filled at Berne. The Bernois lord and his son protested that they would not yield their legitimate pretensions to a mere verbal promise, unsanctioned during twelve months by her mother, whose power was now thrown into their scale; and the violence and hatred of the rival candidates and their respective parties became so intense, that

the two governments, ever fearful of private collisions, which commonly terminated in public disasters, had great difficulty in obtaining a promise that they would not begin open hostilities till the opinion of the great council of the confederation, which they had consulted on this knotty point, should be obtained.

The wishes of Louisa herself were probably wholly unconsulted, and were certainly never made known ; but it is believed that her young heart clung to her father's friend, "though she never told her love." Perhaps she thought he had been cold ; perhaps the restraint in which young females were then kept, and the modesty of a delicate mind, withheld her from proclaiming her attachment : but so it was, while she offered no sanction to the claims of her first lover, remaining to herself —

———— her own affection's counsellor,  
———— so secret and so close,  
So far from sounding and discovery,  
As is the bud, bit with an envious worm,  
Ere he can spread his sweet leaves to the air,  
Or dedicate his beauty to the sun —

nothing could win her to give the smallest encouragement to the young chevalier Thuring of Ringoltingen, though his suit was ardently pressed by her mother.

Some months had thus passed ; the decision of the Grand Council was daily expected, with the most

ardent anxiety at Berne and Freyburg, when it was discovered that the object of this bitter feud, taking advantage of the liberty allowed her in her step-father's house, had fled from his mansion in the night disguised as a peasant; and a letter from Bâle soon afterwards announced that she had determined by taking the veil to terminate a dispute which might occasion sorrowful consequences to her country,

It does not appear that Heinzmann Felga made any efforts to change Louisa's decision; perhaps he might have judged them unavailing; perhaps he resolved to follow the noble example of patriotism she had presented, and offer up the sacrifice of his affections at the same holy shrine. He was past that age when youthful enthusiasm prompts to entire self-immolation. He withdrew into no monastery; stript neither his head nor his feet of decent covering; but with the courage of a strong mind remained on the busy stage of life fulfilling its many duties with honour to himself and advantage to his country. Yet was there a link between him and the veiled nun — he never married; and the warmth with which he shortly afterwards espoused the interests of Louisa's heir evinced how keenly he had felt this blow to his domestic peace.

The relations of this lovely and amiable young creature, thus lost to a world she was so calculated to adorn, were probably well satisfied with the change



in her destination. The selfish mother who had, by a second union, delegated her parental power over her daughter to a new husband, in whose eyes she stood but a stranger, whose interests (if he so desired it) he could bend to his own, was become by that unhappy child's opposition to his sordid plans rather an enemy than a friend ; and Ringoltingen, who doubtless cared little for the method by which he arrived at Louisa's wealth so that it found a way into his coffers, lost no time in journeying to Basle to purchase of the convent, to which it would devolve if she took the veil, whatever it might be in Louisa's power to sell. His views were met half way by the prioress. Louisa had not yet professed, and to make her "election sure," a bargain was speedily entered into between them, by which considerable estates near Freyburg were relinquished to him for seventeen hundred florins, and Louisa, before she had taken the vows, which thenceforth shut her out from all the ties of nature and of heritage, was further influenced to make over to her mother other property on similar terms. Though land at that distant era bore little more than a fifth of its relative value now, this was so paltry a consideration that her cousin the Chevalier Rudolph of Vuippens complained loudly against the injustice of this procedure, and offered himself three thousand golden florins for the property thus surreptitiously, or at least unscrupu-

lously obtained. He declared, moreover, that as Louisa's next heir he had a right to the first refusal of her landed estate; and Ringoltingen being determined to maintain the validity of his purchase, the war which Louisa had been so anxious to avert by her withdrawal from the world and its opening charms, was all but lighted by the mercenary conduct of her stepfather.

All Louisa's relations, the friends of the Chevalier Rudolph of Vuippens, and her disappointed lover Heinzmann Felga, with his allies, made common cause, and ranged themselves manfully against the Bailli of Berne; and the contest would doubtless have been soon settled by force of arms, if private interest had not been lost in that general explosion which it no doubt hastened to bring on.\*

\* The names of Felga and Rudolph of Vuippens, which continually occur in the history of the disputes between the Archduke Albert of Austria, called the "Prodigal," and the town of Fribourg, on one occasion appear linked together in misfortune as prisoners, a few years after Louisa Ritsch assumed the veil.

Fribourg formed a part of the royal appanage of Albert, and from every historic evidence the citizens seem to have been desirous of satisfying both his just and unjust requisitions to the utmost of their ability. In January 1449 the town had most splendidly entertained Ellinor of Scotland, daughter of James I. on her way to be married to Duke Sigismund of Austria, afterwards so conspicuous in the Nuns' War. She spent six days in the government house, and that "beautiful,

It would be foreign to the purpose of these brief sketches to enter on the many calamities which at this period distracted Switzerland: it is sufficient

amiable, and talented princess preserved through all her life an affectionate and grateful remembrance of the honours, presents, and fêtes she there received." Soon after this testimonial of loyalty to the house of Austria, Albert sent to announce a visit on his side; and his chamberlain, in communicating the coming honour, intimated that the citizens would do well to make the gifts of custom offered on these occasions such as might be worth the acceptance of royalty. The senate and burghers took the hint, and presented more than they had ever previously done. Amongst other things a costly silver cup filled with golden florins. They were therefore much surprised and chagrined at the duke's expressing himself greatly dissatisfied with the civic presents, and displaying much haughty ill-humour towards the bearers. The next morning, however, apparently recovered from his anger, he invited them and their ladies to a ball the day afterwards; and as he came without any, but mere personal, baggage, the principal burghers were politely requested to lend the plate and linen necessary for the supper that was to follow. They were all eager to comply with this gracious request, and many an old family relic was drawn from its secure nook to do honour to their own pedigree and the duke's entertainment. There was in short a goodly display of *argenterie* to set off the ducal viands, and almost each guest saw with sacred pride and pleasure the household gods of his race figure in glittering beauty on the royal banqueting table. The duke was affable, danced condescendingly with several of the burghers' wives and daughters, and bowed and chatted benignantly to their husbands, fathers, and brothers. The ball went off admirably, and the citizen party returned to their homes delighted at the courtly attentions they had received, and that the storm at first expected had blown so happily over. Early the ensuing morning, ere they had hardly shaken off the pleasing reminiscences of the evening, they learnt that the duke, already

to say that the Ringoltingens had the good luck to survive them all. • Louisa's stepfather died about ten years after she took the veil: his pride and

prepared for his return into Germany, wished to see the advocate William Felga, his brother Heinzmann the burgomaster, the Chevalier Rudolph of Vuippens, and the rest of the members of the council of regency before his departure. Believing it was intended to return safely into their hands the valuable articles of silver lent by so many families to grace his fête, they went, accompanied by several servants carrying great bags to receive it, together with the duke's thanks for the loan.

On being ushered into the duke's presence they were thunder-struck by a thousand reproaches for the meanness and want of loyalty evinced in their pitiful presents and reception. The Felgas with all the members of the council were then committed to prison under the guard of his own German escort, and informed that until certain sums necessary to him were paid they should there remain. The whole town was suddenly converted into a scene of mourning; it was intensely cold, and to hasten their deliberations, the duke allowed no fuel and very little food. The two brothers, William and Heinzmann Felga, with the Chevalier Rudolph of Vuippens and three others, were deputed by the rest of the prisoners and their terrified townsmen to negotiate with the duke's chamberlain; and, besides the money originally demanded, finally paid a heavy fine each, proportionable to their respective rank in society. William Felga was rated at one thousand florins of gold! These enormous sums having been, in part, paid; the duke quitted Fribourg, declaring he would *never* more have the least *personal* intercourse of any kind with so despicable a people, taking away with him all the silver cups, spoons, salt-cellar, dishes, candlesticks, and other articles furnished for his feast, perhaps as a remuneration for the expense, or indemnification for the sacrifice of his ducal claims when he entered the town he had abandoned as a visitor. Three weeks elapsed before the whole sum stipulated could be mustered, and it was

self-importance were perpetuated by a will, in which he commanded the hereditary preservation of six cups, "given by my noble lord and prince, the dauphin," no doubt after the peace of 1445; and it appears from a notice issued by his son after his death, that he was not only successful, as the shrewd and designing generally are when determined to carry a favourite point in opposition to men cast in a more generous mould, in his struggle with the Chevalier of Vuippens, but had contrived to possess himself by hook or by crook of more than the half of Louisa's lands and money. The residue, in accordance with the usage of the times, became the property of the convent of Klingenthal. The young aspirant to the hand of the gentle nun of Klingenthal had a very different destiny from that which her mother's

in the "*doleful tower*," where the captives, not permitted to go at large till the last florin was duly paid over to the duke's commissioners, remained, that the first verses in the French language were composed in German Switzerland by one of them. It is a barbarous lament, in still more barbarous terms, deploring their unjust detention, treatment, and sufferings. — *Conservateur Suisse*.

"Ayez pitié des pauvres prisonniers  
Qui jor et nuict ont servi leaument  
La tour est froide-il y a peu desbattement," &c. &c.

They occupied the turret yet called *La mauvaise Tour*, from its being the depository of the rack, which was not abolished by law in Fribourg till 1830!!!

union chalked out for her. Like his father he became *avoyer* of Berne, and had a busy, bustling, prosperous career. He was united to a lady of ancient family, by whom he had three daughters co-heiresses: two married into patrician houses; the youngest had the inheritance of a cloister, perhaps to bring about the brilliant connexions of her sisters. He died in 1483 extremely rich, and laden with seignorial honours, part of which arose from the possessions of his stepmother and her immolated daughter. His name died with him, as did that of the orphan Louisa Ritsch.

There is something exceedingly painful in turning from the portrait of a pure, self-denying, uncomplaining spirit, voluntarily relinquishing, under the impulse of a noble motive, the varied pleasures attendant on beauty, youth, affluence, and innocence, to gaze on the dark picture which the archives of Bâsle have next transmitted to posterity, as a warning proof how often the human heart is influenced by opposite emotions — how little the same system is applicable to every mind — how utterly impossible it is to subdue all opinions, acts, and wishes to one common rule. The cold, gloomy cell — the dank corridors — the vigils — the fastings — the perfect obedience — the total renunciation of all that brightens or blesses the path of life, which may be embraced with holy enthusiasm by one taught to regard such

sacrifices as acceptable holocausts to an Almighty Being, every one of whose works nevertheless speaks mercy, are capable of rousing even to the madness of despair a spirit cast in a feebler or different mould. The very existence of so many different orders of monastic institutions is in itself a palpable demonstration of the error or vanity of those who would seek to control the mind to one code of laws, feeling, action, or belief.

A nun trying to escape from a destiny so revolting, that nothing but a deep sense of religion, teaching that this world is but a passage to another, or bitter remorse for past guilt, seeking to lull its pangs in the painful exercises of the body, can enable the prisoner to sustain its many and cruel trials, is, alas ! it may be feared, an incident more common to human nature than the heroic sacrifice, born of a noble cause, which immortalised Louisa Ritsch.

In 1466 during Lent, and on the day in passion week when the principal spring rents due to the convent were usually paid to the abbess or her steward, a fire was discovered in one of the cloisters, which soon communicating to the rest of the building threatened its complete destruction. The dormitories or sleeping apartments of the nuns, a great part of the furniture, and many presses (a species of wardrobe which usually lines the passages of a monastery) filled with linen, plate, jewels, and other costly effects,

were consumed ere the conflagration, which broke out in the night, could be subdued; and the loss was estimated at upwards of ten thousand German florins, equivalent to at least ten thousand pounds of money at the present time. The author of this terrible deed proved to be a miserable nun, whose impatience of a long and hopeless confinement had prompted her to this desperate resolution, in the hope that she might escape from her hated prison during the confusion which such a frightful event must create. The aversion she had conceived for a monastic life was unquestionably well known to the superior, as in the midst of all her own hurry and alarm she had sufficient presence of mind to take the precaution of ordering that the wretched creature should be watched; and she was soon detected attempting to pass the great portals, necessarily opened wide to admit of assistance from without. She was arrested, and placed till the fire was subdued under a guard in the church, which was on the opposite side of the quadrangle; and any doubt that might have existed of her guilt was removed by her frantic cries and lamentations at the defeat of her hopes.

A vaulted cell underground, with bread and water for life, was the punishment awarded to this victim of a false system. Her name never transpired, nor the period when death came to terminate her sufferings;



but she was acknowledged to be of noble lineage, which possibly prevented her from expiating her crime by a severe sentence, if indeed walling up alive, the usual doom which awaited a recreant nun, may be so considered.

Würstisen, in recording this dreadful circumstance, concludes his historical notice with these brief words, "and for this offence she was condemned to end her days in a dungeon." *End her days in a dungeon!* What a world of woe may be compressed into six little words. \*

The vicissitudes which alter not only the outward position of man, but the interior changes effected in his heart, or views, or principles, by a thousand unexplained causes, are brought with striking contrast to the mind of the historian; whose eye, often passing over the annals of long years in a single day, sees in that short space the popular hero, bending and bowing with courteous meekness while seeking for power, transformed by its possession into the crowned despot — the merciful monarch who grieved that his hand was forced to sign a criminal's just

\* 1466. Um Zintag zu Nacht in der Charwochen gienge im Kloster Clingenthal ein schädlich Feuer auf, welches das fürnehmste Dormitorium oder Schlafhaus mit allem Hausrath, Kleidern und Kleinoden auf 10,000 Gulden geschätzt, verschlucket. Diese Brunst hat eine Klosterfrau vom Adel, so ungern im orden gewesen, angerichtet, musste deshalb *ihr Leben im Kercker enden.* — *Würstisen*, p. 457.

doom, degenerate into a bloodthirsty monster — the modest maiden, blushing as she hung on her proud bridegroom's arm, quit his sacred home, and the pledges of their honourable union, for the precarious shelter of a profligate's lawless protection — the harsh, who had made all around them fear, become kind — and the strong sink into imbecility and weakness.

Long years rolled away; the convent, embrowned by the sober tints of time, had assumed that characteristic solemnity which age and hallowed associations ever confer on religious edifices. The frenzied attempt of the nun to escape from its confinement, and the stern sentence passed on her, were guarantees for the rigid observance of all those monastic severities understood to be practised within its walls. And yet, at first in tones so low that the whisperer seemed afraid of the sound of his own voice, it was insinuated rather than said — that the inmates of Klingenthal had lost their character for sanctity. Suspicion, once awake, roused herself to vigilance; the doubt, once hinted, grew into certainty; the tale, timidly breathed forth in the closed chamber, was published ere long on the house-top; and two centuries after the Baron of Klingen had laid with solemn pomp and circumstance the foundation-stone of this holy building, it was pronounced to be — holy no more.

The events of history would have been recorded

to little purpose if destined merely to amuse the idle, or chronicle a fact; and as the coming shadow announces the approach of its object, so the keen observer of men and things is often prepared by the past for the strange revolution which makes the wonder of the present. For several years after they shook off their Dominican brethren, there was scarcely a perceptible change in the manners and habits of the ladies of Klingenthal; nor did they lose ground by that separation in the opinion of the public generally. The reign of the monks was understood to be harsh; and it can never be prudent that a masculine hand should rule with unlimited authority over a community of females. Experience has proved that individual man, in his highest state of moral and intellectual perfection, is not to be trusted with absolute dominion; and that for power there is but one safe depository — the responsible administration of recognised laws. Yet it is obvious that some fixed order must be observed in all chartered establishments, or they are liable to degenerate into licence and misrule! \* Had the Bishop of Basle been ap-

\* The religious institutions of Switzerland were generally exceedingly rich from the gifts and endowments of the many noble families whose daughters took the veil; and this may have been the cause of that extraordinary relaxation of discipline so continually registered by all the contemporary historians of the Middle Ages. At Wettingen, the Abbot John Müller, conjured

pointed to watch over the convent, it is highly probable that the nuns would never have deviated widely from the line of their religious conversation ; but the distant sway of the Bishop of Constance \*, naturally disposed to be indulgent to high-born women, cut off from the common blessings enjoyed by the meanest of their sex — the proud sense of superiority, spiritual

the confederation for the love of Christ to come to his aid, that he might be enabled to save not merely the property but the souls of those under his jurisdiction. Appointed governor of many female communities (the Cistercian order alone had sixteen convents in Switzerland) the feeble pastor of these turbulent flocks avowed his utter inability to govern them. "I hate these nuns," said he ; "and I dare not repeat the reports of which they are the object. Why are they not sober and chaste ? But no ; they have selected me for their guide, only because they know I am a simple man easily deceived."

"A Wettingen, l'abbé Jean Müller conjurait, pour l'amour de Christ, les confédérés de venir à son aide, afin qu'il pût sauver non les biens seulement, mais les âmes de ses subordonnés. Gouverneur de nombreux couvens de femmes (il en existait seize en Suisse de l'ordre des Citeaux), le faible pasteur avouait "l'impuissance où il était de les régir. Je hais ces nonnes," disait-il, "et je n'ose rapporter les bruits dont elles sont les objets. Que ne sont elles chastes et honnêtes ! Mais elles ne m'ont voulu pour conducteur, que parcequ'elles savent que je suis simple et facile à tromper." — *Wirz*.

\* Henry of Höwen died at upwards of ninety, and thus nominally governed Klingenthal till within eighteen years of his death. From his age, rank, riches, decorous manners, and natural benevolence, he had great weight in the country, though he had been a man of pleasure all his life.

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of the abess — the head of a veiled female.

and temporal — the possession of unbounded liberty — great affluence, and that exceeding contempt for the plebeian inhabitants of great cities, which pre-eminently marked the conduct of the nobility at that moment, all conspired to render them oblivious of the stern ordinances of their founder, and the received opinions of society at large.

By one of those singular mysteries in the human heart inexplicable to reason, the nuns seemed to grow strangely more lenient to themselves after they had condemned their hapless sister to so fearful a doom, for seeking to escape from the thralldom of her vows, unless indeed the remembrance of the crime into which her detestation of a cloisteral life led her, determined them to abate its rigours in their own instance. They first ceased to chaunt their matin and vesper services, and this relaxation from their ancient discipline was gradually followed by many others yet more striking; till at length the sober citizens of Bâsle were astounded by the open and ostentatious display of their luxury, worldliness, and disregard of the established decorums of a religious calling. The large, heavy, dismal, rumbling vehicle, in which the prioress was wont at Easter, and on other high days and holidays, to move with slow solemn pace from one church or chapel to another, to pay her annual tribute of worship to some particular saint, with two or three subdued-looking sisters, like herself

veiled and muffled from head to foot, now rolled briskly through the streets seemingly bent on a very different errand. Their spacious garden, stretching to a considerable extent along the left bank of the Rhine, where each had, in former days, been thankful to cultivate as her sole amusement a little narrow plot, scarcely larger than that sole inheritance which Earth bestows on all her children at their birth, no longer sufficing for air and exercise, they made frequent visits to their conventual lands in the adjacent country. Their repasts in the refectory, if not equal to those served up to the noble ladies of the convent of St. Hildgarde at Zurick \*, one of whose dainty abbesses was said to have loved so much the roe of the delicate lotte, that after having extinguished the breed in her own lake she was forced to send to Constance and Zug for supplies of this

\* "The noble old lady is so dainty, and loves so much the roe of eels," (lotte is a large species of eel,) says a citizen of Zurick, writing to a friend, "that to pamper her delicate appetite, she will have a dish at her table every day; and our lake not sufficing, she is often obliged to send to Constance and Zug, which, with the like expenses, renders her so poor she is continually obliged to borrow money of the town council, who by this means have acquired many of the valuable privileges granted to her community by King Louis, the royal founder. Thus we owe much of our liberty to the eel roes eaten by our noble abbess."

One of these privileges was the right of coinage, and legal jurisdiction of the city. Several coins of this abbey are extant, with the effigy of the abbess — the head of a veiled female.

favourite fish; or to the luxurious feasts of the Benedictine monks in Lombardy, whose table so amazed Martin Luther, fresh from German sour *kraut*, and black barley bread, that he deemed it his duty to warn them of his intention, on reaching Rome, to report their scandalous gluttony and extravagance to the pope, (for which the good man was within an inch of losing his life, so little did they relish his sincerity or appreciate his concern for their souls); still they were most *recherché* and abundant, as the loads of fish and fowl, and game and legs of mutton, and buttocks of beef, seen daily entering the side door leading to the ample kitchen amply testified.\*

Then their dress — alas! alas! that even the

\* Histoire de la Reformation du Seizième Siecle par J.H. Merle D'Aubigné. The poet Gaspard Bruschi, who lived some time at Bâle with the famous printer Oporin, whose want of liberality he records in lamentable terms, relates that having been appointed to visit different convents in Switzerland, for the purpose of collecting some historical information, he was every where well received and well entertained; but had especial reason to laud the abbess of the Dominicans of Cätz in the Grisons, who gave him a great supper, followed by a ball, which she opened with him in a lively dance; and at his departure this obliging hospitable *religieuse*, amongst other presents, bestowed an embroidered handkerchief, and a couple of the horns of the *bouquetin* or wild goat.

Perhaps the heedless poet was too fond of recounting the favours he received, or commented too caustically upon them, for he experienced the hapless fate of assassination in 1559.



history of a convent should add its testimony to this besetting sin of womankind! The thick white woollen tunics of the Dominican order, with heavy black mantles and coarse linen, were replaced by habiliments made in the same form, but of the finest materials. A narrow braid of glossy hair peeping under the snowy cambric which descended with symmetrical precision on each side of the face, attested either the forgetfulness or contempt of the fair wearers for the invariable monastic ordinance which prescribes that the hair, solemnly cut off at the ceremony of the profession, shall never more be allowed to grow. Their veils and pelerins were of the most costly cambric — they decorated their fair slender fingers with jewelled rings,

“ And crosses on their bosoms wore,  
Which Jews might worship and infidels adore.”

Their chaplets of gold or silver, enriched with precious stones often curiously carved, would have vied with those of Louis Quatorze or Anne of Austria, and the quaint and sad apparel of their rule, thus modified by the hand of taste, became rather dignified, imposing, and becoming than awful or repulsive.

But these were minor points of offence — dust in the balance when weighed against other deviations from their vows. The privacy of the cloister was no

longer respected — young and noble chevaliers, under the plea of consanguinity or friendship, were to be seen at almost all hours entering the great gates of the monastery, or lounging in the magnificent parlour appropriated to the reception of guests and strangers. Strong suspicion also existed that they had followed the example of Anne of Höwen, late abbess of the noble ladies at Zurick, who availing herself of an ancient custom which consecrated a sombre season of the year to the enjoyment of the carnival, went disguised through the city with her younger brother Frederick. And as Henry of Höwen, the indulgent bishop of Constance, under whose pastoral care they had placed themselves in 1431, was the brother of the noble offenders at Zurick, far too mighty for punishment, it is not altogether impossible that the accusation might have some foundation.\*

From time immemorial the inhabitants of Bâle have been renowned for their singular attention to the apostolic command which enjoins that "all things should be done decently, and in order." Whilst yet a portion of the Romish church Æneas Sylvius Piccolomini bears testimony to the zealous discharge of their religious duties: and when they em-

\* Hottinger, one of the continuators of Müller's History of the Swiss, relating this incident in the life of the abbess of Zurick, with much *naïveté* adds, "and these nocturnal courses were accompanied by *assez grands désordres*."

braced the doctrine of the Reformers they became no less remarkable for the consistency and sober gravity of their future walk. Even now Bâsle is considered one of the most serious cities of Helvetia. The Sabbath is strictly observed by all classes; and a printed paper, in two languages, affixed to the doors of the cathedral, warns the heedless irreverent stranger that he will not be permitted to indulge his idle curiosity during the hours of Divine Service. By them therefore these irregularities were necessarily considered of so flagrant a nature as to merit very severe reprimand.

But there was yet another body in Bâsle, who after having long watched the sisters of Klingenthal were determined to procure for their errors a far more efficient remedy than mere verbal chastisement — their brothers, the Dominican monks. Half a century had elapsed since the Lady Anne of Thierstein, skilfully availing herself of a happy combination of circumstances, had easily succeeded in accomplishing a design which under any other would probably have been defeated; and the monks had outwardly assented to what their sagacity told them was at the time irremediable. But a legacy of hatred was bequeathed from prior to prior, and the imprudence of the nuns at length awakened a dormant hope that the sentence which banished them from the paradisaical Eden of Klingenthal might be

reversed. A change had come over the fortunes of the house of Thierstein, whose influence no doubt materially turned the scale in favour of the convent; and a yet greater revolution in the opinions and manners of the age was silently but gradually unfolding itself, which promised a different termination to any future dispute between them.

Towards the middle of the fifteenth century Switzerland was, in common with some other nations, separated by position and interest into two portions: — the nobility, haughty, impoverished, and diminished in number by incessant internal skirmishes — expenses brought on by tournaments at home — crusades in Palestine — royal attendances in Germany — and the habit of consigning all the younger branches of a proud, but poor, house to the celibacy of a monastic life, — were becoming each day more sensible, and more jealous, of the encroachments made on their feudal privileges and personal greatness by the plebeian inhabitants of the great cities, once their vassals; — whilst the citizens, whose ever increasing riches and population gave them the interior consciousness of importance, grew hourly less disposed to submit to the servile restraints under which their ancestors groaned in helpless dependence. This feeling of enmity was become excessively strong between the aristocracy and citizens of Basle. Such was the pride of the hierarchy that to belong to a

Tribe or Guild, however removed from any thing degrading in its nature, was a sufficient exclusion from the chapter of the cathedral, whatever the learning or virtue of the applicant for admission; and in all the every-day concerns of society there was a wall of adamant between the two *castes*, which Æneas Sylvius Piccolomini says nothing but important civic dignities or immense wealth could ever remove.\*


\* This state of things was not peculiar to Basle—the citizens who were every where rising into opulence by commerce and prudence could ill brook the mortifying distinctions which yet existed between them and the nobles, impoverished by wars, luxury, and idleness. Strong in the importance of wealth, they began to intimate that Time had undermined the barrier which feudal pride erected against them. At Nuremberg a thin wall intervened between the public baths intended for females; and a citizen whose wife had been unable to bathe because the rooms appropriated to her class were full, although those allotted to ladies of a higher order remained empty, said tartly to a German noble, “it was high time to break down the partition which separated *la dame* from *la femme* !” — the lady from the woman.

Nor was the reluctance to be trenched upon always confined to the nobility. Philippe-le-bel of France having made peace with the Count Guy of Dampierre lord of Bruges, to grace the reconciliation, brought his queen to that city about 1300. The haughty Queen, heiress of the kingdom of Navarre, displeased with the brilliant display made by the wives of the nobility and rich citizens, exclaimed, “I thought I should have been the only queen here, but I find, alas! a hundred around me,” — Ohimè! che io pensava d’esser regina sola, &c. &c. — Guicciardini.

In the contest which arose between Bâsle, the pope, (Eugene the 4th) and the emperor, such was the hatred of the nobility to the wealthy burghers, that, losing sight of the ordinary policy of statesmen, they opened their country to the troops of a mutual enemy, hoping to make a glorious peace for themselves after they had lowered the courage and exhausted the finances of the insolent citizen upstarts now wrestling with them for power and position. The quarter general of the Dauphin was at Pffeffingen, one of the numerous *chateaux* of the counts of Thierstein; and at the period of the battle of St. Jacob, four thousand Swiss were unhappily engaged in besieging another of his castles, that of Farnsburg, defended by the Count in person, aided by many nobles of his party. It was the twelve hundred men detached from this body who so gallantly lost their lives in an action equal to that of Thermopylæ for determined bravery and patriotism. They were the *élite* of that little army, and their massacre excited a deep sentiment of grief and indignation amongst their compatriots. From this epoch the friendship and confidence which existed for so many hundred years between the citizens of Bâsle and the counts of Thierstein ceased: each party felt they had gone too far to be cordially forgiven, and believed that their mutual security lay in the abasement of the other.

This noble and gifted family, who had possessed during five centuries great fiefs on the two sides of the Jura, in Alsace, and Western Switzerland, and whose warlike chiefs for a thousand years have figured in Helvetic history, was then gradually descending to that feebleness which precedes the extinction of empires and of families. John of Thierstein, a man of fine presence and ready wit, had been invested with many imposing public dignities : he held the important office of protector of the council, and was one of the deputies sent to Ripaille to announce to Amadeus duke of Savoy his election to the papal throne. It was he too who presented wine in a golden cup shaped like a barrel to Felix during the splendid pageant of his coronation at Bâle, when he received the tiara from the hands of the good cardinal of Arles in the cathedral ; and the determination to appear with the magnificence he deemed indispensable to these functions and his own rank, precipitated the fall of a race related to the imperial house of Habsburg and every other name distinguished in the annals of his native land. Count Oswald, the representative of this illustrious line, a man of turbulent temper, expensive habits, and impoverished finances, the very antipodes of the Simons and Hermons his predecessors of glorious memory, began his career, when scarcely arrived at majority, by an attack on the

liberties of his country at the fight of St. Jacob, and from that period to the latest hour of his long life he was ever at war at home or abroad. When he had no private quarrel of his own on his hands he turned his attention to those of others, and his skill as a commander, with intrepid bravery, made his offer of service generally acceptable. He often lent his sword to the Archduke Sigismond of Austria, well agreed with him in his political views, and besides receiving large sums of money in return was appointed the duke's seneschal, *landvogt*, or high bailiff, in Brisach, and subsequently mareschal of Lorraine, — appointments, which conferred on him great personal weight in the country, with many pecuniary emoluments. Ardent, indefatigable, and inventive, he disdained no means to accomplish a favourite purpose: now he got himself by some stratagem elected a citizen of Bâsle that he might overawe its council, and then, not reaping all the success he anticipated from this manœuvre, sought the freedom of the city of Soleure, (whose senate had advanced him frequent loans on different portions of his domains,) in order to obtain assistance against his fellow burghers the honest Bâlois, who had resisted, and very naturally, a claim set up in the name of his late father Count John for the payment of certain expenses incurred in making war on them. The details of the circumstances attending his dissensions





with the citizens present a curious picture of the state of society abroad at the close of the 15th century. On the termination of some struggle between the principality of Austria and Bâle, it was definitively agreed that each of the contending powers should compensate their several followers. The citizens of Bâle forthwith discharged their debts of honour, and disbanded the soldiers who had aided them. The duke was not equally punctual; and Count John of Thierstein, who had commanded the troops on his behalf, threatened to renew the war if his pay were longer withheld, together with a further sum of seventeen thousand florins for the reparation of the castle of Pffeffingen \*.

\* Some ruins of Pffeffingen yet exist. The fosses are filled up by the fallen ramparts; so that it is almost as impossible to approach the wreck of its warlike enclosure as when protected by the fierce guardians of former times. It fell with Furstenstein-Berenfels and Augenstein under the attacks of Soleure and Bâle, prompt to divide this rich spoil. Each castle had its *Gefängniss*, or forgotten tower, (so were named the terrible prisons of the middle ages,) sometimes placed in the centre, sometimes at a corner of these fearful masses of stone, scarcely distinguishable from the solid rocks on which they were situated. There was no entrance but at the top, from whence a little food was occasionally thrown down on the miserable heads of the captives, who were far oftener left to perish by hunger. The old dismantled castle of Baden-Baden (not the one whose *oubliettes* Mrs. Trollope entered) has two, into which the writer looked down from the ruined ramparts. Workmen were closing the entrance into the "treacherous guest chamber" she has so well described in the ducal palace, when the author

much injured in the progress of the contest. The money was paid, but the castle remained an apple of discord ; and after the death of Count John his two sons Oswald and William required the city of Bâle to furnish the required sum. It was in vain that the Austrian administrators offered to stand bail for the citizens till the matter could be fairly discussed: they insisted on its instant discharge. Count Oswald sold an estate to enable him to garrison his castle, and worked so effectually on the civic pride of his new co-citizens of Soleure, to whom he had recently sold an estate, or rather yielded up one long heavily mortgaged to them, that they were brought to declare they would defend his pretensions by force of arms. Too wise to bring on a war for the sake of seventeen thousand florins the citizens of Bâle produced the money, and got rid for the moment of so troublesome a neighbour. But for the moment only.

Soon again in want of funds to support his half military, half princely establishments, and strong in his alliances with Soleure and Berne, he turned his attention to a part of the great commercial road of the city, which lay within a few miles of his castle of Farnsburg ; and speedily running up a couple of little round lantern-like towers, well garnished with a dozen grim-looking soldiers, he demanded a heavy toll

paid her visit to this sad memorial of human suffering and human crime at Baden-Baden.

from all whose business or pleasure led them that way; stopping, till imprisonment brought to obedience, those who remonstrated against this illegal imposition.

The Bâlois, discreetly put off their resentment "to a more convenient season," which their sagacity foresaw his impetuous temper would ere long present. Nor were they mistaken: a sudden quarrel with his former staunch friends and adherents the citizens of Soleure having weakened his political importance, they eagerly seized on the occasion, sallied out in a strong body, burst open the toll-house, made prisoners of the little troop appointed to enforce its onerous requisitions, and rased the two towers to the ground.

The Count was stung by shame and rage, but not daring to attack them single-handed, he too dissimulated till he had concerted such measures as, he trusted, would ensure him ample vengeance. With this view he sold Brunstadt, one of the most ancient patrimonial inheritances of his family, for 2900 german florins; secretly provisioned his favourite castle of Pfeffingen, situated on the slope of a mountain above Bâsle overlooking the river Birse, and after introducing by degrees several detached corps of chosen auxiliaries he waited for a propitious moment to execute his design. It was that of a hot-headed man, blinded by his passions, and utterly

failed, though not deficient in boldness or ingenuity. During the feasting and rejoicings of the citizens on the evening of the new year of 1469 he suddenly took possession of the gate of Escheim, and with the assistance of 200 mercenaries attempted to penetrate into the heart of the city, hoping to take prisoners the burgomaster and senate, for whose ransom he intended to demand a sum that would fully reimburse him for the expenses he had incurred, besides exacting other conditions favourable to his interest during their captivity. To secure the success of this project, he had some months previously caused a couple of his most trusty followers, disguised as country traders intending to open a shop at the commencement of the year, to hire a small house near the gate through which he proposed making his entry, and they had orders to set fire to it at a stated hour, when all should be in readiness without, both as a guiding light to himself and to divert the attention of the people from the gate by which he proposed to make his entry. He spent the day at an hostelry in the city, apparently there as a simple visitor to view what was going on in the shape of amusement, but withdrew in the dusk to complete his arrangements; and when all was finally settled, he led on his band, under cover of night, arriving at the very moment when he had calculated that the alarm and confusion created by the fire would be at its climax. Unluckily

for this lawless scheme, the fire was lighted a little too early, soon discovered, and promptly extinguished. Notwithstanding this failure, his agents contrived to get the gate partially open, on the pretence of passing out with some effects saved from the fire, and the Count instantly forced his passage through with all his band. But he had grievously miscalculated his own resources, and misunderstood the temper of those with whom he had to deal: the time was arrived when they were more disposed to give blows than receive them. The *tocsin* sounded an immediate call to arms; and although it was intensely dark and cold, the streets deep in snow, which had enabled him to approach the walls unsuspected by the sentinel, every citizen issued forth in a few moments clad as he was from his festive board, and armed with such weapons as chance threw in his way. A fierce contest ensued, and several lives were lost on each side before the Count, after some gallant fighting, befitting a better cause, saw himself obliged to take flight. His followers prudently laid down their arms, and the senate, alike clement and wise, contenting themselves with victory, dismissed their prisoners on the simple condition that they would never more serve against the city. A hollow peace for a few short years ensued after this rash outbreak of ill-digested resentment; but there was no cordial reconciliation between the parties, who might not

unaptly be considered as personifying in their individual dislike and distrust the feelings of the two classes, patrician and plebeian, now all but in collision.

It was about this critical juncture that the irregularities and extravagances of the nuns of Klingenthal, towering in truth to a height that seemed to call for repression, presented to the Dominican monks the opportunity for which they had so long panted.\* Under the plausible plea that religion and decency were outraged by the licence of manners reigning at Klingenthal, they prevailed on the burgomaster and council to support them in a petition addressed to the pope, praying him to be pleased to examine into the conduct of the Dominican sisters of Klingenthal, and appoint such remedies and punishments as he in his wisdom might think proper for such heinous delinquencies.

At first the wary senators were somewhat reluctant to join in an open crusade against a community of females enjoying the high privilege of citizenship, and connected by consanguinity or friendship with

\* "Elles ne respectèrent plus leur clôture, et remplirent de scandale la ville de Bâle par leur luxe, leur mondanité et leurs intrigues galantes. Quelques-unes d'entr'elles passaient pour violer leur vœu de célibat et pour recevoir publiquement les soins de jeunes Gentilshommes, qui sous prétexte de parentage se rendaient à toute heure au parloir." — *Conservateur Suisse*.

most of the noble families of the country. But the Dominican brothers, who had gained in public estimation what the sisters had lost in the long lapse of years since their separation, were become richer, more numerous, and more enlightened, and above all, were united to many of the citizens by that strongest of earthly bonds (since it links together the two worlds), the tie of confessorship,—urged so warmly the disgrace incurred by the city in winking at such enormities, that they finally gained their point; and at the close of the year 1479, the sub-prior attended by two monks proceeded to Rome to lay the petition thus signed at the feet of his Holiness.

The reigning pontiff Sixtus the Fourth was not precisely the person authorised by Holy Writ “to throw the first stone” at the nuns of Klingenthal, whatever their errors; but without seemingly reflecting on the frailty of nature in his own case, he immediately appointed Jacob of Stubach, provincial or grand master of the Dominical order in Alsace, not to investigate the charges alleged against them ere he should proceed to condemnation and judgment, but to be the bearer of a mandate empowering him to exercise a most rigid reform throughout the whole cloister; withdraw the nuns from the pastoral guidance of the Bishop of Constance, and replace them under the absolute authority of the Dominican bro-

ters of Basle.\* The brief further exacted from the nuns a minute account of their expenditure, and that each sister, especially those who held any office, such as stewardess, housekeeper or burser, should make accurate declarations of general and individual property, that the whole might pass into the hands of the monks for its better conservation; and further to secure tranquil acquiescence in these mortifying arrangements, they were informed that "the least display of resistance would be followed by instant removal to other religious institutions, and Klingenthal bestowed on successors "more worthy than they."†

\* "Pabst Sixtus der Vierte hatte dieser Zeit aus des Prediger-Ordens Anregen Bericht eingenommen, welcher massen die Schwestern des Klosters Clingenenthal zu Mindern Basel ein üppig und liederlich Wesen, wider ihren geistlichen Staat und weibliche Zucht, fuhreten, und viele Jahr daher geführet hätten. Desshalben er Jacoben von Stubach, Prediger-Ordens Provincialmeister in Teutschlanden, Commission gab, solch unordentlich und befleckt Leben, durch Anrichtung der regulierten Observantz, abzuschaffen: dessgleichen sie von des Bischoffs zu Constantz Gehorsame, deren sie sich hievor im 1431 Jahr untergeben, zu entledigen, und wiederum unter die Versehung Prediger-Ordens (welchem sie von altem Gehorsame gethan) zu weisen. Liess hierum dem Bischoff und Stadt Basel: item Herrn Wilhelm von Rapoltstein, Hertzog Sigmunds Landvogt im Elsass, &c. Schreiben zukommen, dem Predigermeister zu solchem Fürnehmen Hülff zu beweisen." — *Christian Wurstisen. Chronicle of Basle, 13th Chapter.*

† Reformation of the White Sisters with Black Veils of the Convent of Klingenthal — Reformation der Weissen Schweistern



That the provincial might be enabled to carry this severe chastisement more effectually into execution, the pope joined to the commission William of Rapolstein, who, in consequence of some dispute between the Archduke Sigismund of Austria and Count Oswald of Thierstein, had succeeded the latter in the high office of landvogt of Alsace. All German writers coincide in speaking of him as one not likely to spare the rod for the sake of the crying. "He was," says Müller, "a grave, courageous, powerful baron, stern even to harshness:" and Schöppfin alludes in emphatic terms to his over-weening pride. From these features of his character the pope doubtless deemed him well fitted for bearing a resolute part on such an occasion with the bishops of Bâsle and Constance, the burgomaster and senate of Bâsle, and the priors, abbots, and heads of religious houses in the city. Thus supported, the provincial reached Bâsle the first week of January in the year 1480, and after sending a sufficiently short notice to the prioress of Klingenthal communicating his purposed visit, repaired thither in great state attended by all his coadjutors, excepting the two bishops, who substituted their grand vicars, and several other ecclesiastics and magistrates not included in the commission, but willing to be present

mit den Schwarzen pletzen. — *Würstisen. Great Chronicle of Basel.*

at a scene singular from its rare occurrence and the sex and rank of the culprits.

On reaching the great gates admission was demanded in the formidable name of the pope; and the reverend members of the procession were in silence conducted into the parlour, a large room in all female convents, divided into two by an open grating of iron work, through which the veiled inmates are sometimes permitted to hold converse with their friends from the world they have quitted. Here, in that portion dedicated to visitors, they found the prioress seated in her chair of state, with her twenty-three nuns standing on either side; and after a few cold salutations the grand master proceeded to the execution of his difficult and unpleasing task.

The ladies of Klingenthal were not unprepared for this visit, nor to a certain degree for its consequences. Though extreme care had been taken by the monks to veil their hostile proceedings, enough had transpired to render them aware that some sinister blow was aiming at their independence, which they were resolved to ward off to the utmost of their ability. Counting on their birth, connexions, and affluence, they expected that a severe reprimand, and an urgent admonition to return to the thorny path of duty, emanating from the governor general of the Dominican order, with, perhaps, some future inspection on the part of the Bishop of Bâsle, whose

jurisdiction they formerly acknowledged, would be the extremity of the impending punishment; and without much uneasiness awaited its approach. The unlooked-for announcement of a papal Bull seemed to place their situation in a more serious point of view; and as a message far too awful to be lightly regarded, the whole sisterhood assembled in solemn silence to hear it read. To the preamble, — which set forth that the head of the Christian church, moved thereto by the holy brother preachers of the Dominican order at Bâsle, and the burgomaster and senate of that city, having on due investigation discovered that they the said sisters of Klingenthal led, and had led for many years, a luxurious, dissipated, ungodly life, contrary to the holiness and modesty appertaining to their vows as spouses of Christ, dedicated to fleshly mortification and good works; neglecting their duties, and thereby bringing scandal on their profession and religion, &c. &c. &c. — they listened in contemptuous silence, simply acknowledging from time to time the charges preferred against them by a disdainful smile or haughty look of defiance: but ere the apostolic letter was half concluded astonishment and indignation burst forth in muttered exclamations of resentment so loud as to render the sonorous voice of the provincial almost inaudible; and when he at length reached that part which delivered them unconditionally into the absolute power of the

brother preachers, whose partial yoke had been found so galling to the community fifty years before, rage and amazement overleaping all the boundaries of prudence and propriety, rendered every attempt to conclude it impossible. Whilst the prioress, who had started from her throne in a paroxysm of fury, stood stiff and erect from agonised emotion with some of the elder sisters in the midst of the commissioners, hurling at the brother preachers and senators of Basle threats of vengeance through the instrumentality of the several counts, and barons, and knights, with whom they claimed kindred or acquaintance, — now taunting them, especially the Dominicans, with divers insulting epithets and insinuations very derogatory to the honour of that reverend body, then declaring that if, as menaced, any attempt should be made to remove them from the convent they would set fire to it ere their expulsion, — the juvenile and more active nuns, aided by youthful limbs and ardent spirits, rushed from the parlour to the vast kitchen, from whence they quickly returned to the scene of action armed with brushes\*, spits, tongs\*, choppers, cleavers — every domestic utensil, in fine, which presented itself to their flashing eyes and eager hands.

The provincial of Alsace and his dignified as-

\* "*Einem Bratspiess, die andere einen Prügel, &c. &c. &c.*  
&c. — Würstisen.

sociates, who had probably listened to the injurious reproaches of the prioress and her companions with manly indifference, anticipating perhaps something of the sort, mingled with the sighs, tears, and swoons, said to be usual with the fair sex on great occasions of woe or wrong or wrath, were overwhelmed by this sudden and most energetic display of feminine valour: personal safety absorbing all other considerations, with one accord they hastily retreated to the door; made good, not without some difficulty, their way unscathed through the narrow passages and outer courts till they reached the grand portal, whence they bolted into the street, leaving the papal Bull behind them, in company with sundry broad bands, and deep plaited white frills, and ruffles, torn from their necks and hands in the scuffle: some destitute of cloaks, others denuded of hats, and all in a state of the most grievous alarm, shame, and confusion.\*

\* It has been thought right to rescue the names of these spirited damsels of high degree from oblivion, and they are accordingly subjoined as they stand in Würstisen's German Chronicle of Bâle.

Anna Zergelten Prioress, Margaret von Hauss, who had been 70 years in the order, R. Bidermennin, Agnes Hauswirtin, Bridgitte von Schweighausen, Magdalena Bastard von Ochsenstein, Johanna von Roggenbach, Clementina von Lauffen, Anna Schoppin, Margaret Blatnerin, Verrina von Reimlang, Elizabeth Löwlin, Elizabeth zu Rhein, Dorothea Müntzmeisterin, Margaret von Eschenberg, Elizabeth von Gerütt,

This unseemly commencement of hostilities on the side of the nuns did not long remain without reprisals. The grand master, a tall athletic man in the vigour of life, stern and inflexible in character, when he recovered from the amazement that had at the moment seemingly stultified his energies, took vigorous measures to execute the troublesome enterprise which had devolved on him. The very next morning by 10 o'clock the discomfited reformers assembled in great force, and returned to the charge. They were accompanied this time by a military escort, and defiling before the convent gates once more formally demanded ingress in the sacred name of the pope. All was silent within; the gates were strongly barred; and no answer having been returned after three distinct summonses, they were immediately burst open by the orders of the provincial; and the several members forming the commission marched into the quadrangle attended by a small body of armed soldiers. The interior doors of the building were next forced, and in a few minutes the provincial and his party found themselves masters of the apartment from whence they had been so unceremoniously expelled the preceding day.

As feminine violence and resolution must ever

Anna Meyerin, Cordula von Efringen, Martha Schreiberin, Helena von Kilch, Clara zu Rhein, Anna von Gerütt, Barbara von Röt.

succumb if opposed to the same degree of masculine violence and resolution, because the preponderating weight of sex is then thrown into the trembling scale, this determined proceeding having convinced the nuns that all further resistance would be alike degrading to them and exasperating to their opponents, they presented themselves once more to the unwelcome deputation, and drowned in tears consented to hear the fatal bull from beginning to end, — too happy had that proved the sole grief of the day.

But the haughty provincial, who had taken up his abode with the Dominican monks in their spacious monastery at Great Bâsle, incensed at the ludicrous figure he had made in the yesterday's retreat, and no doubt influenced by the secret wishes of his entertainers to enter as soon as possible upon the broad lands and goodly possessions of Klingenthal, the instant he had concluded reading, stopped the torrent of denials, explanations, and protestations of future amendment of manners, which burst from every quivering lip, by communicating his immovable will that, unless they gave an immediate and solemn promise to comply with every iota of the bull, and forthwith deliver up their keys and writings to the prior of the brother-preachers, they should in one week be dispersed into different convents belonging to the order, and Klingenthal bestowed upon a sisterhood of the same rule who had already sub-

mitted to the stringent reform required from themselves.

In this sweeping punishment all were included, not exempting even the lady Margaret von Hauss, who had lived within the walls upwards of seventy years, having been brought there a mere child on the death of both her parents, and against whom there had never been a shadow of reproach. So summary and severe a sentence revived the sinking courage of the illustrious delinquents; and they unanimously declared they would never submit to receive the Dominican monks as their guides spiritual or temporal; and that if removed from Klingenthal it should be by force.

As the provincial was departing two nuns followed him, and with streaming eyes entreated permission to remain, promising to obey whoever might be appointed prioress or confessor: it is scarcely necessary to say lady Margaret Von Hauss was one of them. Novelty, so delightful to the young, is in its very nature a misery to the old, however pleasing in itself; and the poor aged creature, who had already passed more than the allotted term of man within a building which had been the whole world to her, the scene of her infancy, girlhood, prime, and decay, naturally shrunk with dismay from the dreary prospect of seeking a dishonoured grave among strangers in an unknown land.



After having fixed seals to the chests and wardrobes containing the principal effects of the institution, and placed guards to watch over the building and prevent the escape of either the nuns or their treasures, the commissioners returned to Bâle, leaving the disconsolate sisters to ruminate on what had passed.

For some days the prioress and her ladies were incapable of rousing themselves from the stupor of sorrow and amazement brought on by this unexpected attack on their wealth, rank, and reputation. To be given up to the secular arm of their former persecutors, without power of appeal, had struck them like death—paralysed them, body and soul; but the principle of life was still within each bosom: and when the brief period allotted for reflection waned to its close, the spirit of the lady Anne of Thierstein revived in the person of her successor Anna Zergelten. As the phoenix rises from its ashes endowed with fresh vigour, so the fair young prioress, instinct with pride and resentment, and, perhaps, the innate consciousness of innocence, albeit appearances were sorely against her! awoke to action, and determined that she would not peaceably abdicate in favour of the usurping prior; but defend herself, her subjects, and her little kingdom, as a rightful sovereign ought to do, to the last extremity.

In the sort of imprisonment to which they were

now subjected, it became difficult to decide what would be the best plan to adopt for their common safety. It was not even easy to make known their painful position to those who were the most interested in their welfare. The conveyance of letters excepting by special messengers was slow and hazardous; most of their immediate relatives inhabited castles in remote districts, and long before they could arrive, however spurred on by affection, the period for action would be past. And a sentence once executed it might never be possible to reverse. To gain time under these circumstances was clearly their best course, and through the medium of a lay sister permitted to go freely in and out, to purchase necessities for the establishment, letters were despatched to the margrave Rudolph von Hochberg, the baron Martin von Stauffen, and Rudolph von Watweiler, knight, friends of some of the nuns residing not far from Bâle, imploring them to intercede with the provincial for the delay of another week, to enable them to draw up the statement of their affairs required by the pope, during which period they promised to take its conditions into serious consideration.

These letters reached the persons to whom they were addressed; and they lost no time in urging upon the provincial the propriety of granting so reasonable a request. The high station of the parties interfering

in their behalf had possibly some weight with the provincial; besides, he was probably aware, on reflection, that he had been somewhat too harsh and precipitate in allowing so short a space for such important arrangements; hence the petition was granted.

This was a ray of light irradiating a dark horizon; the nuns breathed freely again; and whilst the monks, who had little calculated on the energy that despair sometimes bestows, lay lazily on their oars, never dreaming of the possibility of the shipwreck of a papal bull among the shallows and quicksands of female intellect, they were occupied night and day not only in preparing schedules, drawing up statements of landed property, and inventories of household effects; but in consulting with their relations as to their future line of conduct, and concerting schemes for eluding the performance of the pope's requisitions.

In the mean while the margrave of Hochberg\* and several other nobles had frequent interviews with the provincial, conjuring him to treat with as much lenity and delicacy as possible, if it were but

\* Four sisters of the family of Hochberg (probably the aunts of the margrave) were nuns of St. Clara at Bâle in 1440. So universally were convents the lot of young females in high life. — *Vier Töchtern Kloster-frauen zu S. Clara zu Basel, 1440.*

in deference to their relatives, women so highly connected; and finally he was brought to consent to an interview with the nuns and their friends, on the Friday before the day commemorative of the conversion of St. Paul, when it was definitively decreed that a further respite of two months should be allowed for the proper settlement of such multiplied affairs; and that if, at the expiration of the term, they could not bring themselves to render the requisite obedience to the brother-preachers (the chief matter in dispute), they should be allowed to depart in peace either to their respective homes, or into convents of their own selecting, taking away whatever they individually possessed, or might have brought into the convent:—in return for which concession they agreed to give up faithfully all the charters, deeds, papers, plate, furniture, and monies belonging to the establishment.

The nuns, whose acuteness enabled them to see that each prolongation of time was a step towards conquest, begged hard for a probationary year; successively diminishing the boon prayed for to eight, six, or three months duration. They declared that the graver accusations brought against them were utterly void of foundation, and they promised, on the honour of the noblemen their friends and guarantees, that their future conduct should amply redeem all past irregularities. But on this point the provincial was inflexible. He had already conceded

more than the commission authorised, or he himself would probably have granted, but for some peculiar circumstances which demanded caution even in victory.

The season was exceedingly severe; the roads, at that early period of civilisation in Germany and Alsace, were little more than bridle paths, beautiful to the lover of the picturesque in summer, but replete with dangers and discomforts to the traveller in winter. Besides the twenty-four nuns, the walls contained several novices, and many little maidens of gentle birth, sent there for safety or education, all of whom it would be necessary to return to their parental roofs if the establishment were ultimately dissolved. But there was yet another reason for endeavouring to carry out the dispositions of the bull, amicably if possible, which doubtless had much influence over his mind, and controlled the impatience of his entertainers. At the period of the fire, now fourteen years since, many charters, deeds, and other important documents were unquestionably burnt; and although the monks, their predecessors, had made copies of every valuable writing during their reign as advisers and agents, it was not possible to ascertain what had perished in the flames without the assistance of the nuns, themselves, who, being then their own mistresses, had not been obliged to make any statements on the subject. Property had undergone a great change in the preceding half-century; rents had risen; it was

known that some considerable bequests and donations had been subsequently made to the conventual revenue; and so situated, there was policy as well as humanity in not goading the conquered to the uttermost verge of despair.

In conformity with the stipulations of the treaty, the seals were removed, that legal inventories of all the goods, chattels, and effects belonging to the convent might be taken in his presence; when it appeared that, notwithstanding what was lost in the fire lighted by the hapless nun, Klingenthal remained as richly furnished as Gremio describes his house at Padua to have been, in the enumeration he makes of his wealth to win the fair but fierce Katharine. There was ample store of

“————— Plate and gold;  
 Basins and ewers, to lave the dainty hands;  
 ——— Hangings all of Tyrian tapestry:  
 ——— Ivory coffers stuff'd with crowns.  
 In cypress chests arras, and counterpoints,  
 Costly apparel, fine linen and canopies,  
 ——— Gold in needlework,  
 Pewter and brass, and all things that belong  
 To house or housekeeping.”

To this goodly list were superadded the superb ornaments of their church, — silver chandeliers and *encensoirs*; huge carved presses filled with rich priestly garments and silken hangings; altar services, and images of saints in silver and gold and ivory, with crowns for their heads and jewels for their attire;

ures and sculptures in marble, ebony, and bronze. these costly articles were duly registered; and major part, with the title-deeds and other documents appertaining to the house, delivered into the hands of the prior of the brother-preachers till the matter should be finally settled. A gracious dispensation was given to the sorrowful proprietors, on submission and repentance, they might be permitted to resume possession of these valuables from the government of their convent: but as it happened, apparently incidentally, from the provincial, the nuns who were to succeed them *in case* they should persist in refusing allegiance to the brother-preachers, had *already* been warned to hold themselves in readiness for the journey, this was considered a promise made rather to the ear than to the understanding, and awakened no corresponding feeling of security or hope in those to whom it was addressed; a long series of griefs on the one side, and multiplied exactions on the other, having finally annihilated all confidence between them. After fixing an exact period of his return, the provincial departed Alsace, flattering himself that all was now in a train towards friendly adjustment; whilst the monks prepared for resistance, and the nuns for secession.

Time — of all certain things the most uncertain; the passage is to some the lagging foot of decrepitude

age, to others the lightning's flash — was thus counted during the two allotted months of the provincial's absence by the monks and nuns of St. Dominic at Basle. It came however, as all things must, to an end at its own proper period; and brought the punctual provincial, their common master, on the very day before its expiration.

The male members of religious corporations were so little accustomed to rebellion on the part of their female co-disciples, that, despite the fierce spirit which showed itself amongst the inmates of Klingenthal, the provincial had no apprehension of further opposition. He considered the affair settled: the nuns would either stay on his terms or go on their own — to him it was perhaps a matter of indifference; and he walked to the convent simply accompanied by the prior of the Dominicans, and one or two other ecclesiastics, as witnesses of the happy termination of the contest.

The little party obtained ready admission; and when the assembled nuns again met his view they looked so meek and so resigned, that he thought they were prepared to accept all the conditions of the bull. Great indeed was his astonishment, when the prioress in a calm but firm voice declared, that “she would never consent to relinquish her inalienable rights, and those of the community, to the prior of the brother-preachers; nor quit the convent without




compulsion." In this decision she was joined by seventeen of the nuns, a small minority of six, including the lady Margaret, having determined to remain in obedience to the papal bull.\* It was in vain that the provincial exerted his eloquence, now in threats, then in entreaties, to persuade them to adhere to the contract entered into between the margrave of Hochberg and himself; they continued obstinately bent on being independent mistresses of Klingenthal, or forced out of its walls.

As the gentle shepherd of patriarchal times was moved to choler by the unreasonable complainings of the beloved and beautiful Rachel, for whom he had patiently borne fourteen years of bitter servitude without a murmur, it is not to be wondered at that Jacob von Stubach, who thought he had yielded so much to ensure the amicable termination of the question—who had but just arrived a second time from Strasburg, after a long journey (not performed as such journeys may now be performed, lolling in luxurious, elegant carriages propelled by flying engines, but) jolting on horseback in winter, over many a steep stony hill and rushing torrent, glad at night to sleep in a cold comfortless inn; and after a wretched bed, and still more wretched breakfast, start again, in wet or sunshine, to undergo the same perils and fatigues, all on account of their quarrels and

\* *Hernach sechs wieder hinein traten.* Würstisen.

misdeemeanors; to whom the changing wind of female caprices was as little known as the sirocco of the desert; and who, moreover, remembered no doubt the unseemly attacks made on himself in that very room, when in the lawful execution of a papal bull, by the tongues and hands of, as he most righteously believed, very indecorous ladies, should now lose all patience. With as many hasty expressions as may be supposed possible to escape from one in his grave, dignified station, he promised them he would at least fulfil their last wish to the very letter; and forthwith sent for several of the heavy, rumbling, rattling vehicles, which even then might be hired at the spacious old hostelry, called the Three Kings, on the opposite side of the Rhine; commanding them in the interim to pack up such things, and such only, as belonged to them personally. The whole convent instantly became a scene of uproar and confusion: some of the nuns tore off their conventual dresses, and flinging them upon the ground, called on the ecclesiastics present to witness that, "driven from the holy altar at which they had pledged their vows, and thrown again on the world, they considered themselves exonerated from the profession they had embraced:" others protested that, in a much shorter period than their enemies imagined, they should return in triumph; and the prioress, with inconceivable boldness, would have carried away several of



the articles enumerated in the registers as sequestered, had she not been prevented by the strenuous exertions of the prior of the Dominicans and other ecclesiastics. Notwithstanding the suddenness of the order, the carriages were ready long before the paraphernalia of the eighteen ladies, though nuns, could be mustered; and when got together, it was still with difficulty that the half-bewildered provincial could enforce the departure of these turbulent undutiful daughters of St. Dominic before the close of day. Of this number the prioress and four others were allowed to choose their own residence; the remaining thirteen, whether as a punishment for extraordinary violence, or because less influential in connexion, were dispersed into different convents.\*

To prevent the possibility of a second interference in favour of these degenerate sisters, the provincial sent off an express the same evening to the prioress of a convent named *Himmel-porten* (Heaven's gate), at Gebweiler, a small town in Upper Alsace, not far

\* *Nonnen aus Klingenthal gestossen*, an. 1480. — Würstisen. No mention is made of the captive nun in this transfer of persons and possessions. She was probably dead even before the reign of Anna Zergelten commenced. The inmates of public prisons often attain longevity, but the tenants of private establishments rarely go beyond a few brief years. And what bitter tears, what heart-rending sobs, what cries of despair have not burst from the victim, ere the last long sigh has been breathed to the desolate walls of his dungeon, or the cold callous ear of jailer or keeper!

from Colmar ; and in a few days the obedient prioress and her docile flock, consisting of twelve nuns, were duly installed in the possession of the rich and ancient convent of Klingenthal.

The provincial's next care was to despatch letters to the relations of the novices and still younger inmates of the convent, announcing this important change in the establishment, and requesting to know what plan they chose to direct under such circumstances. The reply was invariably the same: each friend or parent withdrew the object of his love from the guardianship of nuns strangers to them; and all were consequently returned under proper escort to their respective homes. The provincial conceived he had now nothing more to do; and leaving the subdued sisters of Heaven's gate to make their own arrangements with the preaching-brothers, he departed for Alsace, no doubt right glad that he was so well quit of the entire affair.

But he was speedily destined to find the peace he had promised himself an illusion. The monks, who had now the entire administration of the temporalities of the nunnery, soon wrote to complain that the charters, ledgers, and other documents left by the exiles were so deficient and inaccurate, that they could form no estimate of its resources; nor even make out in numberless instances the nomenclature of the vassals whose feudal obligations appeared, by former

writings, the most valuable jewels in the conventual crown; and the prior having already vainly written several times to the prioress Anna Zergelten, soliciting some further light into the affairs of the community, they now prayed the provincial to use what influence he might possess over her in furtherance of their labours.

As the white ladies had been permitted to take away a large sum of money to defray the immediate expenses attendant on their sudden change of position; and, by the terms of the treaty between himself and the margrave of Hochberg, they would soon have a right to demand double that amount; and knowing moreover that their successors were a very poorly endowed body of nuns, mainly springing from noble but impoverished families, Jacob of Stubach did not decline the exercise of his good offices, though possibly with some misgivings as to the happy result of the application. He wrote therefore many letters to the late prioress and her treasurer, urging the necessity of affording such information as might tend to elucidate the perplexities of their female successors, who had done them no wrong, and were also of aristocratic ancestry; and he pressed on their attention that, as the controversy was for ever at an end by their expulsion, it would be alike useless and injurious to their own reputation for probity and good sense to persist in withholding the details

sought for. But fruitlessly, as head of the Dominicans in Alsace, turn in turn he menaced or coaxed, scolded or flattered, now entreated, now demanded, the instructions so anxiously awaited. The contumacious prioress and her former adjutor remained silent as the grave; and the newly-installed nuns at Klingenthal, with immense buildings and a large establishment to maintain, soon experienced considerable pecuniary embarrassment. Easter was however approaching, the period at which the principal rents were received; and this temporary inconvenience resulting from the incivility of the haughty ex-prioress would then, it was hoped, be removed by the voluntary homage of the vassals of the convent.

The eagerly wished for day at length arrived; but great was the disappointment it brought. The tenantry came slowly in, bearing such very light burdens of bullion and produce that the monks, who had with them the registers of former palmy times, became persuaded there must be either mistake or unfairness somewhere. They questioned the six nuns who had acquiesced in the new order of things; but derived no consolation from them. Five of the number were young women, who declared they had never borne any part in the administration of the establishment; and the old lady could remember nothing! Considering her advanced age, and what

she had gone through during the conflict, this absence of recollection was not surprising; yet from some circumstances afterwards developed, an idea prevailed that the faculties of the venerable dame were in a more vigorous state than she represented; and that she, as well as the five virgins, her obedient associates, wise rather than foolish on this occasion, might have remained more as spies than prisoners in the enemy's camp. It was now supposed that this woeful deficit arose from the chief feodaries and lease owners, (who had learnt the change of dynasty,) fearing to pay over money which might, perchance, be redemanded in case the banished prioress should return; and that at Michaelmas, seeing the stability of the new government, these timid-hearted men would all crowd in, bringing the two half-years' rent with them. To strengthen their confidence, the monks wrote many letters, and directed them to various parties whose names appeared on the schedules, requiring their punctual appearance on the customary days of attendance, and acquainting them that, the former mistresses of Klingenthal having been solemnly deposed and dismissed for divers misdemeanors by his holiness pope Sixtus IV., they never could be reinstated in the possession of the convent; and that therefore neither fears nor delicacies, so far as concerned them, were requisite.

In the mean while the nuns, who had returned to

the bosom of their families, spoke of themselves and exiled sisters as victims to the slanders and cupidity of the Dominican monks, anxious to rule from mercenary motives; and affecting to believe that the species of restraint in which they were held at the period of the negotiation between the margrave of Hochberg and the provincial, rendered it void, they refused to receive any portion of the dowry they had severally brought into the convent at their profession, lest by so doing they might appear to acquiesce in their forced banishment.\* This decision was, at least, convenient for their successors; as every day augmented the inextricable difficulties which surrounded them.

The Michaelmas audit, notwithstanding all the precautions of their monkish guardians, presenting the same "beggarly account" of missing tenantry, added little to the meagre money chest of Klingenthal. The letters penned to supposed "good men and true," proved in several instances to have been addressed to dead men, or men no longer owing allegiance to the convent; and the disheartened monks were compelled to come to the conclusion that the registers, either from accident or design, were

\* The dowry, as it is called in technical language, is the money that each lady nun brings with her when she takes the veil, and varies from about two hundred pounds, the lowest, to a much higher figure.



effective. By dint of intense labour and  
nce many defaulters were however dis-  
but the friends of the expelled nuns talked  
f their coming back, and, despite of all  
suistry, many of the vassals preferred being  
nto prison rather than incur the risk of  
eir money by paying it into the hands of  
; whilst the whole of the occupants of the  
ssession of the convent, the lands, fisheries,  
sts in Alsace, positively refused, at the  
n of the baron of Klingenberg, whose  
had in great measure bestowed them, to  
smallest pecuniary advance till the legiti-  
the reigning prioress should have been the  
judicial inquiry.

Easter of 1481 found the affairs of the  
maidens of Heaven's gate in the same, or  
worse predicament; for proceeding to  
te some of the most obstinate of the pecu-  
inquents, they suddenly produced receipts  
signed by the ex-prioress Anna Zergelten;  
n investigation, it appeared that the monks,  
ipating such a stroke of policy, had issued  
authority requiring them to abstain from  
ver their rents to her order as usual, it was  
by the court at Strasburg that they were  
shable. The inconstancy of the multitude,  
escent nature of human opinion, was soon

manifested at Bâle. Whatever might be the faults of the banished prioress and her sisters, they had been generous mistresses and charitable neighbours: it was utterly impossible for the nuns of Gebweiler, with such straitened means as they possessed, to be one or the other; and vainly they sang matins and vespers, and chanted Psalms and Litanies, and showed faces as sad and dismal as their costume: they were not liked,—poverty indeed is not popular. The scores of beggars and idlers who then habitually held daily levees before the gates and round the walls of convents, watching to be fed with some of the good things which fell from the plethoric tables within, and who had formerly murmured at the luxury and prodigality of the nuns who fed them, now lamented the absence of the noble, kind-hearted, suffering, ill-used, innocent ladies, and told their beads, and made *pilgerschaften* or little pilgrimages to neighbouring churches and shrines to expedite their return. Even the tradespeople of both Great and Little Bâle shared in this degree the same sentiments. The large orders and quick payments of the magnificent ladies of Klingen-enthal had formed very pleasing items in their ledger, and while admitting the fact of “a little freedom of deportment,” they were now disposed to make no allowances for females of their rank in life, and to believe that the improprieties imputed might

been a little exaggerated by men who, however decorous and respectable in their walk and demeanour, were considered somewhat mercenary in their intercourse with the world, and in this case had manifestly both "killed and taken possession."

Under these untoward circumstances the provincial was again compelled to exert his authority; and as the fair authors of all this mischief were beyond his reach, he sent heralds to Bâsle, Strasburg, and Constance, who proclaimed for many successive market days before the cathedrals, and in the principal streets and squares, that all who owed fines, rents, or services to the convent of Klingenthal, were bound to acquit themselves of those obligations to the present occupants; and furthermore, he inflicted a penalty of twenty silver marks on every one who should be proved to have paid a single florin to the ex-prioress Anna Zergelten or her agents after this public advertisement.

While such opinions were gradually gaining ground, and such disorders were arising from this singular dissension, the deposed nuns themselves felt the struggle to be a very painful one: the five who had been allowed to choose their own abode, after the first interchanges of kindness with relations were passed, found themselves *de trop* in feudal castles filled with gay and warlike chevaliers with their fierce retainers, and often the scene of much

wassailing and turbulent commotion. They neither abandon nor retain their conventual and habitudes with propriety, and they knew their sisters in exile and disgrace had yet much to endure that was shocking to former independence and self-love. Some of the most culpable had been sent to Gebweiler, to fill up the vacuum caused by the removal of the prioress to Klingenthal; others were subjected to the severe discipline already established under the control of a few aged nuns, to whom they were strictly guarded, as grievous deserving of little compassion and less indulgence. Whilst the rest, wherever dispersed, found themselves regarded as sheep gone astray, who having been driven from their own fold by the great pastor of the Christian flock, were admitted but to few families and narrowly watched lest they might take up evil communications the better regulated communities which rather tolerated than received them. They were aware too, that their relations were the loss sustained by the alienation of Klingenthal, whose walls and endowments were a shelter and provision for younger daughters.

Prompted, probably, by all these considerations, the ex-prioress at length condescended, through the medium of a nobleman, to open a negotiation with the prioress *de facto*, offering, for the sake of the parties concerned, to return to Klingenthal.

unite with her in the government of their little kingdom. The building was more than sufficiently spacious for the accommodation of their respective flocks, and the revenues, under their mutual administration, she was assured would be found equally efficient. She professed herself willing to adopt a moderate reform, leaving the question of the preaching-brothers in abeyance, till it could be decided by the committee of friends hereafter to be appointed. This temperate letter, had it been properly met by a spirit of amicable forbearance, might have ended the contest; but whether the prioress of Gebweiler, or the monks, clung to absolute power, or the former feared the admission of such fiery spirits into her quiet domicile, is unknown. The answer was not favourable, and from this moment the quarrel assumed a new and more serious aspect. Messengers were continually passing from one baronial residence to another; and in their necessary intercourse with the citizens the nobility treated them with increased coldness or open contempt. The subject was often introduced, and the haughty personages, who either did not consider themselves disgraced by the conduct of their daughters, sisters, aunts, and cousins, or, which is far more natural, believed it had been cruelly exaggerated, affecting to consider themselves as personally insulted by the harsh measures resorted to against them, made common cause together; and

vowed to avenge the bitter affront offered to dignity and honour of their house. To use words of an old writer, "there was but one outcry of grief or rather vengeance from all the circles of the aristocracy:" and it was obvious that the thing was in agitation which boded no peace to the country.

Independent of the personal affections of kindred and the stings of wounded pride, the complaints had on this occasion other causes for displeasure probably not less irritating though kept fully concealed. Most of the expelled nuns, though distinguished by the masculine appellation of the family from whence they sprang, were connected with the first founders of Klingenthal by marriage or affinity. Barbara von Röt, Susanna Lauffen, Magdalen Bastard of Ochsenstein, the sisters Clara and Elizabeth zu Rhein, with some others, were of the noblest birth. Several were also orphans, whose parents' death had as much considered them eligible for when consigned to Klingenthal as if they had been bequeathed to them a part of the family patrimony. For whilst many excellent persons doubtless entered monasteries and founded nunneries from pious motives only, others had unquestionably "viewed this side paradise," and contemplated the future elevation of a son or daughter to the high and interesting dignity of abbot or abbess-prior or prioress.

some indemnification for the present sacrifice. As in the universities of England, a reservation was frequently made in favour of founders' kin, so in religious houses they usually, and most justly, obtained a preference over competitors not so distinguished: and when two individuals having equal claims from this source were in presence, it has been asserted that as many cabals arose, and as much interest was employed to obtain the necessary suffrages, as to mount the papal throne. Besides which, even a simple nun, in an institution built and endowed by her ancestors, naturally acquired a certain degree of importance amongst her sisterhood; and many a fair flower was thus reconciled to the hard necessity of wasting her fragrance on the desert air, that her little pittance, as a younger child, might go to enrich the often slenderly provided for heir, or perhaps more beautiful sister, whose charms promised a splendid alliance to the aggrandizement of the genealogical tree.

Several convents had already undergone what was called *reform* in the country; and it had not escaped the observation of the reflective that, as the culprits became after the operation meek, lowly, and poverty-stricken; so in exact proportion the parties who had been named executioners of the sentence grew proud, burly, and affluent. The brother preachers had sensibly increased in wealth and importance

since they inflicted the awards of the church on the sisters of the convent of Steinen (*Kloster zu den Steinen*) near the river Birse, who underwent signal castigation in 1423 \*; and as Klingenthal would cease to be a privileged refuge for the female branches of their families, if the monks succeeded in making good their present hold on its possessions, it was at length determined that a vigorous effort of united strength should be simultaneously employed to eject them. No ungenerous intentions or ungentlemanly feelings were avowed towards the prioress of Heavensgate: her refusal to unite with Anna Zergelten, though published as a most unpardonable aggravation of the wrongs and insults previously received, was not ascribed to her: she was spoken of, and possibly with truth, as a mere tool in the hands of the Dominican brothers, unable to oppose their designs and, unhappily for herself and little community without friends sufficiently powerful to assert her own will. They were themselves aware that open opposition to a papal bull was an enterprise of no small difficulty; and, but for one master-mind, they would probably never have dared to engage in it at all, suffering their wrath, as the safest course, to

\* 1423. Steinen-Kloster gereformiert. Zu Basel war St. Maria Magdalenen Kloster, an den Steinen genannt, vom prediger Orden gereformiert, den Schwestern, &c.



explode in groans rather than gunpowder : — that guiding genius was Count Oswald of Thierstein.

Some minds cannot exist without excitement; and Count Oswald's would appear to be of this complexion. Though now verging towards his sixtieth year, time had wrought small change in his impetuous nature. Since his futile attempt to make prisoners of the chief magistrates of Basle, no open rupture had ensued between them, but his feelings of dislike were green as in his boyhood. He had subsequently been in many bloody actions, sometimes waged for the common welfare of Switzerland, and ever with honour to himself; but his achievements were uniformly designed to maintain the rights, real or pretended, of all his royal masters; for turn in turn his sword had been drawn at the command of the emperor, the Archduke Sigismund, and René, Duke of Lorraine. His distinguished bravery and skill, whilst fighting under, or rather directing, the young René, at the battles of Morat and Nancy, which terminated alike the pretensions and the life of the rash Charles of Burgundy, would have covered his name with immortal glory in the eyes of his compatriots, had he been defending the mother country as a patriot; but the hired agent of a crowned head found no grace in the sight of the republican Swiss, aware that his valorous arm would be withheld by no national scruples from falling on

themselves, if so directed by his royal employers.\* A quarrel with the Archduke Sigismund had deprived him of the office of *Bailli* of Alsace, but the important services rendered to René, Duke of Lorraine, at the battle of Nancy, procured for him not less distinguished appointments in that kingdom. He was now marshal and *Bailli* of Lorraine, where he generally resided, and he was there when the reformation of the nuns of Klingenthal took place. As he had no daughters, nor any very near relation then within its enclosure, he might not perhaps have troubled himself about a squabble between the brothers and sisters of a monastic order, had not his attention been drawn towards it by a letter from Bridgeda von Schweighausen, then also in Lorraine. She was one of the four nuns allowed to return to the paternal roof; and aware of his love of excitement and haughty temper, she worked so effectually on his feelings (good and bad) that he returned to his

\* At Morat the counts of Thierstein and Gruyères were valiantly repulsed by a Duke of Somerset, whose genealogy is somewhat obscure, named (probably) Thomas. He was in the service of the Duke of Burgundy, brother-in-law of Edward IV.; and had he not met his death soon afterwards in the heat of the *mêlée*, the issue might have been very different. The duke fought at the head of a body of English and Flemings with distinguished skill and bravery. If he had survived that terrible day, his generous councils might also have spared his royal master the ineffaceable stains on his future career of cruelty and folly. — *Müller*.

castle at Pffeffengen, fully disposed to make both the brother-preachers, and their abettors, the citizens of Bâle, pay pretty smartly for their respective shares in the transaction.

Since the foundation of Klingenthal there had been many marriages between the houses of Thierstein and Klingen, or Klingenberg as it was now designated, from the family residence built on a steep eminence, after the destruction of the ancient castle by Rudolph in the Black Forest; and many aunts, and great-aunts, and cousins-german, belonging to each illustrious race, had severally lived and died in the sacred seclusion of its cloisters. Bridgeda, with feminine tact, did not fail to remind him that the yoke of the brother-preachers had been removed from the galled necks of the injured sisterhood by the wisdom, spirit, and energy of the lady Anne of Thierstein, of blessed memory! his own father's sister, aided by the judicious assistance and advice of the late Count John, his father, then protector of the council.\* These well-timed reminiscences were not lost; but falling like good seed on a proper soil, sprung up and bore their fruits in due season. The marshal had never loved monks, and always abhorred citizens; the Dominicans, as a fraternity,

\* Besides the lady Anne, two sisters, in the century preceding her, Elizabeth and Agnes, were successively prioresses. — *Württemberg.*

were the particular objects of his antipathy, probably because he had in his childhood heard long stories of his aunt Anne's chagrins and contests with them, before she effected a separation; neither were they generally so popular with the higher as the middle classes of society at Bâle: they were less supple, and more bigoted than the Augustines, whose spacious monastery near the cathedral supplied half the nobility with learned and gentlemanly confessors.\*

More than a year had elapsed, before Count Oswald gave in his adhesion to the cause of the female plaintives in this case, during which period, the prior of the brother-preachers, Leonhardo di Mansuetus, whose representations to the court of Rome procured

\* This interesting building, vulgarly called "College of Erasmus," possibly because he might have occasionally superintended the course of academic studies, was, after the dissolution of that order at the Reformation, converted into a college for young Protestant students. It was on the eve of being demolished when the author of this sketch last quitted Bâle: thus one by one every trace of the past is gradually being effaced from the noble old city which, so far back as the crusades, was the rallying point whence great caravans of northern pilgrims set out together on those most profitless, yet romantic and spirit-stirring, expeditions. A painted statue of St. Augustine, looking most dismally grim and forlorn, as if lamenting the loss of his former associates, was still bending over a fountain in one of the dark courts, now open to the public, usually surrounded by half a score of pretty maidens gaily chatting whilst filling their pails of water, or cleaning the vegetables brought to wash in the monks' cistern close by.

the bull, died. He was an Italian by birth, and that circumstance had perhaps some influence over Sixtus IV., also a native of Italy, and known for his national as well as family attachments. The deceased prior was extremely hurried by the unexpected opposition raised up to the papal sentence: he never contemplated such a result, or he would perhaps have abstained from bringing on himself and brethren so much anxiety and obloquy. Accustomed to the implicit obedience rendered by Italian nuns to their spiritual directors — the rigid seclusion, the spare diet, the midnight vigils, naked feet, and absence of every temporal enjoyment imposed on the female professor of religious vows in his own country, — he was doubtless shocked at the license reigning at Klingenthal; and that sentiment, combined with a longing desire to repossess the government of the convent, had urged him to the course which he was believed to have subsequently regretted. If such were the case, his successor did not share his sentiments. He too was an Italian, a learned monk of Palermo, elected at Rome as soon as the demise of Leonardo di Mansuetus was known there, and he joined the fraternity he was appointed to govern, determined to support their rights and his own by every effort of mind and body. His burning temperament could on any occasion ill brook contradiction: and to be thwarted by a parcel of

despicable women in his schemes for the aggrandizement of his community, was not to be thought of. But in playing this important game, he was destined to find an adversary, whose wary prudence, German perseverance, and feminine acuteness, proved more than a match for the wiles and the artifices suggested by his southern sky.

Fear and hope are the passions which give the greatest stimulus to the human mind, and, when the former, by excess, *has not paralyzed the intellect*, most especially excite it to action. Lashed into energy by the dread of falling, wholly defenceless, into the power of implacable foes, whose former mitigated dominion had left so many bitter remembrances, the nuns, startled out of their lethargic security, roused themselves to ward off the danger; and as, in the great theatre of the world at seasons of extraordinary excitement, the weak and the wavering, the timid and the retiring, have often been found suddenly transformed in their very nature to meet the exigency of the moment, and under the excitement have displayed talents alike unsuspected by themselves and others, so at this critical epoch there was found in the little fear-harassed society of Klingenthal one of those gifted beings whose powers, but for this singular conflict, might for ever have been shrouded by her vestal veil.\*

\* Long after the secularization of Klingenthal, a series of

At the commencement of this struggle between the ejected and the ejectors, Bridget of Schweighausen filled the responsible office of treasurer; and fewer personal improprieties were ascribed to her than to several of the other *religieuses*. She was said to be very beautiful, and though she had, perhaps, been educated in childhood in the convent, she had probably not been many years there as a professed nun, for all appertaining to her history seems to bespeak one who had lived in society, and whose understanding had been sharpened by its vivifying influence ere she entered a cloister. What led to this immolation is hidden from posterity, but her vows were apparently voluntarily imposed, and willingly discharged, since she was the acknowledged friend of the prioress, and every action evinced her warm attachment to the Institution.

portraits of the superiors is said to have adorned the walls of the parlour, then converted into a reception room for patients seeking admission into the hospital. Those of the actors in this struggle were considered no doubt with more curiosity, and better remembered than the others. Portraits of the governors of religious institutions, at the epoch of their election, were usually taken. Pictures of the abbesses of a convent at Dinan in Brittany, also appropriated to the uses of an infirmary, might be seen in 1828; and some heads of monks brought from a suppressed monastery at Laon, a village about a mile off, were hanging in the parish church when the writer visited the ruins of Laon a few years ago.

Encouraged by the success of her application to Count Oswald, she pursued the path she had so happily chosen, and from her quiet unsuspected retreat, in one of the towns bordering on the Rhine, soon issued letter after letter to all the most influential personages composing the court of the emperor, the Archduke Sigismund of Austria, and René, Duke of Lorraine. Her innate abilities had been improved by education: she wrote elegantly in German and French, and gave such ingenious, and apparently ingenuous, explanations of all that required clearing up in convent annals, — so glossed over some accusations, and pared down the magnitude of others, — that their case and conduct soon took a different colour. Sigismund, Archduke of Austria, prepared by the previous representations of the nobility to regard the nuns as very much slandered by plebeian tongues, always ready to speak evil of dignities, and the positive victims of a conspiracy on the side of the Dominican monks to wrest from them their riches, was soon induced from Bridget's letters to take a warm interest in their favour.\* He was himself a man of talent and

\* It would seem, from a short history of Berkeley Castle published in the Gentleman's Magazine for 1769, that treacherous arts were sometimes employed, even in England, to obtain the dissolution of female monastic establishments by barons ambitious of their broad lands. There is a curious account of a young nobleman of the Fitz-Hardinge family, who



attainments, more shining perhaps than solid, but with a taste for literature, which led him early in life to cultivate the friendship of the wily, elegant, and learned Æneas Sylvius Piccolomini, then secretary to the emperor, some of whose most magnificent and most delightful letters were addressed to him. So great indeed was the duke's admiration of the splendid acquirements of this gifted friend, so high the opinion he entertained of his persuasive eloquence, that he delegated to him the somewhat difficult and delicate task of concocting for his use a love-letter, which the Brantomes of the day declared was attended with the same success that, at a later period, crowned those written by the courtly secretary on his own account. His first wife was Eleanor, daughter of James I. of Scotland, who, like her hapless father, loved poetry and intellectual pursuits; and had translated from French into German a metrical romance. By Sigismund,

had been employed by his uncle, Earl Godwin, to corrupt the nuns of a neighbouring convent, that he might make their irregularities a pretence for the king to dissolve their foundation, expecting afterwards to obtain the reversion of their estates for himself.

This anecdote is recorded, without meaning to guarantee its authenticity, simply as a proof that unfair measures were supposed to be used occasionally in every country against cloisteral institutions, by those interested in their annihilation.

therefore, the refined compositions of the dispossessed nun, pleading more for the honour than the rights of her community—for her companions rather than herself—were fully appreciated. Sigismund was also, by constitution, gallant, fond of the society of ladies, with whom, in his younger years, he had often danced in the public rooms at Bâsle, greatly to the displeasure of his cousin Frederick, whose temperament was so wholly different, that the opposite extremes of light and darkness might be employed to mark the distance in feeling between them. Influenced by these sentiments, Sigismund had, many years before, when scarcely more than of age, opposed with all his might the cardinal of Brixen, whose punishment of the erring sisters of Sonnebourg in the Pusterthal\*, has been censured as much too cruel by many contemporary and recent historians, while admitting, in some degree, the justice of the accusation. And now, in the autumn of his gay, careless, happy life, Sigismund was similarly disposed to espouse the cause of the weaker sex; as reckless of the avenging sword of St. Peter as when it was drawn from

\* The peasantry took up arms in their favour: the cardinal met the resistance of the nuns and their friends by refusing burial to the dead, and thus, after much bloodshed, gained his point. This affair was in 1450, about thirty years before that of Klingenthal.

Sigismond représenta la nécessité de mettre, à temps, un terme à l'audace contagieuse des paysans rebelles. —*Müller*.

its scabbard by Æneas Sylvius Piccolomini, the facile talented composer of his boyish love-letters, then transformed into Pope Pius II., which fell on his head in the shape of an excommunication, fulminated against him for his opposition, as lord of Brixen, to the harsh measures of the encroaching cardinal. "All the devils have brought the cardinal into the country \*," says Heimbourg: nevertheless Pius was determined to support the authority of the church, and in so doing, "felt it an imperious duty" to excommunicate his old friend and pupil. The papal apology presents a curious specimen of argument: "with great regret he thus sorely punished a prince of the glorious house of Austria — Nero did not tarnish the glory of the first Cæsar, — with intense sorrow of heart in recalling the better times of the Archduke; but *he dare not now be Æneas.*"† This is ingenious; but nothing in comparison to the reasoning he employed in defending the excommunication Pius launched against Æneas Sylvius Piccolomini himself! for having, when secretary to the council at Basle, written to vindicate that assembly. He "rejoices that he has lived to be elevated to the tiara, *because* it gave him the opportunity of express-

\* Tous les diables out amené le Cardinal dans le pays. — *Müller.*

† Mais un devoir imperieux l'ordonne, il n'ose pas à présent être Enée. — *Ibid.*

ing the abhorrence he entertained for the writings of Æneas, who had dared to impugn the authority of popes by supporting councils; and he excommunicates the said Æneas as imbued with the leaven of paganism in all things, even in name! The sentiments and opinions of those in and out of power, popes as well as others, are not unfrequently widely asunder; but the lively, logical erudite Pius II. is the only instance on record of the head of the church solemnly excommunicating himself!

Sigismund too, like his former illustrious landvogt, Count Oswald of Thierstein, entertained a most overwhelming aversion to burghers, and had, on many occasions, represented "the necessity of putting an end, *in time*, to the contagious audacity of the rebel peasants;" thus designating the confederate Swiss and the wealthy citizens, when they (puffed up with growing importance) ventured to talk of their privileges. The famous enemy of all popular associations, Count Henry of Werdenberg-Sargans, whose long life was passed in vain endeavours to crush the liberties of his country, and who attempted many years before to ruin the gray league of the burghers, by forming one amongst the nobility to neutralize their proceedings, denominated *black*, either from colour or hatred, which had a far more disastrous effect on his affairs than theirs, did not lose this opportunity of displaying his undying animosity to the civic

authorities of Bâle. It is more than probable he still owed the loan advanced in his early youth by the convent of Klingenthal ; and if so, he joined the ranks against Bâle with more show of propriety than on some former occasions. He was at a very advanced age, but he appeared several times during the progress of the contest in hostile array, with his two sons, at the gates of the city, and thus added his name to the list of the avengers of innocence.

Whilst thus living coroneted heads, even more numerous than the crowned ghosts of Banquo, one by one appeared on the stage, to revive the hopes of the legitimate ex-nuns with visions of future greatness, all the interest they possessed was fruitlessly employed to win over to their side the impenetrable passionless soul of the emperor Frederick III. At an early age he became the guardian of Sigismund, the son of his brother Albert ; and although there were ten years only between them, and he fulfilled his trust with both kingly and kinsmanly fidelity, no cordiality marked their future intercourse : their characters and pursuits were so diametrically opposed that intimacy was as impossible as union between the elements of fire and water. Frederick was of royal presence, — grave, dignified, decorous, — fond of quietude, and abhorring tumult or disturbance of any kind ; disliking even dancing and music, as “noisy amusements.” “He was,” says an old

writer, "able to control all his desires but that of avarice ; and his discretion was so great, that he required a term of eleven weeks before he would decide to accept or refuse the proffered Imperial crown ; whilst he rejected, almost in her very face, the offered hand of Margaret, the beautiful, accomplished, and amiable daughter of Pope Felix V., with a magnificent dowry, on the simple ground that "it might be impolitic to connect himself with a pontiff not acknowledged by all parties in the state of Europe."\* As he appeared not wholly insensible to the graces of a mind yet more distinguished than her person, he evinced a degree of discreet caution little to have been expected at twenty-five ; and when, after a lapse of ten years, he finally made up his mind to marry a Portuguese princess, not greatly favoured by nature, he lived with her ten more years of stormless, composed, frigid happiness, which, when ended left him no wish to recommence with any other. He rose early, his habits were regular, and his amusements simple ; he loved gardening, and after scrupulous attention to the duties of religion and the em-

\* Margaret, widow after a few months' happy union, of Louis of Anjou, titular king of Naples. She was still younger than Frederick by two or three years.

Frederic did not marry Eleonora of Portugal till thirty-six years of age, and lived twenty-six a widower without his peaceful pleasures being disturbed by any fresh attachment — *Schöpflein*.

pire, passed his innocent hours in cultivating flowers with his own hands. Sigismund, on the contrary, adored pleasure in all its varied phases; and had often shocked the feelings of pride and sense of propriety, so dominant in Frederick, by going through the streets of Vienna during the carnival, and on Ash Wednesday, disguised in costumes little befitting his illustrious rank. There was, in short, but one desire, one necessity common to both — the love and want of money.\*

\* Tschudi. — Amadeus VIII., ex-duke of Savoy, after his coronation in the cathedral of Bâle as Pope Felix V., there fixed his residence; and when the emperor came into Switzerland he spent three days with him at the palace. He, and his sons Amadeus, and the Count de Maurienne, were most anxious that Frederic should strengthen the tiara, tottering on the brows of the former, by a family alliance; and his entertainment was of the most sumptuous nature. *Æneas Sylvius Piccolomini* has drawn, with his usual felicity of expression, a beautiful portrait of the papal family. Felix is described as a noble majestic-looking old man of benevolent aspect, bright silver hair shading his broad forehead, surrounded by his two handsome young sons, and the lovely Margaret, like so many beautiful olive-plants gracefully adorning his table. But Frederick, less susceptible than his talented secretary, withstood the attractions of all; father, brothers, and sister. Louis of Anjou was nearly old enough to be Margaret's father; and the spiritual daughter of the pope is said to have consoled herself for the affront of Frederick's rejection, and consequent loss of the imperial crown, by the piquant observation that "one warm-hearted old man was worth a hundred cold-hearted coxcombs."

When the emperor was first applied to for the powerful aid of his countenance, he did not decline to read the eloquent statement of the controversy drawn up by Bridget of Schweighausen; but his reply was laconic and characteristic: he saw no reason for interference; and when subsequently solicited to espouse the contrary side, he returned the same answer. But as the contest grew hotter, his excessive caution dissolved under the warming influence of political considerations. Little inclined to be chivalric, or to defend any cause from which he derived no personal advantage, he would, possibly, have left the turbulent children of St. Dominic to fight out their quarrel, without feeling a particle of interest for the conquered or the conquerors, had not private considerations intervened to thaw his indifference. Historians have, indeed, accused him of enjoying alike the dissensions of friends and foes, as tending to their mutual weakness; and have asserted, that his principle was, to leave the contending parties to glut their fury on each other till both were destroyed, when he stepped forward and seized on their spoils for the aggrandisement of his own house. It was at his command that Æneas Sylvius Piccolomini, then his private secretary, wrote to the king of France, desiring a body of Armagnacs, to put down the Swiss in 1444; and though, alarmed by the immense number poured, in consequence of that request, into the country, he



remonstrated with Charles VII. on the subject, he betrayed, on almost every occasion which called forth that dormant feeling, the antipathy of his family to the nation. But at this juncture he was guided by a wholly different policy from that which influenced Duke Sigismund, with whom, as it continually happened, he was on no amicable terms ; and he at length determined to grant a favour to his "good citizens of Bâsle," whose gold, on one pretence or other, had often contributed to fill his always empty coffers, and whose friendship he knew was of far more worth to him than a legion of haughty necessitous barons.\* It is only fair to his general reputation for justice to suggest, that he might have formed an unfavourable opinion of the conduct of the nuns. Rigidly virtuous himself, and by nature inclined to suspicion, he had observed and condemned, even during his travels through the empire in the first year of his election, the perpetual proximity of monasteries of men and convents of women. His sen-

\* Frederick had visited Bâsle in 1474, and then received a magnificent testimonial of civic loyalty in the shape of golden florins ; besides a sumptuous entertainment in the great square of St. Peter, given at his desire, under a superb oak tree, a wonder of nature, the bole being eight feet high, from which sprung ten huge tufted branches, supported by three ranges of wood work. He was accompanied by his son Maximilian, and the loyal reception they experienced was too recent to be effaced from his memory.

sitive delicacy shrank from the very shadow of impropriety, and he possibly thought that nuns and monks, like Cæsar's wife, ought to be above suspicion.\*

At the close therefore of 1481 appeared an imperial proclamation, placing the nuns then occupying the convent of Klingenthal under the protection of the empire, forbidding evil-disposed persons from offering them insult or molestation, and enjoining all who owed allegiance to the convent, to render the same duly and faithfully to the aforesaid sisters on pain of royal displeasure.

This decisive step, which the emperor expected would have finished all further discussion, brought on the collision it was intended to avert. Frederick's known insensibility to disputes not likely to affect his interests, and the slowness of his resolves, arising

\* At Frauenbroun, where the conduct of the nuns excited nearly as much scandal as that of the white ladies of Klingenthal, a delegate sent from the cardinal of Gourk having attempted a radical reform of the abuses complained of, the younger sisters, supported by their neighbour and friend the abbot of Frienisberg, resisted all his efforts; and after an obstinate contest of some duration succeeded in establishing their independence of all control.

A Frauenbroun, un délégué du cardinal de Gourk ayant voulu sérieusement entreprendre une réforme, les plus jeunes des sœurs, appuyées par leur voisin et leur ami, l'abbé de Frienisberg, résistèrent, et surent conserver le droit de rompre leur vœux à leur gré. — *Stettler*.

from excessive prudence, which sometimes conveyed an unfavourable estimate of his real abilities, had till now left both parties in doubt as to his final course, and kept each in check ; but this proclamation having destroyed all expectation of future support from him, the leagued nobles addressed their suit to a powerful body, nearly always opposed to him, either openly or covertly, — the Swiss confederation ; and having succeeded in drawing over to their party the chiefs of the eight most ancient cantons, once in intimate relations with the house of Austria, they united in threatening the city of Bâle with the whole weight of their wrath, if the disinherited nuns were not re-installed without delay in their convent, and its treasures restored intact. Nor were they long in putting this measure into execution.

Albert, baron of Klingenberg, was deputed by his noble colleagues to open the war ; and he lent himself to their wishes with all the fiery zeal of a gallant high-spirited man of twenty-eight, proud of the confidence reposed in him, and of his position as lineal representative of the pious and generous barons of Klingen, who had laid the foundation stones of two successive buildings named in their honour Klingenthal. He commenced his hostile mission by sending a menacing letter to the provincial of the Dominicans at Strasburg, the peaceable ill-fated Jacob of Stubbach ; announcing that “ every monastery and monk

of his order should have reason to rue the hour he had expelled the most injured and most virtuous ladies of Klingenthal from their own domicile, if they were not restored to all their rights within one month." A second letter, on Saturday before Childermas Day, and a third shortly afterwards, forwarded by a special messenger, equally violent, gave the hapless citizens, to whom duplicates were duly sent, ample cause for apprehension and regret since it was now utterly beyond their power to make the smallest alteration in the situation of either the nuns of Klingenthal, or those of Gebwyler. Sixtus IV. had authorised the ejection of the white ladies, and the fiery prior of the Dominicans vowed he would yield up the rights bestowed on his monastery but with his life. He had already despatched an embassy to the pope, conjuring him to sustain, by his unlimited power as chief of the Christian church, his own immutable decisions, and, under such conflicting circumstances, the citizens had no alternative.

For a short season there was a lull, such as often intervenes between the roar of opposing elements, as if to render the tumult of nature, her throes and mighty workings, and her internal struggles, more awful in their approaching outbreak. No news came from Rome; but the monks, keeping the comfortable secret to themselves, succour was daily anticipated and the citizens were half in hope that the punish-

ment of excommunication, darkly hinted at by the prior, might keep the fierce nobles in some little check. Alas! for their present security, the disclaimer of papal sovereignty in the councils of Constance and Bâsle had been so effectual in its influence on the public mind, though not on the church, that the thunders of the Vatican were daily losing power over men's fears and consciences. One great revolution had already rolled forward its tide of innovation, and another was fast approaching. The Reformation, which had struggled on for nearly two centuries a feeble flickering flame, — now faintly blazing at the martyr-stake of some victim whom it had lighted to its doom, then apparently extinguished under the crushing walls of the *franc-juges* of Germany, — was now, aided by the recent glorious discovery of printing, slowly but gradually preparing the way for the freedom of thought which, in a few more years, was to deprive such instruments of terror of their former efficacy.

Things were in this state when, on a fine April morning, Albert of Klingenberg, holding an embroidered glove on the point of his lance, preceded by an herald at arms arrayed in his tabard of ceremony, and followed by several barons, each with a numerous retinue of armed attendants, entered by the gate of St. Alban's, rode through the city on a superb charger richly caparisoned, passed the long

bridge between the two towns; and, halting before the portals of Klingenthal, declared war to the citizens of Bâle and the order of Dominicans! recrossed the bridge; and, on the great squares, the cathedral and hotel de ville, and in all the principal streets, repeated the same announcement of hostile intention.\* This imposing pageant was so succeeded by another, far more alarming to the people of Bâle. Count Oswald of Thierstein, splendidly attired, wearing the ensignia of his various high offices, and surrounded by a numerous staff, made his most unwelcome appearance; and, after the customary usages when declaring war, swore "that he would maintain, on foot and on horseback, by sword and by his voice, with and against all, the rightful cause of the most noble and most injured ladies, the white nuns of Klingenthal, thus unjustly wronged and aspersed." Strong in the friendship of his young master René, duke of Lorraine, who largely inherited the amiable and chivalric qualities of his grandfather, the good René, king of Sicily and Jerusalem, who had (says an old chronicle) "more titles than acres, and more virtues than

\* The blue banner of Albert of Klingenberg bore a shield with a lion rampant, crowned; and two formidable battle-axes. But these threatening symbols excited far less fear than the gentle hind, placidly standing under a pine tree, which marked the approach of the proud Graf von Thierstein.

put together," the count, utterly regardless of an autograph letter from the emperor forbidding him to interfere by any overt act of violence, laid under sequestration the property and revenues of all the natives of Bâle, and all the Dominican confraternities in Alsace, Lorraine, and the districts of Switzerland belonging to the confederate cantons leagued with the nobles. This spirited opening of the campaign against monks and burghers was followed up on the part of the marshal with a degree of energy and perseverance that in later times would have insured him, not only his *baton* from the modern hero whose own promptitude won his way to half the kingdoms of the civilised world, but a crown for his brows, and a sceptre for his hands.

During these stirring events, the white ladies and their adversaries made unceasing efforts to determine, each in their favour, the cautious or the indifferent, who might not yet have made up their minds to step out of safe neutrality. The prioress, Anna Zergelten, and her intellectual friend, Bridget of Schweighausen, occasionally glided through the streets of Bâle, dressed in the strict costume of their rule, the very personification of piety and purity, and ever in company with ladies of high rank and spotless reputation, the wives and sisters of the belligerent nobles.\* A

\* It has been said that "Every woe a tear can claim except an erring sister's fame," and perhaps where guilt has been

short succinct statement of their case, no doubt emanating from the pen of the accomplished Bridget

positively established there may be truth in the assertion! for woman naturally feels herself debased by the existence of crime in her own sex : but it would be found on close investigation that whilst a lingering doubt as to the culpability of the accused really remains, feminine sufferers will ever find some gentle female consolers and supporters. Generosity toward the weak, compassion for the afflicted, pity for the oppressed it may be the influence to a certain degree of the same *persona* sentiment which incites to indignation against the convicted culprit, but above all an honest feeling in every virtuous breast prompting the doubt that woman can so forget herself and relinquish her birthright of purity, has ever raised up hosts of friends amongst their own sex for the sorrowful, the suspected, and the persecuted. The tide of sympathy for the exemplary Katherine of Arragon, when her waning charms excited the *religious scruples* of the brutal Henry, flowed again for the sadder fate of her hapless successor Anne Boleyn, known by contemporary evidence not to have alienated him from Katherine ; since, amongst other proofs, Henry's infidelity was of such distant date that his illegitimate son, the Duke of Richmond, though very young, was still old enough to preside at her execution, when too great zeal for the Reformation on the one side, and the influence of the Seymour family on the other, had at length built up the scaffold and whetted the axe for the victim.

Her blood washed away the light stains imprinted on her character by a continental education, and the error into which the royal tyrant (when love was extinguished in her bosom by the forced abandonment of Percy) led her by the tempting offer of a crown *long tottering* on the brows of Katherine. She expiated her offence with her life, and fell but to rise. Her beautiful dirge, the breathings of a pure mind in the presence of a violent death, before which the stoutest hearts have quailed,



found its way into the houses of all who could read writing; and, it is said (for none of these

became the popular vehicle of pity for her fate at the period. The remorse expressed by her ruthless murderer on his death-bed, attested by authority never impugned, that of a disinterested Franciscan monk, stamped her and her bright phalanx of friends and relatives—Surrey “of the deathless song,” the graceful, talented, witty Wyatt, the accomplished Rochford, the true-hearted Margaret Lee—with the seal of innocence; whilst her name, associated with that of Sir Thomas More, who had the same doom meted from the same monster hand, and whose playful spirit, like her own, could sport with death without levity, will live while language exists, in the exquisite lines of one not too prone to eulogize:—

“Strange though it seem — yet with extremest grief  
Is link’d a mirth — it doth not bring relief —  
That playfulness of sorrow ne’er beguiles,  
And smiles in bitterness — but still it smiles;  
And sometimes with the *wisest* and the *best*,  
Till even the scaffold echoes with their jest.”

“In Sir Thomas More for instance, on the scaffold, and Anne Boleyn in the Tower, when, grasping her neck, she remarked, that it ‘was too slender to trouble the headsman much.’”—  
*Lord Byron.*

At a later period of our national history many a virtuous matron and gentle maiden gave her suffrage in favour of the thoughtless consort of a negligent husband, who would have shrunk with instinctive delicacy from the heedless course of that unhappy Queen, because looking back to her early injuries, and doubtful of the motives which prompted her impeachment, they generously determined not to crush the bruised reed weighed down by unproved accusations. Such was the tendency of feminine opinion on the subject of the war now raging

refined feminine missives are believed to be now in existence) that they were singularly adapted to the furtherance of their design. The injustice of the monks was set forth, not in violent expressions of anger or resentment, but rather shadowed forth in the light touches of womanly sorrow, the artless unpremeditated language of feeling, under accusations wounding to female delicacy. The re-establishment of their *unsullied* honour, rather than the *repossession* of their forfeited rights, appeared the main object sought; and the faded countenance of the prioress, whose health was evidently declining under this "cruel persecution," stamped, as with the seal of truth, the eloquent defence of her reign at Klingenthal.

The prior, Salvius Cassetus, also issued a warm and most learned vindication of the motives of his predecessor, Leonardus di Mansuetus, in instituting an inquiry into the conduct of the former proprietors of Klingenthal, with an equally erudite exposition of the line subsequently followed by himself. But this

between the monks and nuns of Klingenthal; and a general impression that they were aspersed to a certain degree has descended to posterity. A dislike to "*monkery*," so forcibly expressed by Erasmus some fifty years later, gradually prevailed after this struggle at Bâle; and the "*beetles*," as he termed the male members of monastic orders, were there suppressed without difficulty at the very dawn of the Reformation.

appeal to public opinion was immeasurably distanced  
 in popularity and effect by that of his fair rival.  
 Bridget von Schweighausen's unimpassioned appeals  
 were written in German, the dialect of the country,  
 and in French, then, as now, the language of courts;  
 and made especially familiar to all the higher classes  
 of society at that period by their intercourse with  
 France, and the use of mercenary troops, who were  
 habituated to serve in any country wanting their aid,  
 and to whom French was the common link of ad-  
 hesion between them and their foreign employers.  
 Salvius Cassetus was not only an Italian, but had  
 been educated in Italy, and resident at Palermo,  
 when appointed Prior of the Preaching Brothers at  
 Basle. He had not been long enough in Swabia to  
 acquire sufficient insight into its guttural tongue,  
 so entirely the reverse of the musical measures  
 and harmonious sounds of his native country;  
 and he, perhaps, knew equally little of French.  
 His elaborate apology was in Latin, of which  
 the barons and burghers were nearly equally  
 ignorant; for, although the ritual of the Romish  
 church, papal bulls, and public deeds were in  
 Latin, so slight was the knowledge required from  
 the laity, that a sound classical education was rarely  
 bestowed on the nobility. Even had education been  
 carried to a higher point, it is probable the monk  
 would have gained few partisans by this laboured

composition, for effusions springing from the heart, clothed in the familiar idioms and graces of the vernacular tongue, touch feelings which would remain cold or dead to the more learned productions of a Porson or a Parr. By his compeers the choice Latinity of the Italian friar was doubtless fully appreciated, without perhaps materially assisting the cause; for probably every abbot, prior, priest, and monk, was secretly, if not openly, already enlisted in his favour, from the influence of that *esprit de corps* over the mind which is so remarkable in every profession, and so entirely unsuspected by the individuals it governs.\* "The discord between the *noblesse* and the *bourgeoisie* of Bâle," says an old writer, "had, from the earliest period, divided the two classes, as the Rhine separates the city itself." So far back as the thirteenth century, Rudolph of Habsburg was besieging Bâle, as the representative of the patrician body, when called upon to assume the imperial purple; the nobility having formed a society named the "Star," to watch over their interests, the citizens got up another, called the "Parrot," to

\* "It is horrible to think," says an old German monkish writer (alluding to the skirmish at Klingenthal), "horrible to think, that these holy men, in the just exercise of a righteous duty, run the risk of being pierced to death by the spits and spindles of enraged women" (*frauen*). In his disdain of the unfeminine aggressors, he will not even bestow on them their unquestionable title of (*klosterfrauen*) nuns.

protect theirs; and a squabble having ensued, the "Parrot" was strong enough, for the time, to extinguish the light of the "Star" by turning the nobles out of the walls. A century later there was war in the streets between the rival powers, and it would seem as if this new struggle were the re-opening of a second Pandora's box, and that wrongs, long buried at the bottom, rushed out to unite their bitter remembrances with recent injuries. The nobles called to mind that, forty years before, the citizens had destroyed many neighbouring châteaux \*, and driven their patrician townsmen, by a unanimous vote, from the city, whilst the burghers spoke openly and with not less rancour of the "bloody carnival." †

\* In 1445, Bâle, with the help of her confederates, Berne and Soleure, dismantled, amongst others, the castle of Rheinfelden, the residence of the former counts of that name, from whom descended Rodolph, rival of Henry IV., emperor of Germany. An account of this struggle will be found in the "Abbots' War."

† In 1735, Leopold of Austria purchased the town of Little-Bâle from the bishop, John of Vienna, always in want of money, for thirty thousand German florins, to the extreme concern of the inhabitants of the city, who beheld, with an unquiet eye, this their natural faubourg in the hands of a powerful prince, born their hereditary enemy, however interest or policy might stifle for a while any open display of animosity. Leopold, on the contrary, charmed with his purchase, repaired there during the carnival of 1736, and held a tournament, to which he invited all the young nobles of the neighbourhood. Nothing interrupted the pleasures of this chivalric display, nor the sumptuous entertainment which followed, till, heated with wine, they

In the mean time, as Jacob of Stubbach did **not** turn out the nuns of Himmel-porten, that the **white**

thought proper to cross the bridge, and chose, for the theatre of several patrician sports, the great square of the cathedral. Some of the citizens, accompanied by their wives and daughters, having been tempted by curiosity to witness the spectacle, met with opprobrious treatment, and, as an elderly man was preparing to depart with his pretty young daughter, one of these impudent chevaliers offered her a rude personal insult. The common people, exasperated at this offence, rose in a body, and fell simultaneously on the nobles, forced the greater part of them to retreat precipitately into the Hotel d'Eptingen, not far off, and compelled the others to fly. With the reckless fury of an exasperated mob, they next forced open the doors of the hotel, and would probably have massacred the whole party, had not the burgomaster, Peter of Lauffen, with great judgment and presence of mind, ordered them all to be made prisoners, and then, with a strong escort, conducted to the city prison as violators of public decency and order. This stratagem perhaps alone saved their lives, for even Leopold escaped with difficulty, and some young knights, who had succeeded in reaching the houses of their mistresses, were snatched from under the beds and great wardrobes where they had taken refuge, to be conveyed for incarceration within the safer walls of a temporary dungeon. The Count of Friburg leaped into the fosses of the city, and the Baron of Hassenburg was taken, nearly dead, in a conduit into which he had jumped for concealment. The duke, furious at this affront, determined to take ample vengeance; but, as his friends were hostages in the city, and soon weary of their confinement, though treated with great attention and respect, he was obliged to come to an accommodation, and it was agreed to forget all past injuries; but it cost the heads of some of the citizens, and others were exiled, to turn away the storm. The counts of Habsburg, of Montfort, and many others, then returned to their châteaux, having received a lesson of prudence never to take liberties with the

ladies might come in, the war went on. Foresight, prudence, and perseverance will ever command, to a certain degree, the success of any undertaking, yet, in the common occurrences of life, a mysterious combination of events, over which no control can be maintained, frequently throws a strange influence for good or for evil over human affairs.

Fairs were not then, as now, the resort rather of idleness and amusement than serious occupation, — they were assemblies met to transact business, — they formed the link between distant countries, united together men of all classes and all professions. The merchant citizens then provided themselves with whatever they might need during the ensuing year: a wedding was, not unfrequently, delayed that the lovely bride and *preux chevalier* might appear with becoming elegance and splendour at the hymeneal altar: the fond mother saw her growing olive-branches bursting out of their seemingly diminished garments, without the power of doing more than add here and there something to the shortened petticoats and sleeves, and shrunken hose of the family, till the annual period of renewed change and renovation. The prudent manager hoarded her little store of spices, and all things that belong to housewives, that daughters of republicans under the eyes of their fathers, brothers, and lovers; but at the same time this lesson augmented their hatred to the plebeian inhabitants of Bâle.

she might not be obliged to add to her stock the old and dearer articles remaining in the shops of the small traders. The man of letters panted for the possession of some new work pledged to appear at this season, and the young scholar not less impatiently expected books to assist him in his further progress ; whilst whole armies of children and domestics of both sexes, eagerly watched for the time which was to bring them the reward promised for the past year's good behaviour. All private individuals in fine, to whom travelling was almost unknown, contemplated with anxiety and pleasure the return of the adventurous mortals who dared to brave the dangers attendant on a visit to a great fair ; for there were still many dangers to apprehend from freebooters in solitary pathways, bad roads, and wretched inns ; and prudent travellers generally went together in small bodies of six, seven, or more, strongly armed for mutual help. At this inauspicious period the fair of Frankfort on the Maine \* was,

\* This celebrated fair sometimes drew together upwards of a hundred thousand persons. Merchants from every southern land—France, Spain, Italy, Portugal, Greece, and Barbary—brought their dried fruits, figs, dates, olives, oranges, oils and spices, silks, velvets, and fine linens, in exchange for the gold and more solid produce of the north. A shadow of this motley scene may still be witnessed at Beaucaire, in Provence, the cradle of the old provincial troubadours, and at the fair of the Guibray, in Normandy.

The popularity of the Frankfort fairs, at even a much later



perhaps, the most renowned in Europe — its free port opening a safe entry to the natives and produce of all lands; and the consternation of the inhabitants of Bâsle may be imagined on learning that the emissaries of the marshal had arrested, party by party, all their merchants on the way to Frankfort, and thrown them into strong fortresses within his jurisdiction, whither he sent also, whenever he could seize upon them, all the brother-preachers; awarding to

period, is attested by the fact that a regular catalogue of all new books was printed every year expressly for this assembly. Nor was Bâsle much below Frankfort in literary importance\*; the learned Henry Bullinger, pastor of Zurich, the correspondent of Lady Jane Grey, counselling, at his request, the rector of the college of Caire on the mode of writing, says, "at the approaching fair the German chronicle of Wûrstisen, upon the city and canton of Bâsle, is to appear; it will communicate many facts till now unknown, for he has read immensely to compose this chronicle." Christopher Wûrstisen was born at Bâsle exactly fifty years after the termination of the "Nuns' War." He early displayed a taste for antiquarian research, and began collecting materials for his chronicle when scarcely of age. He died soon after its publication. He was the author and editor of many other works, none of which, unfortunately, have ever been translated from the German.

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\* Bâsle was one of the first cities which received the new art of typography. Two brothers, of Spanish birth, Anthony and Michael Gallizion, so called from Galicia, their native province, established paper-mills soon after the wonders of the press were fully known. It is scarcely necessary to allude to the fame of Froben, the printer and friend of Erasmus.

the latter the additional punishment of bread and water.\*

Though his previous conduct might have led them to expect any act of violence likely to promote his views, they appear, from their grief and terror, to have been unsuspecting of this. Sequestration of property, however inconvenient to the sufferers, was felt to be a minor evil in comparison to so outrageous an attack on the personal liberty of men engaged in commercial enterprises, absolutely essential to the wants and comforts of every individual. Fear and indignation pervaded all minds at an aggression by which thousands were so harshly visited for the offence offered by a few only; and from one end of Bâle to the other it was the subject of universal lamentation. This proof of Count Oswald's displeasure proved but the prelude to others yet more alarming. Small bands of light flying troops surrounded at intervals the battlemented walls, stopped at the numerous gates the provisions brought by the peasantry, killed some men at the advanced posts; and, by their battle-shouts and fierce brutal demeanour, spread such terror that the panic-stricken people dared not move a foot outside of the fortifi-

\* Merchants were not only imprisoned but pillaged, and Albert of Klingenberg threatened bloody reprisals if any of the patrician party or their followers fell in the skirmishes between them and the citizens.—*Anshelm*.

cations, even to visit their pretty little gardens and summer-houses, without a strong escort.

Habituated to the warfare of Italy and Germany, where the walled city was as frequently carried by stratagem as by storm; remembering the count's former exploits, and ignorant of what such a man might attempt, the garrison was doubled, the citizens turned out to exercise; and, without making a very formidable show, "looked" (records a conscientious chronicler, with an adherence to caution really edifying,) "brave enough at times." Private houses began to be fortified, the harassed inhabitants were perpetually hurrying towards the ramparts to watch the approach of the soldiery; and when they caught a sight of the count or his myrmidons scouring past, would descend, crying out, as they ran through the streets, "Beware! beware! the wild beast is loose!" alluding to the banner of the counts of Thierstein, which bore a golden hind on a field of silver.\* Old

\* The counts of Thierstein had many *châteaux*; some they inhabited themselves, others were confided to the guard of noble squires, and in times of extreme danger they always withdrew into the inaccessible fortress of their family cradle, embosomed in the midst of the pines and precipices of the Jura, called the "Lair of the Hind," in allusion to the gentle animal which so inappropriately formed the decoration of their valiant banner of blood-red silk, embroidered with gold and silver, ever proudly floating through the countless wars of the middle ages, in Helvetia, followed by long trains of armed vassals and the more dreaded foreign ruffians in their pay.

enmities revived with tenfold vigour, and soon a civil war, within the bosom of the miserable city, threatened to fill up the climax of consternation and woe. The resident nobility, who had cautiously abstained from taking a prominent part in the war, but were suspected of not disapproving, in their hearts, the count's measures, were in some danger of experiencing insult and injury from the populace, whilst they ran the same risk of starvation. To cut off the hands of the peasantry who brought provisions to a town it was wished to reduce by famine, was formerly no uncommon punishment inflicted by besiegers; all acts tending to bring about a desired end being considered justifiable in a barbarous age; and the country people dreading what so unscrupulous a foe as the count might be led to do, grew gradually more averse to run any risk of personal mutilation for the sake of a little pecuniary profit.

In addition to these domestic calamities, the troops of the emperor, at length tardily sent to protect the high roads, had, on several points of meeting, come to blows with those of the marshal; and the mutual exasperation of these two opposing military corps, if not repressed by timely dismissal, it required little sagacity to foresee, might lead to the most serious consequences to the country at large. It was impossible that this state of lawless violence could be allowed to continue; the nobility within the walls,



omised like society at large by this struggle for eney, at length insisted that their brethren t should put a speedy termination to the l; and the monks themselves were finally, very reluctantly, brought to consent to listen e accommodation.\* They had, in short, ob- the discouraging certitude, that a secret y to Rome, emanating from the enemy's camp, utralised theirs; and that Sixtus, finally in- d by the same personal motives of self-interest mpelled the Emperor Frederick to protect the f Himmel-porten, was inclined to patronize ivals of Klingenthal. Gold was his idol: just succeeded in establishing the Inquisition n, a mine from which he was already drawing ms of pure ore, worked out by the fears of ng, and the confiscations of the dead; and he , desire to render himself more unpopular Swiss cantons, with whom he had, a few reviously, some disagreements, lest, if pushed their republican sense of endurance, they hrow off his yoke as they had formerly done the house of Austria.

y fruitless negotiations were commenced and

ser Vertrag ward Samstags vor Galli im 1482 be- und durch Bischoff Caspar zu Basel, Calvium Casse- :ob von Stubach, Hermann Truchsess von Rheinfelden, itatthalter, und Hans Waldmann Ritter Burgermeister k in Namen gemeiner Eidgenossen besiegelt.

abandoned during a further truce entered into between the belligerents for six months, signed by Jacob von Bodmin, knight, and Henry von Hasfurt, knight, and former bailli of Lucerne, with the other contracting parties, by which it was agreed that the nuns of Klingenthal should each receive a German florin a-week, till something more definitive could be arranged, without their acceptance of that sum being considered any relinquishment of their claims, principally because the barons, encouraged by dawning success, urged with obstinate pride their pretensions to the very utmost extremity of unreasonableness.\* At length the exhausted patience of the country demanded a speedy settlement of this onerous discussion; and as the emperor, with his habitual excessive caution, refused to arbitrate or even give an opinion on the subject, it was agreed that *eine Botschaft* or solemn commission, should be sent to Rome, praying his Holiness to be pleased to terminate the difference which had arisen, according to his wisdom. Sixtus IV. did not decline the exercise of his talents and authority once more on this difficult question; nor had he the weakness which sometimes makes men ashamed of acknowledging a former error of judgment. Perhaps, too, the circumstances of his own private life pressing on his memory at last,

\* "*Noch hatte,*" says Würstisen, "*dieser Krieg sein Ende nicht erreicht.*"

might induce him not to bear so harshly as at first, on these frail infringers of monastic discipline. He immediately appointed \* one of his legates, Angelo, bishop of Sessa, an Italian prelate devoted to his will, the Bishop of Bâle, the Prior of Aiguemorte, a small town of France in Lower Languedoc, and Anthony, abbot of Toden-Wasser, with some others, to act for him, and, very early in the month of October, 1483, at Neuchâtel on the Rhine, the mission of peace was opened. "In that place appeared," says Wüerstisen, "the bishops of Sessa and Bâle, Jacob of Stubbach, provincial in Germany, the general of the Dominican order from Palermo, the prior of the Dominicans at Bâle, the prévôt of the Dominicans of Feldspach in the Sundgau, the abbot of Toden-Wasser, the deputies of the Swiss cantons of Zurich, Lucerne, Zug, Fribourg, Soleure, Berne, Uri, and Schwytz, accompanied by their allies, an ambassador from Sigismund, duke of Austria, the *élite* of the Helvetian and Swabian nobility, with many doctors in theology, and learned advocates, sent by the parties at issue to defend their respective claims. †

\* *Pabstliche Commissarien den Nonnenkrieg zu richten.*

† John Waldmann Knight and the old burgomaster, Gerold Meyer, of Kronan, for Zurich; Doctor Thuring Frickard, chancellor, for Berne; the chevalier Gaspard, of Hertenstein, for Lucerne; Walter Inder Gassen, landammann, for Uri; Dietrich Ander Halden, for Schwytz; John of Flue, for Underwald;

Many long and stormy debates between the arbitrators and this host of champions for either side ensued. The barons would not abate an iota of their pretensions, and the patience of Jacob von Stubbach, certainly much tried, appears to have been at length exhausted by the insolent attacks so continually directed against him, in the execution of the ~~no~~ sinecure office bestowed upon him by the pope, — the immense personal trouble to which he had been subject during three years of incessant worry of mind, and the prospect of the approaching triumph of the nuns. He was clearly not “the meekest of men,” and he felt perhaps a vague suspicion gnawing at his heart, that he had been outwitted by the superior generalship of his female antagonists; ~~than~~ which there cannot be a more irritating sensation to a proud spirit and lofty intellect.

At length an impression of imperative necessity impelled them all to unite in an agreement, of ~~which~~ the substance was “that the nuns of Himmel-porten, brought so unexpectedly to Klingenthal, should forthwith evacuate the premises, and return to the place from whence they came, — that the exiles should be

John Schell Ammann, for Zug; Dietrich of Englisberg, for Fribourg; the chancellor, John of Stall, for Soleure. Glaris, one of the eight primitive cantons, does not appear to have united with the other seven. Soleure joined the eight primitive cantons at the request of Count Oswald.



most honourably re-installed in their ancient dwelling on the single condition of a promise to lead lives less liable to suspicion for the future, — that all which had been sequestered should be faithfully restored \*, — that they should be uncontrolled mistresses of their own convent at Klingenthal, exempt from interference or inspection of *any kind* from bishops or Dominicans, — that they were at liberty to choose their own avoyer, investing him with such powers as they only might be pleased to confer, — that they owed no subjection but to the see of Rome, between whom and them there was to be no intermediate agent; but nevertheless, in case of urgent need of assistance, from whatever cause, they had a right to claim, if they desired it, the prompt protection of the *prévot* of the dominican monastery at Feldspach in the Sundgau. To consolidate this treaty, it was required that the monks and nuns should christianly agree to forget the past, and live, for the future, as members of the same religious order, good friends and peaceable neighbours.

Such were the stipulations agreed upon by this learned assembly; and it cannot be denied that they were drawn up in a very conciliatory spirit towards the fair sex; for the brother-preachers, besides these immense concessions to their female adversaries, were

\* *Gütern, Kleinotern, (Kleinodien) Briefen, Gülden und Einkommen.*

adjudged to pay eleven thousand five hundred Rhenish guldens or florins, as a reparation for the injury done to the fair fame of the complainants and the expenses they had incurred in defending it; in addition to the sum of one florin a-week each, which had already been granted them at the period of the first, or rather second truce, till the contest should come to a final settlement; so important did it appear that the ladies of Klingenthal should have no further cause of dissatisfaction. The stipulations also were worded with small attention to those feelings of honour and probity which might have been supposed to exist in the bosom of holy men: they were required to give up all the goods, jewels, writings, and guldens left in their care, without demurring, intact; and *if they had* kept any thing back, to make *honest* restitution on demand.\*

After this happy termination of the war between the dominicans and Bâlois, on the one part, and the aggrieved ladies and their patrician connections on the other, a command to cease from all hostilities, release prisoners, and exonerate from their obligations those who were at large on *parole d'honneur* was immediately issued by the commissioners, on the guarantee of the eight Swiss cantons, and the arch-duke Sigismund.

The next decisive step, taken after the ratification

\* *Kloster-frauen kriegen den Sieg.* The nuns carry the day.

of this peace, was to send away the meek maidens of Heaven's-gate, of whom little more is recorded in the page of history than that "they came and saw ; but did not, like Cæsar, conquer." They were introduced to the Bâlois as reformed, and certainly the reformation must have been very effectual, for their exemplary submission to their Dominican brethren presents a most striking contrast to the conduct of their rebellious sisters. Whether they left Heaven's-gate with regret or delight, — whether they returned to it with pleasure or repugnance, — who they were or what they were, — all is unknown concerning them, excepting that they were heard chanting matins and vespers, litanies and canticles, from morning to night, in the deserted convent church ; and were believed to be obedient, not only to their rule but their rulers.\* Soon after their unostentatious departure from Bâsle, so early in the morning that it was known only to the lieutenant and warder of the port St. Jean, through which they passed once more on their retrograde journey to the bleak mountains of Alsace, leaving the six nuns who had joined them (whether as friends or foes was never clearly ascertained, certain only it is that they were not treated as deserters,) to prepare for the reception of the sisters from whom they had

\* They were expressly enjoined to take away *nothing* but their own goods and chattels. *Haabk* (*Habe und gut*).

been so long estranged, the ladies of Klingenthal, born under a more auspicious planet, assembled at a neighbouring castle; and, from thence, on the third Sunday of October, 1483, after vespers to give the utmost publicity to their victory, made a solemn entrance, like so many deposed queens returning triumphantly into their rightful kingdom. They were escorted by a host of cavaliers, their relations or friends, whose proud deportment and princely attire, as, attended by a long train of retainers and servants bearing banners, they rode fiercely through the streets of the humbled city, presented altogether a splendid military pageant, rather than the pious procession of penitent nuns brought back by mercy from punishment. Little Bâsle, ever at variance with its opposite neighbour, sent out a multifarious crowd of men, women, and children, whose noisy acclamations of welcome, as they met the magnificent *cortège* at their end of the long old bridge, evinced that the sparing expenditure of the sober sisterhood of Heaven's-gate, despite their subdued saintly walk, was far less agreeable to their taste, than the lavish profusion of these high-born worldly culprits.\*

\* Sitôt après la signature du traité et de la garantie Helvétique, les nonnes exilées se réunirent et rentrèrent en triomphe dans leur couvent du Klingenthal : elles étaient escortées par une foule de chevaliers, leurs parens ou leurs amis, qui traversant fierement à leur suite les rues de Bâsle, firent de ce cortège

Of the future fate of the poor nuns of Gebwyler, nothing is revealed in the annals of Bâsle; but the recorded history of those concerned in this contest presents many striking facts corroborative of the physiological doctrine of the injurious influence of the mental passions, grief, anxiety, and suspense, upon the human frame. Leonhardus di Mansuetus, who began the struggle for pre-eminence and power early in 1480, died at the close of the same year. Salvius Cassetus survived this heavy blow to the wealth and honour of the confraternity he so ardently desired to aggrandise, a few months only,—he died broken-hearted. His successor, Bartholomy de Com-matus, elected to the government of an impoverished


une procession plus militaire que pieuse.—*Histoire de la Confédération Suisse.*

Motives of expediency (often certainly found to be the strongest of any), on the part of the Diet and Pope, are assigned as having led to this brilliant feminine contest. The diet, convinced of the impossibility of reforming such a community against their will, would not run the risk of attempting it; and the papal prudence dictated the same line of conduct. Sixtus IV. had successfully supported a long struggle against Spain, Italy, and France, but a wrestle with obstinate nuns was below his dignity.

La diète, convaincue de la difficulté de réformer un semblable couvent contre son gré, n'en voulut pas courir les risques.—Elle convainquit sans peine la prudence du pape. Il eut soutenu la lutte contre l'Espagne, l'Italie, la France, mais une lutte contre des religieuses opiniâtres paraissait peu digne de lui.—*Confédération Suisse*, vol. viii. p. 245.

and care-worn community, with difficulty advanced the indemnification to the nuns, and discharged the other heavy expenses entailed by so many profitless embassies to Rome, ere he also paid the debt of nature; and his successor, a native of Venice, held this seemingly dangerous dignity twelve months only. From 1480 to 1487 died four priors!

Death, too, stalked in the cloisters of the conquerors as well as the conquered! Anna Zergelten outlived her victory but a brief space after her rival, the prior Salvius Cassetus, had departed to the land "where all things are forgotten,"—the earth closed over both the same year. Her successor was Bridget of Schweighausen, unanimously elected by the grateful and affectionate sisters, whose cause she had conducted with so much skilfulness and kindness. The bruised spirit of Cassetus was spared, by his early death, one pang which perhaps he would have felt the most poignant of all. Four months afterwards a papal bull from Sixtus IV., dated the 31st of May, 1484, raised the talented prioress of Klingenthal into the far higher rank of abbess, with the rights and title of countess of the Holy Roman empire! A chapter, immediately convened, decreed that the new abbess elect should be installed with unusual pomp and ceremony in her splendid position; and even yet the magnificence attending the investiture of the first abbess of Klin-



genthal is traditionally preserved at Bâse, with the more authentic record of the sumptuous coronation of Pope Felix V.

Great was the amazement of the citizens, on beholding so many honours showered down on the heads they had unadvisedly endeavoured to debase. Influence of no common nature must undoubtedly have been exerted to obtain a triumph so complete that, in defiance of evident improprieties of conduct, the nuns not merely escaped all censure, but were endowed with extraordinary privileges, enriched and ennobled.

At the close of the congress held at Neuchâtel in the Brigau, the pope's commissioners stipulated for him the present of a *Rock*, or priest's petticoat, every year, from the ladies of Klingenthal; and there is no doubt that Bridget von Schweighausen took care that this important addition to the papal dress was befitting his dignity and their gratitude. Her sudden elevation, however, to a rank so distinguished in the hierarchy, was probably not obtained by the mere gift of a *rochet*, however superb; and the character of Sixtus, known to be a skilful alchemist, turning almost all he touched into precious metals, may well authorise the supposition that the *bull*, which created an abbess of Klingenthal, had been a *golden* one to him.

A brief entry in Würstisen's chronicle, may not

inappropriately close this recital of earthly passions, existing even where they might have been supposed to lie dormant. "*Die erste Aebtissin ward Bridgeta von Schweighausen starb im 1485 Jahr:*" "The first abbess Bridget of Schweighausen: she died in 1485," the year after her election! What a lesson to the ambitious and the lowly—the victorious abbess enjoyed her conquest, her honours, and her popularity, one short year!\*

\* Of the other distinguished personages who figured in this memorable war, the pope died, not without suspicion of poison, on the 13th of August, 1484, six weeks after the Bull which raised Bridget Von Schweighausen to the dignity of abbess; and the valiant arm of Count Oswald of Thierstein was not long afterwards arrested by a foe to whom even he could offer no resistance—the great conqueror of all—Death, in 1487. This ancient dynasty, whose domains now form part of the cantons of Bâle, Berne, and Soleure, was finally extinguished in the person of Count Henry V., who died poor in 1519, after having been in the service of France. Albert of Klingenberg, perhaps one of the last actors in this half tragedy, half comedy, attained to considerable longevity; he reached 1528; but his race did not exist many years after that of Thierstein, with whom it had been so many years united by family ties and private friendship. He, too, died, shorn of the ancient riches, if not honours, of his house, and appears, towards the close of life, to have been equally warm as at its beginning in his espousal of individual interests, which eventually tinged his latter days with grief and anxiety. When Ulric, Duke of Wurtemberg, was banished from his kingdom, in 1500, in consequence of his violent quarrels, private and public, he came into Switzerland, and there, at first, played the amiable so successfully, that Albert sold him his *château*, and was subsequently exceedingly



Nearly four centuries have passed into the abyss of time since the termination of this singular war; and it would ill become the pencil of a foreign artist to bring forward at its close, what they (of whose dust not an atom remains) so carefully endeavoured to conceal whilst alive, faults on the one side, or injustice on the other; but one feature, painted on the canvas of History, stands out so prominently that a valuable moral would be omitted if it were passed over without comment,—the influence of well-combined efforts of judgment, discretion, and energy, in the conduct of our worldly affairs. Fortuitous circumstances sometimes neutralize the most judicious arrangements, perhaps to humble the pride of man's heart, lest he should imagine that by the power of his own right hand and lordly intellect, he can ever obtain the victory; but, humanly speaking, a favourable result may, without presumption, be anticipated from the proper employment of adequate means. And the immense superiority of

embarrassed by the unjust retention of the furniture, not included in the bargain, and the shameless rapacity of the duke, who seized on the produce of the adjacent lands, without disturbing himself about legal rights or the misery of the tenantry. The baron of Klingenberg, too late aware of his error in patronizing the royal but unprincipled exile, and yet personally unable to avert the evils thus brought on by his imprudent confidence, wore out the patience of his co-citizens at Soleure by his reiterated demands of intervention.

acuteness, foresight, activity, and tact displayed by the female combatants, in the management of the contest from its very commencement, augured well for the termination. A writer of French Switzerland, alluding to the relaxation of some religious houses, says, "the nuns of Klingenthal had not a better renown, and after a decree from Pope Sixtus IV., commanding their reformation, took up arms in their own defence, made a ridiculous scene, were driven out of their convent, and finished by involving the city of Bâle in a serious quarrel."\* It is not intended to vindicate the previous conduct of the nuns, or their violent, yet most ludicrous, attack on the grave personages appointed the bearers of the pope's unpalatable brief; neither can some parts of their defence be considered honourable. The age was, however, unscrupulous, and the Machiavelian maxim, that all stratagems are fair in war, presents some shadow of excuse for their breach of faith with men they considered usurpers. It may, however, be questioned whether any measures should be stigmatised as "ridiculous" which obtain success; and after the first outbreak of most unfeminine

\* Les religieux de Bâle n'avaient pas meilleur renom. Un decret de Sixte 4me ayant ordonné la reforme des sœurs du Klingenthal, elles s'armèrent comme elles purent, tentèrent une ridicule defense, se firent chasser, et finirent par attirer à la ville de Bâle une serieuse querelle.

violence, it is scarcely possible to imagine any line of tactics better adapted to defeat the machinations of the monks. The humble petition for the delay of a single short week, to recover from their grief and the stupor of their faculties, was a masterpiece of diplomacy; and its boon the silver key that unlocked to them once more the gates of Klingenthal, through the *medium* of negotiation. The prolongation of the term, to be enabled to wind up their affairs, with the hint of obedience, was the next stroke of policy. Their subsequent refusal to fulfil the contract on the ground of not being free agents when it was acceded to, — the resolute determination to be ejected by force from the convent, — the concealment or falsification of their leases, papers, and resources, so that when in actual possession of the debateable land, their foes could derive hardly any advantage from that which is usually considered nine points of the law — the presentation of receipts for rents, most probably never paid over, which thus, at least for a year, prevented the monks from obtaining the monies owing to the estate, or punishing the defaulters, whose attachment to the old régime was doubtless in no small degree strengthened by gratitude for these boons, — their refusal to accept a fraction of their own dowries, lest it might be thought to constitute a proof of acquiescence in their banishment, — their unwearied activity, and

the wise, discreet, maidenly deportment of those, no longer under the restraint of monastic rules, with the patient endurance of all their rigours by the less fortunate sisters, condemned to pine in distant convents, where the superiors were doubtless enjoined to inflict unsparing punishment on such obstinate offenders against papal supremacy, — and, lastly, the letters and statements, emanating in the name of the prioress, Anna Zergelten, from the gifted nun Bridget Schweighausen, so eloquent, so tender, so justificatory of their cause, yet so free from angry explicatives, or personal recriminations, like the accessories thrown by the cunning hand of a skilful artist into an unpleasant picture, giving beauty and effect to what might be harsh or displeasing in the outline or subject, — cast over their cause a halo that softened the dark spots which imprudence had imprinted on their escutcheon of purity.

#### END OF THE NUNS' WAR.

The Nuns' War was written, in great measure, at Lausanne, in a sweet apartment commanding the same beautiful views which, with delightful pompousness, the great historian of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire has recorded, cheered the intervals of his learned labours, and, at their close, inspired one of the most splendid efforts of his mag-

nificent pen. Should the humble pedestrian, now wandering in the wide road of historic research, who has culled these memorials of the fair Sisters of Klingenthal, have afforded a few brief hours of amusement to stay-at-home travellers (if such still exist), her loitering in the bye-paths of past ages will not have been in vain.

THE

## WAR OF THE TWO ABBOTS :

AN HISTORICAL SKETCH OF THE MIDDLE AGES.

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“ La querelle des investitures fut la source des guerres du Sacerdoce et de l'Empire . . . de ces guerres désastreuses, qui partagèrent l'Allemagne en deux parties opposés, dont l'un soutenait les prétensions des Papes, et l'autre les droits des Empereurs.”

“ Ulrich d'Eppeinstein occupe sans contredit le premier rang dans la longue liste des abbés de St. Gall.” — *Conservateur Suisse*, tom. ix. p. 162.

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MONASTERIES OF ST. GALL AND REICHNAU ;  
SWITZERLAND. 1076—1094.

THE contest concerning ecclesiastical investitures, begun by Gregory VII. (before his elevation to the tiara, a monk of Clugny, named Hildebrand, which the German nobles by a play of words changed to Hölbrand (fire-brand), in allusion to his violent character, and the desolating wars he lighted up in pursuing his plan for the temporal aggrandizement of the papal power,) was the bitter stream of troubled waters which divided Germany into two

opposite extremes of opinion and action; the fertile source from whence flowed all the subsequent quarrels between the sacerdotal party and that of the empire — the one supporting the pretensions of the pope, the other the rights of the emperor.

In the different countries of Helvetia, now united under the general name of Switzerland, the bishop of Coire, the counts of Kyburg, of Nellenburg, and of Toggenburg, with many other influential nobles and all their numerous dependencies, as well as the city of Zurich, early espoused the cause of the pope; whilst the prince-bishops of Bâsle and Lausanne, the chancellor bishop of Sion in the Valais, the counts of Lenzburg, of Neuchâtel, and of Oltingen, with several lords of equal importance, remained faithful to the emperor.\*

\* The kingdom of Burgundy, or Arles, comprehended the whole mountainous region which we now call Switzerland. It was accordingly reunited to the Germanic empire by the bequest of Rudolph, along with the rest of his dominions. (Rudolph III., last of the Transjurane dynasty, to the emperor Conrad II.) A numerous and ancient nobility, vassals one to another or to the empire, divided the possession with ecclesiastical lords hardly less powerful than themselves. Of the former, we find the counts of Zahringen, Kyburg, Hapsburg, and Tokenburg, most conspicuous; of the latter, the bishop of Coire, the abbot of St. Gall, and abbess of Seckingen. Every variety of feudal rights was early found and long preserved in Helvetia; nor is there any country whose history better illustrates that ambiguous relation, half property and half dominion, in which

Henry IV. emperor of Germany, a young man, brave, affable, and not ill-disposed, but of slender education and impetuous passions, which his two tutors, Hanno, archbishop of Mayence, and Adalbert, archbishop of Bremen, more occupied in ruling the heritage of their illustrious pupil than his mind, had never taught him the necessity of subduing—at five years of age succeeding to a throne whose pillars his father's ambition had already shaken, ere the hapless orphan mounted its tottering steps, then involved in an open war with rebellious Saxony, and fighting inch by inch for pre-eminence with many haughty barons of his court ambitious of further distinction—was peculiarly ill fitted to oppose so many and, unfortunately, such potent enemies.

Early in 1077 the dissensions which had so long existed between Pope Gregory VII., the emperor Henry, and his refractory subjects, reached their climax. Henry having positively refused to relinquish to the former the royal prerogative of confirming bishoprics and abbeys, on the seemingly natural ground that in one form or other it had been exercised by a long line of ancestors; and with his customary warmth of temper declared his determination to transmit this important privilege intact to his successors by every means in

the territorial aristocracy, under the feudal system, stood with respect to their dependents.—*Hallam's View of the Middle Ages*, chap. v. p. 340.



his power, the pope, who had been long tampering with his domestic enemies, sent him an imperious order to appear personally at Rome, there to vindicate his conduct towards them. Such an insult offered to a young and passionate monarch, produced the effect intended—further exasperation. Henry assembled in haste a number of bishops and nobles, his staunchest friends, at Worms, and procured a sentence of deposition against the pope. He was probably beguiled into this unadvised measure by the recollection that his father, the emperor Henry III.\*, one of the most absolute monarchs that ever lived, had actually been invested, at a period of public disorder, with the express power of nominating the supreme head of the church; and although for many years this imperial privilege had not merely fallen into disusage, but was to a certain degree annulled by a decree issuing from Gregory himself, when during the pontificate of Nicholas II., he ruled in the papal court, under the title of cardinal Hildebrand; Henry,

\* Henry III. died at thirty-nine years of age, of a lingering malady: he had acquired greater control than any of his predecessors over the election of the pontiff; and his widow, Agnes, was exceedingly displeased that during Henry IV.'s infancy her consent was not formally demanded, as his guardian, before the nomination of Alexander II., and a schism ensued; but the monk Hildebrand, who brought him in, had already acquired great influence over the church, for, "to the shame of society," says Sismondi; "it is not by amiable manners and gentle virtues that men usually govern their fellows."

listening only to his passions, determined to consider it had simply rested in abeyance during his own long minority, or been robbed of its legitimate power by those to whom it was obnoxious when there was none to oppose their usurpation. But he soon learnt the time was past when emperors could so rule the church, and, like other inexperienced, ill-directed monarchs, found he had formed an erroneous estimate of his strength.

The pope, on learning Henry's rash proceedings at Worms, immediately summoned a council in the Lateran palace; and there, after solemnly excommunicating his impetuous rival, declared him deprived of his kingdoms of Germany and Italy, released his subjects from their allegiance, and recommended the election of another sovereign. A blow so terrible in the middle ages, gave such encouragement to the numerous foes which various untoward circumstances had enlisted against Germany, that, aided by the assistance of the papal court, they soon proclaimed him fallen from his imperial dignity; and a very considerable body of malecontents, with the duke of Zærengen at their head, elected in his place Rudolph duke of Swabia, his cousin and brother-in-law; thus adding the bitterness of family ties, now irrevocably riven asunder, to the cup of deposition.

The anti-Cæsar, Rudolph, count of Rheinfelden and duke of Swabia, thus suddenly called upon to enact

the miserable roll of tool to a party and usurper of his youthful brother's throne, was, equally with Henry, descended from the Transjurane kings who had formerly governed little Burgundy, comprising great part of Helvetia, with the kingdoms of Provence and Italy, nearly two hundred years; and had apparently strengthened this hereditary relation by two unions, the first with the princess Matilda\*, Henry's own sister, and, after her early death, with the princess Adelaide of Savoy, sister of the empress Bertha. So uncertain, however, are the most probable events of this strange world, that the very connexion with the princess Adelaide, designed to reunite the severed chain, and link faster the bond of amity subsisting between these illustrious personages, possibly produced the estrangement which ultimately separated them for ever. A feud had existed before Henry's open opposition to the pope led the latter to select Rudolph as a fitting instrument through whose medium Henry might be punished for his obstinate rebellion to papal authority.

Adelaide, widow of Eudes marquess of Susa, their

\* Rudolph was many years older than Henry, and it was hoped this alliance would have made him a strong supporter of the crown. The premature decease of Matilda, a princess of fine mind, great goodness, and beauty, proved a deathblow to her brother.

mutual mother-in-law, had interposed her good offices, but, unhappily, with the usual want of success which commonly attends such Samaritan efforts. It is, in fact, impossible for a third person to discern or remove the concealed aversions, the secret springs of envy—of mortified self-love—of wounded pride—it may be, of sincere affection; and all those particular motives of individual self-interest, those slights offered by one party in private and retaliated by another in public, which are the essential foundation of family dissensions. Nor can such sad alienations ever be annihilated, but by a frank and loyal desire of the parties themselves to return to a state of union and harmony. The cause or causes, for it is rarely one which produces such a breach of all the ties of kindred, must ever be buried in oblivion. Rudolph, proud and ambitious—Henry hasty and arbitrary—Adelaide claiming perhaps from a sister more than an empress could grant—and Bertha, whose courage in sharing with her hapless lord his perilous passage over the Pennine Alps in the midst of winter, gave promise of a noble fidelity and virtuous conduct, which her after years belied, might each have been in fault: the result is better known—ruin to all!

Amongst the nobles confederate in favour of Rudolph, stood, pre-eminent in zeal and importance, a former bitter foe, Berthold, duke of Zœrengen; whose

arm, says an old chronicler, was before every other powerful in Helvetia, either to injure or protect. Sprung from a line that scarcely yielded in wealth or extensive dominion to the Transjurane kings of little Burgundy, and believing himself legitimate heir to the kingdom of Arles, and of many other provinces belonging to that sovereignty, which had passed, after the death of the last feeble monarch of the race of Conrad, to the empire, he was one of those influential subjects whose support wise monarchs will ever deem it policy to conciliate; and the emperor Henry III., acting probably on this principle, had given a promise that he would create him duke of Swabia, accompanying the assurance with a ring, as a pledge of sincerity. Unhappily, for his son and successor, he died ere the boon was legally confirmed; and the empress Agnes, who governed during Henry IV.'s minority with his two ecclesiastical tutors, not considering herself bound by her husband's intentions, bestowed the title on Rudolph, count of Rheinfelden, then actually administering the revenues of the Duchy and Burgundy Cis-jurane. As a relative, and the betrothed husband of her daughter Matilda, there would have been great propriety in conferring this royal fief on the count of Rheinfelden, had not the deceased emperor's promise to the duke of Zœrengen existed to render it an ungracious act towards him. To appease the resentment of a chief, whose influence

might be dangerous if adverse, the duke of Zœrengen was subsequently invested with the dukedom of Carinthia, and marquisate of Verona; but the animosity which ensued in consequence between the dukes was never extinguished, till, in an evil hour for himself, Henry, subject in early manhood to violent gusts of rage, displeased with some part of their conduct as feudal vassals, dismissed them *both* from his councils. Exasperated at this disgrace, the haughty princes forgot their ancient animosity in mutual hate against their inexperienced and imprudent sovereign. Strong in their united power, they withdrew from court, and Henry, equally resentful and rash, took away the principality of Carinthia, and bestowed it upon a distant relative of his own, Marquard, count of Eppenstein.

Men of timid character or wavering principles sink under strokes of this nature; but Berthold of Zœrengen, endowed with great abilities and greater courage, became more formidable by misfortune. Concentrating all his energies and forces, he went suddenly into Saxony, where he brought such timely, though covert, aid to the rebels, that the emperor, too late aware of the fault he had committed, and fearing for his provinces there, tried to repair the breach between them by conciliatory overtures.\*

\* Henry, says a Swiss writer, tried *de le mettre en défaut*—in vain.

But he was doomed, alas ! like Charles of England, to find that "the beginning of strife is indeed like the letting out of water." Berthold and his new ally, Rudolph, punctually paid the contingencies demanded from them as dependents of the imperial crown, but continued so determined in opposition to all Henry's political measures, that he felt himself obliged to conclude a less glorious peace with his contumacious subjects in Saxony than they merited, in order to be at leisure to watch over nearer and more important interests.

About this inauspicious epoch was promulgated at Rome, what Gregory VII., of a subtle and insinuating genius, adroit in seizing on the minds of others, was pleased to term "regulations for the clergy against simony and libertinage," by which was understood not simply the crimes so specified, but accepting *any* ecclesiastical benefice from the hands of the laity \*; and

\* Tous les ecclésiastiques avoient anciennement été élus par le peuple de leur paroisse ; mais les seigneurs et les rois, en enrichissant l'Eglise, s'étoient presque tous réservé à eux-mêmes et à leurs successeurs, la présentation aux bénéfices qu'ils avoient pour elle, c'est-à-dire, le droit d'élire ou de désigner le prêtre qui en seroit revêtu. Indépendamment de ce contrat entre le donateur et la paroisse, toutes les fois qu'une église possédoit un fief, le nouveau prélat, par les lois de l'état, ne pouvoit en être mis en possession qu'autant qu'il en étoit investi par le Seigneur dont il relevoit—C'étoit la loi féodale, la loi universelle, qui n'admettoit pas d'exceptions en faveur des ecclésiastiques.

the marriage of the clergy. To the great chagrin of the emperor, Rudolph, duke of Swabia, and Berthold, duke of Zœrengen, whose example was in itself a host, publicly declared in favour of this ordinance, which he well knew was a blow levelled rather at his power than the offences of the priesthood. It required, indeed, little sagacity to foresee that such measures carried into full execution, must of necessity leave the church unshackled by the will of the sovereign, and consequently weaken the firmest props of his throne.\*

Germany and Italy soon became one vast warlike arena, a prey to dissensions such as since the fall of the Roman domination had never existed: bishops, counts, barons, persons of all ages, sexes, and parties, were agitated by these questions. Pious men generally, aware of the licentiousness of the age, and the necessity of reformation, preferring to suffer in their worldly interests rather than fail in what appertained to religion, ranged themselves on the side of the pope, regarding the care of their souls as more important than their temporal possessions; whilst, on the contrary, worldly considerations—a victorious army—the hope of military glory—and the chance of a brilliant destiny—chivalrous feelings—pity for the

\* Il fut prohibé aux prêtres de recevoir aucun bénéfice ecclésiastique des mains d'un laïc, *même gratis*.—*Sismondi*, vol. i. p. 121.



youthful monarch thus stripped of his patrimony, and indignation at the pope's invasion of long-vested rights, raised up an army of friends for Henry.\*

Such was the feverish excitement of the empire when Henry, harassed by the pope, and affronted by some of the greatest vassals of the crown, ventured on the fatal step which brought down on his devoted head the thunder of excommunication.

Few of the public acts of this ill-fated monarch were ever more calamitous to him, or have been more universally condemned by all historians, than the apparent pusillanimity and versatility of mind which, after he had braved the terrors of excommunication by an attempt to depose his adversary at Worms, led him to seek a reconciliation at the sacrifice of his own consistency, and in opposition to the expressed wish of many powerful nobles who were on this occasion united with him in a desire to repress the arrogant pretensions of the haughty pontiff.—Gregory's previous insolence to their royal master had been by no means displeasing to them, for they secretly hoped by his humiliation to be enabled them-

\* A Swiss author, alluding to Rudolph's assumption of the crown, says he had done so "contrary to every law, human and divine, and deserved to be proscribed and deprived alike of his possessions and his life." "*Lequel contre toute loi divine et humaine avait attenté à l'empire et à l'empereur, et méritait d'être pros crit, condamné, et privé de ses biens et de sa vie.*"—*Brièl.*

selves to throw off a part at least of the imperial yoke; but the extraordinary claim to lay investitures struck at the root of their own personal importance, since ecclesiastical preferments were usually bestowed as appanages on the younger sons of illustrious houses; and it was with mingled scorn and indignation they saw him obey a mandate, which, they feared, might end in entire submission to papal dominion.

The consternation amongst his followers, the desertion of many who had hitherto adhered to him, the grief of the empress, and the dread that in his palaces in Germany the same frightful scenes might be again enacted which had passed in those of France, when excommunicated kings were thankful to receive a morsel of bread at the end of a stick from the faithful menial, who yet recoiled with superstitious fear as she presented it, had, doubtless, each and all, its weight with Henry in deciding him to comply with the pope's requisition; but a vague tradition exists in Switzerland that Henry was ultimately led into this measure by influence which legitimate history has not recognised.

The hidden springs of the human heart are often vibrated, like those of the Æolian harp, by unseen power; and perhaps, unknown to himself, Henry's responded to the acknowledged touch of female fears and female hopes. The empress Bertha, indeed,

openly avowed her anxious desire to conciliate their potent foe by undertaking a journey to Rome, ere the dreaded year of grace, granted for a penitent to return to the bosom of the offended church, should expire; but Henry would not, probably, have yielded to her solicitations, in opposition to those of wounded pride and personal interest—there was still another feminine spirit in his court, whose longings for peace and reconciliation with the great head of Christianity, working on another heart yet tenderer than his own, who perhaps decided this luckless measure.

At the time of Henry's admission to the exercise of the royal functions, the episcopal benches of Bâle and Lausanne were occupied by two cousins, sons of two brothers, Buco and Ulric, of the house of Cuno, count of Oltingen, a wild mountainous region in the vicinity of Berne; its very name, in old German or Swabian, implied "castle in the desert." \* Buco, the elder brother, according to the custom of the age, lived in the paternal residence till he became liege lord; whilst Ulric received, as younger brother, the

\* Le siège épiscopal de Lausanne était occupé par Burcard fils d'un comte d'Oltingen, qui y monta en 1039 et le garda 50 ans : cet évêque guerrier resta invariablement attaché à l'empereur Henri 4<sup>me</sup>, dont il était un des conseillers ; il le suivit dans plusieurs expéditions, combattit à divers fois sous ses drapeaux, et fut enfin tué le soir de Noël 1088, à côté de son maître, dans la sanglante bataille de Gleichen en Thuringe.—*Conservateur Suisse*, tom. ix. p. 163.

castle of Hassenburg, with the usual appendages of a fortress in those days, rights of fishing and hunting, liberty to cut down wood for fuel in the forests around, pasturage for cattle of some miles' extent, and feudal service from the serfs, thinly scattered over so barren a district, with a small homestead, surrounded by a few cultivated fields near the lake of Bienne, called a *fenil*, the name still employed to designate a very small property in many parts of both German and French Switzerland. The brothers, wide as were their future fortunes, appear to have preserved towards each other that fraternal friendship which is so beautiful and, alas! so rare to behold. By the assistance of his elder brother, Ulric was enabled to bestow on his son the same learned education given to the young heir, and eventually the two cousins became bishops of Bâle and Lausanne. Fortune, however, still leaned to the side of the elder branch, for Burcard, the prince-bishop of Lausanne, possessed one of the richest sees in Helvetia, and Ulric perhaps the poorest, till the gratitude of the emperor for his steady fidelity, and the liberalities of the counts of Oltingen, subsequently raised its revenues to an equality with those of the prince-bishops of Lausanne. In addition to the enormous possessions of his see, Burcard, the prince-bishop of Lausanne, born with great talents, and of a warlike, stubborn character, fitted for the turbulent era in

which he had to act his part in the great theatre of the world, had early made his way in various diplomatic missions, and was, whilst still a very young man, raised, about 1038, to the exalted position he then held. He belonged to one of those noble feudal families accustomed to consider the goods of the church as fiefs, bestowed by them and their ancestors to be returned in another form for the provision of younger children ; and, warmly attached to his elder brother, count Cuno, he had greatly resented the loss of a beautiful vineyard at St. Aubin, in the district of Avenches, belonging to his own diocese, which their father, the old count of Oltingen, a man of choleric temper, was obliged to cede, a few years before, to the pope's nuncio in Switzerland, as an atonement for some alleged violence in a churchyard, where the assizes were then holden. This delinquency was tortured into an act of disrespect to the church, and the old count, in cooler moments, had been glad to make his peace on such terms ; but vineyards, always valuable, were then rare as well as costly things, formed with much labour and expense, and those in the *pays de Vaud*, as it was at that time termed, ever in especial repute. His sons considered the punishment far beyond the aggression, and on these grounds united heartily with Henry and the discontented barons of Germany against the pope when he published his unpalatable

brief on the subject of lay investitures. The bishop of Lausanne was, besides, personally attached to his royal master, whose youth and inexperience rendered him so incapable of stemming the torrent of adversity which everywhere crossed his path. Henry had called him to his councils almost at the very commencement of his reign, doubtless pleased with something frank and loyal in his bearing; and relying with confidence on a prelate now verging towards his sixtieth year, he had seldom taken any important step without his concurrence. He was present at the council of Worms very early in the year 1076, and was considered as the member whose influence over that body had decided the majority to consent to the letter written to Gregory announcing his deposition from the crown of St. Peter.\* These were sufficient motives for Burcard's adoption of the popular side; but he had others of a private nature, of still greater weight, which impelled him to oppose, with all his might, the despotic innovations of the pontiff; he was, in strict conformity with the apostolic injunction, "the husband of one wife;" and

\* The bishops of Lausanne, especially those who were chancellors, appended their names to diplomatic acts. Burcard was present at the council of Worms in 1076. "Burcard fut un des membres les plus influents: et eut grande part à la lettre que cette assemblée écrivit à Hildebrand pour lui annoncer qu'elle l'avait déposé."—*MS. Matériaux inédits pour une histoire littéraire du Canton de Vaud.*

Gregory VII., who governed two predecessors on the papal throne, before he sat there as legitimate sovereign himself, was well known to have prompted the revival of the decrees against the marriage of the clergy.

In Italy there had been, for some years previous to this last furious crusade against clerical husbands, a growing feud on the subject; and at Milan the priests were unanimous in retaining their wives, despite of all denunciations from Rome, quoting, as an apology, the authority of the great archbishop Ambrose, who was openly adverse to the celibacy of the clergy. At an early age the bishop of Lausanne had married an Italian lady of great beauty and accomplishments, whose virtues and cultivated mind, as she advanced in years, secured the proud but faithful heart her personal graces had won. Many had been the sharp reprimands Bucard received on this point from the pope's nuncio, and many bitter pangs had they doubtless given him; but he was of "sterner stuff" than to yield to an ordinance which would deprive him of the sweet companionship of a wife endeared by long years of friendship, and must, he felt, affix a tacit brand on the honour of one whose conscience he knew to be stainless and unsullied as the snow wreaths on his native Alps.

Whilst such were the sentiments that animated the bishop, Clara of Oltingen, who bore the doubtful

title of "bishop's wife," was influenced by others far opposite. In the bloom of youth she, too, had probably disregarded the dislike generally entertained towards such connexions in Germany, the land of her adoption; but as the prejudice became more deeply rooted, she sought to conciliate public favour and opinion by building many churches and chapels, and endowing hospitals, in addition to the numerous acts of private charity which marked her otherwise unostentatious career. The chapel of St. Nicholas, at Lausanne, and the church of St. Peter, at Marsens, near Curtilles, were among the munificent structures of this amiable woman, worthy of a better fate, which a contemporary chronicler describes as having "sculptured roofs of solid stone," as a proof that she spared no expense to render them worthy of their sacred destination.\*

A heart rightly organized, even when not power-

\* 1038. Après Hugue, le Siège Episcopal fut occupé par Burcard, fils de Buccon Comte d'Oltingen, homme fier et belliqueux. Il eut une femme legitime qui fit bâtir la Chapelle de Saint Nicolas, avec la voûte en pierre qui la couvre, et l'Eglise de Saint Pierre de Marsens, près de Curtilles.—*Chronique du Cartulaire de Lausanne.*

The same notice of Clara of Oltingen thus appears in the ancient Chronicle of Moudon :—

Il eût une femme légitime, qui bâtit à Lausanne la chapelle de St. Nicholas, avec la voûte en pierre au-dessus; et l'Eglise de St. Pierre de Marsens près de Curtilles.—*MS. de Moudon, Le Canton de Vaud, par Olivier.*



fully affected by religious principles, shrinks with instinctive delicacy from contempt ; and the shadow of a doubt, where honour is in question, must ever excite the keenest emotions of grief and shame in a virtuous bosom. The hidden wound which no friendly hand can heal—the ulcer of the mind, which pride and despair must conceal from every eye, is the bitterest of all human woes—but remorse ! The excommunication launched against the emperor and all his adherents, which terrified the empress, fell, probably, with far more withering force on her.

The bishop defied the harsh, unevangelical command which required him to repudiate the wife of his bosom when the lustre of her charms was faded by time, and despised the narrow bigotry which cast a slur on them both ; but she felt that, exalted as they were in rank, and estimable in private life, and however guiltless in their own opinion when they plighted their vows, those vows were now openly stigmatized as criminal, and that the finger of scorn might be pointed at them by the meanest and vilest hand. Woe to the fond, or feeble, or haughty spirit, which in an evil hour thus risks the possibility of the world's censure ! Conscience may inflict no pang, but apprehensive delicacy and sensitive pride will plant a thousand. It is not simply the unfeeling or the insolent, or the proud pharisee, who can avail themselves of the privilege to stab, presented by a

doubtful position ; the cool greeting of a common acquaintance whose friendship we neither value nor desire—the absence of some trivial attention from those we love, or whose good opinion we covet, though perhaps unintentional, is constantly traced by a wounded heart to that which never quits the memory for a moment, like the poisoned robe which clung to the fabled son of Jupiter, till death became a welcome relief from its torments.

It is wise for all to feel that dependence for happiness, even here, must be mainly fixed on God ; but they who have thus made shipwreck of their legitimate place in society should learn that earth has no more flowers or fruits for them, and that to fix their hopes supremely on another existence is their sole resource against the inseparable sorrows and evils attendant on their blighted sojourn in this.

It is said the nobles of Germany feared Henry would yield to the pope some part of their peculiar privileges to the nomination of bishops and heads of religious houses ; and thence the indignation at his journey to Rome. They had certainly no prejudice in favour of married priests, like many of their order in Italy, and without some apprehension of this nature, their opposition to Henry's visit seems incomprehensible. Possibly Clara of Oltingen may have suggested to the bishop of Lausanne, then Henry's responsible minister, that by timely submission to the pope's

mandate, requiring his personal presence in Rome within one year; and conceding to him the great pecuniary point — *right of investiture*,—he might be induced to relinquish a part of his own requisitions — might abate somewhat of his high notions as to church discipline — and diminish in some degree the fierceness of his present attack on those members of the priesthood *already* engaged in the bonds of wedlock. Should this have been the part enacted by the bishop's counsellor — should she have advocated a conciliatory course, she but evinced the distinctive features of her sex; for the slightest insight into the female character displays a shrinking from agitation — a receding from danger quite foreign from the dauntless intrepidity which is so prominent in a masculine nature. The very storm, which feminine susceptibility of wrong or insult has raised, will generally be found to subside before its consequences: the sensitive spirit, which had resented some slight or injury, will quail before the coarser mind which offered it, if war must be the result of continued complaint, and, while feeling the aggression increased by the injustice which refuses reparation, will be the first in concession, and the most sincere in reconciliation. It may be that the entreaties of Clara of Oltingen at length induced the bishop to bow before their common enemy; and his influence, thrown into the trembling balance, at length led the hesitat-

ing monarch to compliance. Without this supposition, the conduct of the stern bishop of Lausanne, so many years the inflexible opposer of the papal court, is yet more inexplicable than that of the emperor, who, panic-struck as he was, still betrayed so much reluctance to this degrading and painful step, that the allotted period for reflection was nearly exhausted ere he began his hasty preparations for a journey to Canossa, where the pope was then on a visit to the countess Matilda, so famous for her legacies and donations to the holy see, and her unsparing persecution of all she considered its opposers.

Whatever were the motives, or from whatever source originated, the effect was disastrous on the fortunes of Henry; and failed to appease the inexorable enemy whose wrath it was hoped would be mollified by the concession. It is generally indeed a useless toil to endeavour to conciliate those who think their interests, real or imagined, will be best promoted by a course of hostility. The proffered hand is vainly held out to one who believes it may be more advantageous not to press it. The whole tenor of the pope's conduct betrays a desire to render the imperial crown elective, and the diadem a present from the papal court to be repaid by feudal homage to the tiara.

The emperor was sojourning at the palace of Oppenheim, near his faithful city of Worms, when he

came to this final resolution; and from thence, escorted by a small detachment of chosen cavalry, proceeded to Besançon, where his maternal uncle William, count of Burgundy, resided. The perils and privations of this ill-starred journey to obtain absolution, and a return to the blessings of the church, were shared by the empress—their infant son Conrad—a few members of their households—some of the ministers of the crown, including the bishop of Lausanne, and—by her who, in the phraseology of our own imperious Elizabeth when addressing the wife of archbishop Parker, had no other legitimate appellation than the generic name of “WOMAN.”\*

The count received his illustrious relatives and their suite with respectful cordiality, undismayed by the cloud of episcopal resentment which rested over their heads; and they remained his guests till the close of the Christmas holidays, when it became necessary to fix on the road by which to pass into Italy. This presented a chain of apparently unsurmountable difficulties in their present position; for the troops of Henry's most inveterate enemies, Rudolph, his

\* Lambert of Aschaffenburg, a contemporary historian, relates in his chronicle many particulars of the journey of this unfortunate monarch across the wide extent of the Jura and Pennine Alps in the most severe winter of the eleventh century, through snow and ice, which, from the 26th October, 1076, to the 25th of the following March, covered the whole face of Germany, Italy, and Switzerland.

competitor for the throne, the duke of Zœringen, and Guelf, duke of Bavaria, had already taken possession of the usual passages, then termed "cluses," to preclude him from arriving in time to avert the papal sentence of deposition, if not at Rome on the great fête of Candlemas. In this dilemma, after the most anxious reflection, it was judged advisable to attempt the ancient pass of Mont-joux, better known to modern travellers as the Great St. Bernard, which being considered utterly impracticable at such a season was found to have been left unguarded and unwatched. In pursuance of this plan, the emperor proceeded to Vevey, a beautiful town on the lake of Geneva, containing a strong castle, then temporarily inhabited by the empress's mother Adelaide, marchioness of Suza, in her own right, whose dominions extending to the very gates of Turin, gave her vast authority over the dukes of Savoy, and other courts. She also possessed Piedmont, the tract of country bordering lake Lemman called the *Chablais*, the major part of the Pays de Vaud, and Aosta on the other side of the St. Bernard, with many strong fortresses and abbeys. At Vevey the royal travellers were again welcomed by near relations, and treated with the courtesy due to their exalted rank; but it is humiliating to human nature to record that a mother, and brother, the count of Maurienne, son of the marchioness, incited by the mercenary instigations of selfish policy, refused to

grant them a passage through their dominions, without obtaining, as an equivalent for the favour, several bishoprics and some valuable fiefs belonging to the emperor in Lombardy, and the *bas Valais*, situated near to their own possessions in Italy and Switzerland.

The ministers and councillors of the emperor, among whom the bishop of Lausanne was conspicuous for his warmth, indignant at the mean and cruel advantage thus taken of Henry's defenceless situation, strenuously resisted a demand which they considered highly injurious to his interests, especially in Italy ; but at this critical moment, forced to reach Canossa in person at a given time, delay became hourly more dangerous; and finally, after long and stormy debates, during which the count of Maurienne evinced little sympathy for the melancholy situation of his brother-in-law, or regard to the tears of his sister, he yielded the contested point so far as to accept, in lieu of the bishoprics demanded, the rich abbey of St. Maurice and its dependencies, the small, but pretty town of Aigle garnished with a strong fortress, and some valuable fiefs in Burgundy.\*

\* The bishoprics, five in number, were Geneva, Lausanne, Sion, St. Maurice, and La Tarantaise. No wonder the fiery bishop of Lausanne resisted the transfer of his see, so scandalously and audaciously required from the emperor in his very presence.

Adelaide, marchioness of Susa, was the last of that illustrious house established with princely authority at Turin by Charle-

This contract (which no unhappy Jew, among the many then most mercilessly persecuted in their states,

magne, after he destroyed the Lombard kingdom, under the express condition of defending the passages of the Alps and keeping order amongst neighbouring subjects disposed to revolt. In 1032 Ulderic Manfredi gave her (his sole child) in marriage to Otto, count of Maurienne, of the royal line of Savoy, with the exercise of this power, as a part of her rich dowry. She lived to be very old, and had long previously buried her four children. The sons, for whose sake she was so grasping towards her son-in law, left no issue, and the possessions thus extorted from the necessity of the emperor merged with her princely domain, at her death, into her husband's family, whom she had never liked, to the exclusion of her own grandchildren, by Bertha and Adelaide. Short-sighted indeed is man ! Turin thenceforth became the residence of the sovereigns of Savoy, whose power dates from this period. She was buried in the cathedral of Saint Justus, at Susa, so well known to the travellers of Mont Cenis from its proximity to that famous pass, and a majestic monument of Roman antiquity. The inhabitants of Turin are anxious to lay claim to her place of sepulture, but a figure of wood, gilt, with an inscription above the niche, indicating it to be the tomb of the princess Adelaide, in the chapel of the Virgin, seems to leave no doubt of her interment at Susa. The church is exceedingly rich in marbles, sculpture, and relics ; the body of Adelaide is believed to lie in a very ancient sarcophagus above the figure. Some ruins of the palace of this extinct race still remain.

Peter, count of Maurienne, the marchioness of Susa's eldest son, died the year after his passage over the Great St. Bernard, most probably from its effects ; but Amadeus III., her youngest son, survived her a short time, and was the first sovereign count of Savoy. He coined, during his brief sole reign, silver money at Susa, with his own name and that of the city in which it was struck, thence called Segusina. He left



could have drawn up with less of Christian charity or honourable feeling,) signed, there remained other impediments of a different and still more difficult character to surmount. The Alps to be crossed were of so frightful a height that the attempt was always attended with risk even in summer. Some miles before attaining the desolate defile in which the monastery which caps the summit of the pass of St. Bernard is seated, all vegetation ceases — the melancholy monotonous chirp of the white alpine sparrow, and the decrease of the snow heaps around, with mitigated cold for a few weeks, alone marks the change of the seasons. It was now in the very heart of one of the most rigorous and lengthened winters recorded in history: the narrow precipitous shelving paths, cut here and there in the rocks and mountains of Switzerland, were so obstructed by snow, each day accumulating, that the very face of nature was changed every where, and it had become perilous to travel even short distances. In this extremity the count of Maurienne, who somewhat redeemed his avarice by zealous efforts to bring about the safe accomplishment of the journey to Rome, applied to a class of men called *marroniers*, living in various parts of the canton of the Valais, the most mountainous region of Switzerland, and his possessions thus passed to the house of Savoy, to its exceeding aggrandizement.

zerland, about thirty miles from Vevey, whose only occupation being hunting the chamois, and guiding travellers over the passes of their wild father-land, he deemed best calculated to direct the whole of this dangerous expedition. Encouraged by the offer of large rewards, a considerable body of the most experienced marroniers (the name even now borne by the domestics attached to the monastery of St. Bernard) came to Vevey, and undertook to open roads through the snow, and make such other arrangements as would conduct the emperor and his cortège, without imminent danger, to the Italian frontier. Reassured by this confident declaration, Henry left Vevey after a painful visit of some days, accompanied not only by his former suite, but the young Amadeus of Savoy, and the marchioness of Susa\*, who resuming that mater-

\* En 1076, l'Empereur Henri, conseillé par ses amis de faire lever la sentence d'excommunication lancée contre lui par le Pape Grégoire, se rendait en Italie avec sa femme Bertha; il s'arrêta à Vevey, où il eût une entrevue avec le Comte de Maurienne et la Marquise de Suze, Adélaïde, dont l'un était frère et l'autre mère de Bertha. Tous deux, maîtres des passages des Alpes, dans la Savoye et dans le Valais, par lesquels seuls l'Empereur pouvait pénétrer en Italie, profitèrent de son embarras pour exiger de lui la cession de la Province d'Agaune et l'Abbaye de Saint Maurice, avec autorité souveraine sur ses grands biens. Dès lors les comtes de Maurienne devinrent Abbes-Commendataires de ce couvent. A ce prix Adélaïde ouvrit les Alpes et escorta, accompagnée de son fils

nal character which, in compliance perhaps with her son's desire rather than her own, she had so recently abandoned, resolved to share this hazardous journey with the dejected empress.

A numerous band of *marroniers*, provided with various implements for overcoming the certain difficulties of the passage, driving before them a herd of oxen both to open and test its security, preceded this illustrious but most unhappy party, hardly recovered from the fatigue, cold, and alarms they had already experienced in coming from Besançon over the Jura mountains, which the season had long covered in a dense mantle of frozen snow.

The military road opened by the Romans from Milan to their German settlements on the Rhine, over the St. Bernard, went through Vevey, Villeneuve, Aigle, St. Maurice, Martigny, Branchier, Liddes, and forest of St. Pierre. Eight centuries have indeed made some changes in the direction of the pass, but fewer in the general appearance of this sublimely wild region than might be imagined; for the grand outlines of nature, in her rugged mountain charms, are ineffaceable. The Alps of Savoy, and the Valais, rising in savage grandeur from the wide

*Amédée, l'Empereur en Italie. Dans le trajet du Mont Joux (St. Bernard), en janvier, au cœur de l'hiver et par un froid extrêmement rigoureux, ils eurent beaucoup à souffrir.—Vevey, par E. D. Favré.*

expanse of the deep clear lake, their lofty tops now hidden by clouds — now breaking in bold relief upon the blue sky, will preserve their identity and form while earth shall endure ! The narrow path skirting the woody heights which crown the antique towers of Chillon \*—the little island immortalized by the hand of modern genius—the picturesque Savoyard villages of St. Gingolph and Boveret on the opposite coast of

\* " Lake Lemane lies by Chillon's walls ;  
 A thousand feet in depth below  
 Its massy waters meet and flow ;  
 Thus much the fathom-line was sent  
 From Chillon's snow-white battlement."  
 \* \* \* \* \*

" Below the surface of the lake  
 The dark vault lies wherein we lay.  
 We heard it ripple night and day.  
 In Chillon's dungeons deep and old  
 There are seven columns massy and grey,  
 Dim with a dull, imprison'd ray."

" And then there was a little isle\*,  
 Which in my very face did smile,  
 The only one in view ;  
 A small green isle, it seem'd no more,  
 Scarce broader than my dungeon-floor,  
 But in it there were three tall trees,  
 And o'er it blew the mountain-breeze,  
 And by it there were waters flowing,  
 And on it there were young flowers growing,  
 Of gentle breath and hue."

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\* Now called " Byron's Isle."

the blue waters — the gloomy valleys of the Rhone, not here “light and arrowy and sparkling,” glancing like molten silver, but turbid and dingy; and the low melancholy town of Villeneuve, standing in its marshy bed, looking like a sepulchral monument reared over the submerged habitations of the Roman colony buried beneath it, surrounded by sterile walls of perpendicular rock, and the bright gushing fall of Salenche, scattering its rainbow spray over the bold flowers springing from the scanty vegetation growing around — all were there, as now, to sadden or gladden the eye of the wanderer of ancient days. But the aspect was then wilder — the path narrower and more replete with perils. The castle of Chillon arose from the bosom of Lake Lemman a century afterwards; and the steep conical mountain of Châtelard was crested by a lofty fortress, still more formidable and frowning than the square tower which now lifts its battlemented head in lonely dignity over modern villas, cultivated gardens, and rich vineyards, lying below in all the pride of upstart wealth and improvement — a wreck of feudal ages linking together two worlds — the past and the present. The lovely hamlet of Clarens\*, fabled scene of romantic and misguided

\* “Clarens! sweet Clarens, birthplace of deep Love!  
Thine air is the young breath of passionate thought;  
Thy trees take root in Love; the snows above  
The very glaciers have his colours caught,

love, imagined by a spirit as romantic and misguided\*, existed not at this early epoch, on the pebbly shore of the noble lake; but the picturesque village of Montreux, suspended on the beautiful slopes of the Jura, with its noisy cascade, and rushing torrent, and alpine bridge of one single arch spanning the deep defile below, was rising into importance; for a small cell, attached to the Benedictine Abbey of St. Maurice, had just finished its first humble foundation, whilst the ancient towns of Aigle, and St. Maurice, and Martigny, were far more extensive and opulent than some centuries later.

How many melancholy eyes have glanced on these scenes! how many aching hearts followed that glance! and, as each opening chain revealed its dreary length, shuddered and passed on, and perished, since the earliest ages of the Christian era! Roman captives journeying

“ And sunset into rose-hues sees them wrought  
By rays which sleep there lovingly : the rocks,  
The permanent crags, tell here of Love, who sought  
In them a refuge from the worldly shocks  
Which stir, and sting the soul with hope that woos, then  
mocks.

\* \* \* \* \*

—————’tis lone,  
And wonderful, and deep, and hath a sound,  
And sense, and sight of sweetness; here the Rhone  
Hath spread himself a couch, the Alps have rear’d a throne.”


Byron.

—————  
\* Rousseau.

for judgment to the mistress of the civilized world — Roman soldiers quitting with reluctant steps the sunny clime of their native land, its orange groves and myrtle bowers, to contend with savages for their barren wastes and wintry skies — Christian penitents wending their way to receive absolution, or punishment, for sins, often more grievous to the stricken conscience than the most painful pilgrimage to the toil-worn body, — all passed turn in turn this road during the reigns of the Roman and Papal empire which succeeded it! But of these woful wayfarers few probably ever suffered more, mentally or corporeally, than the sorrowful individuals who composed this caravan of royal and courtly pilgrims. Even the marchioness of Susa, influenced probably by the will and interests of the count de Maurienne, rather than her own desire of aggrandizement, when she refused a passage through her dominions without a pecuniary recompense, was placed by the consanguinity of the rival candidates Rudolph and Henry, in a most painful position: both were her sons-in-law, and the crown now trembling on the forehead of Bertha, if it fell, she knew, would adorn the brow of her youngest and favourite child Adelaide. A funeral pall of snow was spread in dreary whiteness over each object as they advanced into the solemn defile of St. Maurice, that most magnificent of nature's portals! fit entrance to the wild kingdom of the Alps, whose

savage grandeur it unlocks to the startled sight. The grey shadows of winter blackened the frozen stream of the impetuous Rhone and the congealed surface of the lake. The roaring torrent of the Drance—the murmur of the silver cascade—the cheerful sounds of life in man—in bird—in beast—all were stilled: the silence of death reigned around them.

After encountering incredible fatigue and danger during several days, they attained the summit of the pass, where, in a narrow gorge between high, steep, and overhanging rocks ever covered with snow, the solitary walls of the monastery of St. Bernard rise darkly from the glaring whiteness of its frozen foundation. Here, under less trying circumstances, they might have found shelter and aid—but it was deserted; the intensity of the cold, and apparent certitude that no traveller could be tempted to ask their assistance, having impelled the suffering monks to return for a short time to their convent at Martigny. And now nearly nine thousand feet above the level of the sea—suspended between heaven and earth—exposed to the outrageous blasts of winter, where no breathing thing but man can permanently exist—where the frozen ground refuses to shelter the dead—where no sound breaks the silence of this living grave but the awful voice of thunder—the howling of the winds, and the crash of falling avalanches leaping from precipice to precipice—they had to front the horrors





and dangers of the descent, tenfold greater than those they had hitherto surmounted. Each jutting crag and pinnacle was covered with a sheet of ice, each narrow tortuous tract so slippery that the greatest caution and skill were often vainly employed to save the foot from gliding. Some of these hapless travellers, thus compelled to brave the difficulties of an alpine passage, and the unparalleled severity of the season, advanced backward, their faces to the rock, dragging themselves by their feet and hands; many were borne on the shoulders of the trembling guides from one chasm to another; several, confiding their souls to God, seated themselves on the glassy slopes, and so slided painfully down these frightful precipices to the bottom — or to eternity; while numbers fell from the very top, never more to rise, into the gulfs below, filling the air with their shrieks, prayers, lamentations, and vain cries for help.\*

Of the retinue many had died from cold and fatigue during the journey from St. Maurice to the St. Bernard, a distance of nearly forty miles, and all the valuable horses perished, though divers precautions

\* In winter, when deep snow covers the inequalities of the mountains, villagers and travellers sometimes descend them in a sort of little sledge, guided by a peasant. Lansleburg, at the foot of Mont Cenis, may in this way be reached in ten minutes. The St. Bernard presents more local dangers, and is never thus passed.

had been taken to save them, by tying some to planks after having confined their feet, and supporting others by cords. But the most distressing feature of this dreadful scene was the presence of the young prince, the empress, her mother, and the ladies composing her suite. The kind of litter in which they had been partly dragged and partly carried from Liddes, where the road becomes progressively and excessively steep till it reaches St. Pierre, was there found, from the increasing depth of the snow and the rapidity of the ascent, utterly useless, and each had to be conveyed to the summit by two guides, somewhat in the manner that ladies are conducted through the romantic passes of the overland during the summer now. Dying with cold, exhaustion, and terror, they thus reached the top, and there, clinging to each other in despair, as they contemplated the descent, gave way to the bitterest cries and tears. Nor were these ebullitions of grief the mere effusion of feminine cowardice—all would probably have paid the penalty of their temerity with their lives, if the marroniers, whose presence of mind, fortitude, and ingenuity, exceed every eulogy, had not resolved to slaughter the oxen taken with them from Vevey to tread the snow. Many had already perished by falls and cold, but seven or eight remained; and with the skins get warm and bleeding, they constructed a species of sledge, on which the empress, marchioness,

Clara of Oltingen, and all the other females were alike securely bound by cords — six of the stoutest and most experienced marroniers were then harnessed to the machine, and steadying themselves with their strong iron-shod alpine staffs, they allowed it to slide down the most dangerous parts of the mountain. This singular and frightful expedient happily succeeded, the train reached the ground without accident, and the remnant of the illustrious party at length arrived in the city of Aosta; which owed allegiance to the marchioness of Susa. Here Henry, who never failed in generosity, whatever were his other vices, largely recompensed the marroniers, who had so well redeemed their promises; and had the pleasure of seeing himself soon surrounded by a crowd of Italian bishops and nobles, who, astonished at his boldness in achieving such an entrance into Italy, came to present their homage and offers of service.

Inspired by this reception, the imperial party left the marchioness at Aosta, and in a few days reached Canossa, a strong fortress near Reggio, belonging to the countess Matilda, where Gregory VII. was still sojourning, the guest of this most faithful adherent to his person and pretensions. The empress remained at Reggio, whilst the emperor and other male penitents proceeded to Canossa, where Henry doubtless hoped, after some reprimands and

some sacrifices, in addition to the pains and penalties already endured, the promised pardon and absolution would await him. But Henry was only at the commencement of his miserable reign, and knew little as yet of the character of his adversary—he had still to learn the lesson taught in after ages to other hapless monarchs that men of mean minds, elevated to extraordinary power, have too often a malignant gratification in trampling upon fallen greatness.

The pope's first act, on receiving the intelligence of their arrival, was to throw them all into separate cells where, without fire, he kept them some days on bread and water. The next command of the carpenter's son of Sienna made the scion of so many emperors stand alone, three days, in an outer court or foss of the citadel (within whose triple enclosure of walls he himself remained in silken luxury, enjoying the society of the countess Matilda,) exposed to the piercing cold which reigned throughout Europe, clad in no other garb than a penitent's coarse wollen tunic, with naked feet, and his discrowned head bare to the bitter blast and driving snow! On the fourth day Henry was admitted to the honour of an audience, and, after the most insulting taunts, Gregory vouchsafed to grant the absolution sought with such danger and humiliation. There was indeed an ominous condition, that the emperor should not resume

the ensigns of his royal rank till the pope's further pleasure was made known to him; which Henry, naturally frank and thoughtless, acceded to without hesitation, considering it, possibly, a mere form of words, or trifling prolongation of episcopal penance. He returned without suspicion into Germany, where he soon discovered that he had merely purchased a truce, not a pardon; till the pope, whose plans were defeated by his unexpected visit, could gain time to concoct others—that the degrading and ignominious treatment he had received, and the debasing concessions he had made, had weakened the attachment of his friends without softening the resentment of his enemies. The cities of Lombardy, over whom the married clergy exercised much control, were especially indignant at his implied approval of the celibacy of the clergy, which the pope was now endeavouring to render of sacred obligation; for though long honoured and recommended, the brand of infamy was first stamped on marriage under his administration. He had found the gates of Milan shut on his homeward journey, and some other cities talked of deposing him.\* In this singular position,

\* Whilst the Germans, prone to superstition, which ever magnifies the objects she presents to the terrified mind, shrunk from the maledictions of the church, the Italians were generally indignant at the yoke thus attempted to be fixed on the imperial neck. The Spanish nobles and clergy were also very averse from complying with Gregory VII.'s exorbitant pre-

environed by opposite dangers, Henry, "preferring, if he must fall, to fall as the defender rather than the betrayer of his imperial rights," withdrew from the treacherous treaty intended to bind him till the plots of his adversaries were more consolidated; and after a short delay the pope confirmed the election of Rudolph duke of Swabia by the rebel barons. A Latin verse, importing that he bestowed the crown of Germany, then in his own hands, by virtue of the original commission of St. Peter his predecessor, was the novel mode employed on this extraordinary occasion, by the most unflinching enemy of kingly sway, and almost the least scrupulous assertor of papal domination that ever occupied the chair of the humble fisherman of Galilee.\*

tensions and continual requisitions. The latter persisted in preserving their wives even to the end of the eleventh century, and took so very ill this unpalatable interference with their domestic matters, that many satirical verses were made at his expense. He was further unpopular from his arbitrary abolition of the Gothic prayers, used by the churches of Jerusalem, to bring in the Romish ritual, an innovation resisted by Milan to the present day.—*Histoire d'Espagne, tirée de Mariana.*

Hildebrand résolut de ne plus souffrir d'hommes mariés parmi les ministres des autels; et, d'après ses conseils, Etienne IX. déclara en 1058, que le mariage étoit incompatible avec la prêtrise, que toutes les femmes de prêtres étoient des concubines, &c. &c.—*Histoire des Repub. Italiennes, Sismondi*, vol. i. p. 120.

\* "Petra dedit Petro, Petrus diadema Rodulpho."

All further hope of arrangement between Henry and his enemies was now at an end — the majority of the bishops and abbots, yet his partisans, were driven from their sees; and others, terrified by the sentence of excommunication, withdrew their allegiance from the temporal sovereign, in order to obey their spiritual one. But although thus abandoned by some, and deprived of the assistance of others, a band of “good men and true” still rallied round their legitimate master, and nobly resolved to identify their fortunes and lives with his. Of this number the bishops of Bâsle and Lausanne were distinguished

Würstisen, who, like all German chronologists, is favourable to Henry, thus explains the words of this donation:—

Das ist, Christus die Cron S. Petro gab, Petrus schenckt sie Rudolf dem Schwab.

The opposition of Gregory and his successors to Henry was, from the first, systematic and inextinguishable; it was a stream fed from many sources. Matilda was no longer young, ever at variance with her husband, and childless. Henry stood *heir to all* her immense domains in *Italy*—Mantua, Modena, and Tuscany. The duchy of Spoleto and some other great fiefs also owned her sway, and these were retained by the emperors as such until the 12th century. That Gregory neither expected nor wished Henry to yield peaceably to his pretensions, is evidenced by the simple fact that he was obliged to supplicate the countess Matilda, the marquis of Este, and the abbot of Clugni, to obtain for him the absolution he had been commanded at such peril to seek, and the pope long resisted their united prayers.—*Sismondi*.

War with the legal inheritor of such fair possessions was far more profitable than any peace could have been.—*Bridel*.

by their early and eager devotion. Both immediately returned into their respective dioceses, and made such preparations for war as the difference in their resources allowed; whilst the head of their race, count Cuno, brother of the bishop of Lausanne, animated by the same sentiments, proceeded to raise troops amongst his serfs and dependencies, in the vicinity of Berne. The bishop of Lausanne, whose princely style of living, and munificent public acts, would have rendered him very popular had he possessed a harem, instead of the one wife permitted by Scripture, had that year rebuilt the walls of the ancient city of Avenches, the most considerable Roman colony in western Helvetia; and to meet the sudden exigencies of this perilous epoch he sold eleven villages belonging to the see; and, after arming the vassals of the cathedral of Notre Dame, he marched at their head to join the emperor's army in Germany. Whether he thought his opinion had unduly or unfortunately influenced the emperor's councils, or that the humiliations experienced after encountering so many perils on their way to Canossa, or the pope's untiring persecution of the married clergy, had embittered his proud spirit almost to madness, none can now tell; but from that period, abandoning the mitre for the helmet, and the pastoral crozier for the lance, he was ever to be found on the battle-field fighting by the side of his miserable



master, with various success, but always with unshaken courage and fidelity to the latest period of his long troubled life. Hermanfroi bishop of Sion, chancellor of the kingdom of Burgundy, and Otho bishop of Constance, scarcely less zealous than the two cousins, also furnished more than their contingent of men and money; and the abbot of St. Gall, although in declining health, exerted himself to evince his loyalty by sending succour to the imperial troops.

Meanwhile, Henry bishop of Coire, a very devout and excellent prelate, ranged himself and vassals on the side of the pope: he dreaded the horrors of a war of excommunication; and, aware of the licentiousness of many of the clergy, deeming some reform really necessary, espoused the papal party from the same conscientious motives which led many other good men to desert the standard of their legitimate king, in the vain hope that his ruin would bring about the desired reformation.\* Against

\* It is somewhat remarkable that throughout this long contest no mention is made of the Abbey of Seckingen, near Baden, the head of which was one of the most influential of the ecclesiastical body in Switzerland. It belonged to the Cistercian order. The abbess had the title of princess of the holy Roman empire, and her twenty-four canonesses were required to be of the noblest birth. Perhaps, in consideration of her sex, she was permitted to retain the privilege of neutrality, and thus reaped its blessed harvest of peace. The costume of these patrician

Henry were now in battle-array the potent counts of Kiburg, Toggenburg, Montfort, Nellenburg, the abbot of Reichnau, brother of the latter, and the city of Zurich; whose fidelity to the cause was so great, that the wife of Rudolph, Adelaide of Savoy, there fixed her residence as empress of Germany, when her husband's treason drove her from the domains of her brother-in-law the emperor. Nor was the royal family (as in civil wars is ever the case) the only one separated by this contest into different factions. The count of Dillingen, brother of the count of Kiburg, was so devoted to the emperor Henry, that he enrolled himself in one of the twelve patrician companies, forming a body-guard for that monarch, ready to testify their attachment at the hourly risk of their own lives, whilst their mutual cousin, count Mangold, became the accredited agent between the pope and Rudolph; and so warmly did he espouse the pope's antimatrimonial opinions, that having suddenly lost his young wife, he would never marry again, though in the prime of life, for fear there might be an impropriety in appearing at the tribunal of Christ embarrassed with two women. Another feature, common to such struggles generally, was observable in

canonesses was extremely magnificent; they wore something not unlike the rich rose-coloured silk robes now used by the canons of Pisa on *fête* days.

this; and at a first glance apparently contrary to what might have been expected; the elderly clergy were the most reluctant to conform to the pope's mandate against concubine wives; and the elderly nobles were the firmest supporters of Henry, in despite of his many faults, and the impediments seemingly presented by his opposition to that reform of ecclesiastical abuses so palpably wanted, and so much desired by all really virtuous men. Perhaps the experience of age had taught them the wholesome lesson so useful to states as well as individuals, — that all changes are not improvements; and they might be distrustful of the real motives of a warfare which began by despoiling a sovereign of his rightful throne, or the salutary effects of a reformation carried on in such a spirit.\*

In the midst of this clashing of interests, confusion, and discord, died Ulric, the second abbot of St. Gall. Like all the early heads of that illustrious monastery, he was of noble birth, and attached to the cause of the emperor Henry, from whose

\* They possibly entertained also some secret doubts whether Gregory's fierce denunciations against the marriage of the clergy permitted by God himself to Aaron and the priesthood under the first dispensation, and subsequently sanctioned by Christ in the second, did not derive their origin from the same domineering egotistical spirit which forbade ecclesiastics to receive any benefice even gratis from the "impure hands of a layman."

father he had received his nomination. The brotherhood immediately despatched a special messenger to the emperor acquainting him with the event, and praying him to appoint a successor. Henry was in Germany at the head of his troops, and before his reply could be received, the anti-Cæsar Rudolph, with the approval of the pope, hastened to exercise his new functions by naming to the vacant stall a monk called Lutold, a member of the same religious society, not merely without that eminent learning which had hitherto distinguished the abbots of St. Gall, but become personally obnoxious to the rest of the community from his previous adoption of papal views. The indignant brethren rose in a body against this unwelcome candidate for abbatial honours, forced on them by an usurper, broke publicly in the choir of their church the abbot's staff of office, sent by Rudolph in virtue of his imperial character; and finished their revolt against papal authority by dismissing the pope's commissioners, and banishing Lutold from their walls, as an enemy to the society and traitor to the emperor.\*

Soon after this tumultuous scene Henry, having conquered in a battle near Sigmaringen, which obliged his rival to retreat within the walls of Zurich

\* The gift of a ring and crozier from the emperors of Germany was, before the quarrel with Henry, a token that they appointed or accepted the new prelate.

till he could obtain fresh reinforcements from his allies, found time to pass into Thurgovia; and at the close of the year conferred this important benefice upon a distant relative, Ulric, youngest son of Marquard, duke of Carinthia, whose elevation to that dignity by the disgrace of Berthold of Zœringen, was one of the great political faults of Henry's early reign. He was an ecclesiastic, whose great accomplishments, fine presence, and frank demeanour rendered him extremely acceptable to the monks whom he was destined to govern; and they immediately crowned him in the abbatial church with great pomp.

In the meanwhile Lutold, the *ci-devant* abbot of Rudolph's creation, who had taken refuge with the abbot of Reichnau, found in that violent prelate, pledged to the court of Rome, a warm friend determined to expel Ulric from St. Gall, and reinstate him in its possession.

Eckard, abbot of Reichnau, thus suddenly converted into an open opponent of the newly installed abbot of St. Gall, became, from his obstinacy, rank, and affluence, a most unflinching and formidable adversary. He was the fourth son of Eberhard count of Nellenburg, just departed, after a pilgrimage to the shrine of St. James of Compostella in Spain, the usual resort of pious pilgrims whose health or finances did not allow them to undertake a journey

to Jerusalem, "in the odour of sanctity," within the walls of his own famous monastery of All Saints at Schaffhausen, of which, resigning his titles and estates to his youngest son, he had constituted himself a simple monk a few years before.\* His vast possessions, surrounding a great part of the lake of Constance, and stretching to the Danube, gave him great influence over the adjacent territory; he was descended on the female side from the former race of emperors, and counted amongst his kindred pope Leo IX., an honour of no light estimation in the eleventh century. His countess Ida, equally high-born, and equally pious, had united with him in constructing and endowing another religious house, St. Agnes, to which she also retired whilst yet in middle age. Their two eldest sons having died whilst young, one in battle, or by some fatal accident, and the two immediately following in the line of succession being dedicated to the church, Burcard,

\* It was almost unique in the beauty and splendour of its decorations. Twelve chapels to the honour of the twelve apostles, twelve altars to other saints, twelve columns of the finest marbles, eighteen feet high, twelve enormous bells, twelve silver chandeliers; are some of the details left to posterity of the magnificent church appended to this celebrated monastery. Its site was thenceforth changed in name from the German Schiffhausen, boatmen's houses, to Schaffhausen, or sheep houses, in allusion to the peaceful habits of the community. The coin of the canton is still stamped with a sheep.



the fifth child, became heir to the enormous wealth of the family. He was a man of irascible temper, greatly under the direction of his elder brothers, the abbot of Reichnau, and the archbishop of Trèves, and, like them, devoted to the cause of the pontiff. Many marriages had connected the counts of Nellenburg with the principal families who espoused the interests of Rudolph; and when the latter nominated Lutold to the abbey of St. Gall, he had doubtless relied on their aid should it give rise to any contest.\*

In pursuance of the abbot of Reichnau's determination to support the pretensions of Rudolph, through the medium of the ex-abbot, he raised troops in the great domains belonging to the abbey of Reichnau on each side of the lake of Constance, and obtained from his brother the count of Nellenburg very powerful supplies of men and money, with a promise of personal assistance if necessary.

\* In the annals of the monastery of All Saints at Schaffhausen it is recorded, that the day on which the count of Nellenburg was interred near his father, the countess Ida, his mother, then at a very advanced age, who had never left her cell since her profession as a nun, came out of her convent of Saint Agnes, and was rewarded for her long piety by the appearance of her defunct lord. In the first crusade many celebrated persons from Schaffhausen joined the pilgrim band, amongst others Hedwige, a nun of Saint Agnes, who sent relics from Jerusalem to both the institutions of the Nellenburg family there. One was a great stone from the tomb of Christ.

Ulric on his side speedily armed the numerous vassals of St. Gall; and soon a sanguinary and obstinate war burst out between the rival abbots, which lasted upwards of fifteen years, spreading misery and desolation on all within its baneful reach.

In the nineteenth century, it is scarcely possible to form a just estimate of the value and importance attached to the possession of a rich abbey in the eleventh. In addition to their spiritual weight as ecclesiastics, the abbots or priors were terrestrial sovereigns of vast tracts of cultivated land around them. Besides the rich endowments of the founders, whole towns and villages bestowed by fierce lords, their former proprietors, in atonement for some crime which lay heavy on the conscience at the hour of death, were frequently given in exchange for masses to mitigate the torments of purgatory. Noble families almost covered with gold the narrow space of earth granted for permission to form a mausoleum within the hallowed walls of the church — the crusader gave one estate for prayers to speed him on his intended journey, and pledged another should he return in safety. A mother, when her son could read his first letter — to write one was yet more uncommon — offered some costly article of jewelry appertaining to the ceremonies of worship; and the bride failed not to present her propitiary gift — an altar



covering of embroidered silk—a priest's robe of rare lace, or carpet of rich tapestry, frequently the work of her own fair fingers, to obtain a mass for her future happiness. Many persons, of all classes, desirous of living in peace in these turbulent times, put their goods under the sacred protection of monasteries as the most effectual way to preserve a part at least for themselves. Young men educated there, for they were the schools of by-gone ages, pledged themselves, should they succeed in life, not to forget their *Alma Mater*—and many redeemed the promise by returning, after a few years of worldly turmoil, to end their days in idleness and seclusion, bringing with them the fruits of former industry. Other men of all ages—cadets of noble houses, destitute of property, and weary of a life of warfare, or repentant of the sins into which such a mode of existence often led them, formed cloisteral societies, and were joined by innumerable pilgrims, who, bringing a portion of the gold, often obtained by predatory exploits, thus hallowed the rest to their own use.

From all antiquity the instinct of happiness has led good men to meditate on the origin of evil, and the means of subduing its progress both in themselves and others, whilst the intimate consciousness of a secret proneness to fall into temptation when exposed to trial, has prompted a desire to

escape by retirement from the dangers of the world. The Jews had their chosen sanctuaries, and the moderation and simplicity of the Christian system admit of so many different interpretations, so many different views, that the sincere attempts of all to promulgate what they think may bring about the desired object,—peace in this world and felicity in the next,—are worthy of the respect of those who yet entertain different opinions as to the measures adopted to obtain pearls of such inestimable price.

The idea of a convent is that of the common life of virtuous or sorrowful persons, voluntarily withdrawing into a holy retreat, there to enjoy in peaceful leisure community with God, occupied only with the affairs of this world so far as they may conduce to the well-being of their suffering fellow mortals still struggling with the wants and woes they have eluded. A beautiful conception of the human mind would indeed have been realized could such an institution have been carried into execution; but, alas! the very imperfection of man's nature, never to be wholly put off till mortality shall have put on immortality, has too often defeated the wishes of the founders of monastic edifices, and rendered them the seats of violence and voluptuousness—the arena of all those passions they were intended to extinguish. Not such, however, is the history of all; many nobly persevered in their painful course of self-denial till death, to them no grim messenger,

came to terminate their labours and herald them to a happier state of existence.

The Swiss as a nation are born to piety and religious speculations by the sublime scenery which meets the eye at its very entrance into life. Cold and dreary must be the heart not moved to holy awe by the sight of eternal snows pinnaced on the rocky mountains which girdle their father-land — by the crash of the falling avalanche, or the roar of the raging torrent—by the softer beauty of their blue lakes and flowery meadows, and by all the wild legends of saints, and fairies, and spirits, crowded together in the imagination which has been cradled in the alpine wonders of nature. It is probably in part to this cause that the religious endowments of Switzerland have ever been remarkable for their riches and power; but there was yet another of still greater influence—the country was governed by a multitude of petty princes, each desirous of preserving *intact* the splendour of the *heads* of their race, by discouraging marriage amongst the younger children: it was far less expensive, and less degrading, to consign them with a rich dotation to a monastery, than to allow them by intermarriages to raise up a succession of poor collateral branches, always wanting aid from the representative of the stock, and continually in danger of lowering its ancient dignity by filling humble situations, and contracting plebeian alliances. Two sons and a single daughter were the

usual family complement at home—the rest, male and female, generally remained in the institution where they were educated, unless personal beauty or decided talents gave the assurance that they might add to rather than diminish the family consequence. The position of the brothers was, however, infinitely less onerous than that of the sisters. They could not indeed marry, but they often came out of their monasteries to become the private secretaries of noblemen, or the tutors of the young heir by whose interest they sometimes obtained valuable benefices, and were thus enabled to escape from the confinement of a cloister whilst bound by its obligations.

The sons and daughters of kings not unfrequently, led by the piety or superstition of the age, sought the shade of a conventual life; and the affection of parents then endowed the chosen retreat with enormous wealth and princely privileges. Many abbots and abbesses were termed royal, and besides the customary immunities of their position, had the power of coining money—of naming the president and assessors of the tribunals of justice—were represented in parliaments, if not sitting in person; and, in fine, virtually exempt from every restraint or privation but that of celibacy. Such was the position of the abbess of Frauen-Munster, at Zurich, founded by Louis of Germany in 853, for his two daughters Hildegard and Bertha; the former of whom was the

first abbess, and obtained the honour of canonization. At the installation of this abbess, and her successors, the nobles brought great presents, as to an hereditary sovereign — wine, cloth, white bread: all the civil affairs of the country depended on her—her *advocates* holding the assizes and administering justice in her name.

At this critical epoch, among the numerous religious endowments of Helvetia, the abbeys of St. Gall and Reichnau ranked the highest. Einsiedeln, since so famous, was not founded until three hundred years after that of St. Gall, and nearly two subsequent to the erection of Reichnau. Both owed their origin to Charles Martel, in the 8th century, the true king maker of France; for although St. Gall dates from his father Pepin d'Héristel, and owes its name to a Scotchman of royal birth, who died 650, it is certain the abbey was unbuilt at his death, though some eminent school might have already existed on its site; nor can any abbot be traced higher than the early part of the 8th century. St. Gall had, however, acquired a great character for sanctity when Reichnau was comparatively unknown, and soon obtained a reputation for literature that rendered it one of the most distinguished societies in Europe. The monks were under the rule of the Benedictines, which has ever been famed for its love of science, and for nearly three hundred years there was held within its walls a

kind of academy, which produced many learned men when the rest of Switzerland lay buried in dense ignorance. It became the asylum of learning from the dark era of its foundation, and the two still darker ages that followed. From their chronicle the major part of authentic Swiss history is drawn; and their love of knowledge led them to form a museum of natural curiosities, enriched with the relics of Roman domination, the first ever known in Helvetia. So early as 816, Gosport, the second abbot, had amassed a very rare and extensive library, at that period of inestimable worth: and to their noble exertions posterity is indebted for the preservation of many of the best classical authors, — Homer, Pindar, Quintilian, Cicero. Here also the authors of Rome and Greece were not only read but copied: the writing of the monks of St. Gall, that most invaluable accomplishment when printing had not yet enlightened the world, was exquisitely fine, and many possessed the sister art of embellishing their MSS. by illumination. Nor was their learning debased by the mean selfish pedantry, which would desire to confine all information to the necessarily narrow circle of those enabled to obtain a classical education: they reduced into the vulgar tongue many parts of the Bible, especially the Psalms and Canticles, and Ecclesiastes. They did not fear to dispute on the canons of Holy Scripture, skilfully separating the inspired from the apo-

cryptical portion, and bestowing on the sublime poetry of the one and the beautiful moral lessons of the other their due meed of judicious criticism. They did not fear to doubt that beginning and proof of wisdom, neither were they afraid that by winnowing the chaff from the wheat the good grain would be endangered. Greek was not unknown to them, says one of its chroniclers, though the ancient poets appeared to some of the old monks "very useless"—many, however, knew Virgil by heart, considering his subjects those appertaining to life. Solomon, bishop of Constance, and abbot of St. Gall, about the early part of the tenth century, one of the most wonderful men that ever adorned a cloister, judged, it is said, the works of the fathers of the Church with a *modern* spirit; he sometimes read extracts from them to the two emperors Otho the Great and his son, whose visit to St. Gall has been minutely detailed in the many chronicles written by different members of the confraternity. They compiled also Latin grammars; and the story of the adventures of the duke of Swabia, in Latin verse, was subsequently composed by a monk named Odo. The ponderous shelves of their library contained MSS. in all living tongues—Romansch, still used in the Grisons—the Romance of the Pays, (now) Canton-de-Vaud—Swabian, the dialect of the cantons of Basle, Thurgovia, Berne, Zurich, and province of Wurtemberg—with German

and French. Italian was not yet fixed on so solid a basis as to be written. The adventures of Alexander the Great, in Latin, and the *Nibelungen Lied*, more esteemed at that very early period than subsequently, when its curious legends were become yet further removed from living manners, were familiar to these admirable men ; and visitors from all countries, even England, Ireland, and Scotland, brought, from time to time, their literature to this mart of erudition, perhaps the most ancient ecclesiastical establishment in Europe, between the 8th and 11th centuries.

Although St. Gall had not yet reached to the pinnacle of its earthly grandeur, one hundred monks of noble birth, with the same number of novices, usually resided in the convent, besides many young nobles, who were principally sent there, in preference to any other, for education. The endowments of the foundation were ample, but much inferior to those of Reichnau ; and the style of living was so hospitable, that the enormous expenditure could scarcely have been met without the collateral aid derived from the presence of the illustrious pupils who crowded to its walls. The reputation of St. Gall for miracles, which made it the resort of thousands of pilgrims the first hundred years after the death of St. Gallus, a Scotch monk, reported to have left his convent in the island of Iona in the Hebrides, ceased after learning became the occupation of the monks ;



but its members ranked very high for morality; and as the school which formed the minds, and consequently influenced the future conduct and opinion of the nobility, the appointment of abbot was considered one of pre-eminent importance.

In the neighbourhood of Constance, the lake is divided into two arms by a pretty promontory, and on each of these arms rises a most picturesque island: the one to the east is small, but that on the western branch, much larger and more fertile, was selected in 724 by Charles Martel for the foundation of a monastery of the Benedictine order, and without ever acquiring a reputation for imposing discipline, or profound learning, the original endowment was so magnificent, and succeeding donations rendered it so rich, that in a little time the name was changed from Sintlesaw to *Au la Riche*, or *Reichnau*, in allusion to its almost unparalleled wealth. The abbey counted five hundred gentlemen amongst its feudal vassals; had sixty thousand guldens of rent paid in bullion, and the estates belonging to it were so numerous and extensive, that, it is said, the abbot on his way to Rome could so arrange his journey as to sleep every night on his own domains. It ranked as the richest institution in Europe: the haughty abbot soon claimed equality with his predecessor in precedence at St. Gall, and after the miserable emperor Charles the Fat was interred in the abbatial church in 887, he took a

still higher station among his brother prelates, over whom he exercised great sway. The treasury, like that of St. Gall, was full of votive offerings of the noble and the pious; and possessed, among other articles of reputed inestimable value, an emerald of enormous magnitude given by Charlemagne, with all good faith on his side, but which sceptical chymists of wicked modern days have pronounced to be, like the *catino*, or famous emerald dish in the cathedral of Genoa, a clever fraud. But this flaw in its escutcheon was unsuspected at the time, and the composition therefore served the purpose.

Such were the establishments of St. Gall and Reichnau: learning was the distinctive feature of the one, riches of the other, when they became the seats of rival abbots, each of whom it may be said was the chief of an opposite party in church and state. St. Gall refused to acknowledge any temporal monarch but the emperor Henry. Reichnau embraced the illegitimate sovereign imposed by a faction in Germany, sustained by papal power in Italy; and the two men thus thrown into positions so dissimilar, were in character as widely dissevered.

Eberhard, abbot of Reichnau, the son of parents imbued with the darkest superstition of the age, whose father, after a painful pilgrimage on foot into Spain, which shortened his existence, had died a simple monk in an establishment founded by himself,

and whose mother was then a common nun, in another of most rigid rule also built by herself — the brother of an Archbishop of harsh temper, and of the Count of Nellenburg, a young man destined to obtain for himself the unenviable title of Attila of Helvetia, seems to have partaken in some degree of the gloomy and violent natures of his family. Destined to a religious life from his birth, he had probably spent the greater part of his life in a cloister; and, although possessed of a considerable share of learning, seems to have been little desirous of rendering the monastery over which he presided distinguished for a literary reputation. He had, however, governed Reichnau two years only when this war broke out, and his administration of conventual affairs was so free from reproach, that had not evil passions been brought out by party feelings into full play, he might have sailed down the stream of life both a better and happier man. He was in many points not unworthy of his rank: — moral and decorous, magnificent in dress, dignified in deportment, sumptuous and hospitable in his mode of living, he exercised, though without the popular virtues of his rival, great influence over his friends and the adjacent country.

Ulric of Eppenstein, on the contrary, had mingled much in the chivalrous society of the age — his manners were refined by the polish of a court, for his father's duchy was so distant from the imperial resi-

dences, it might be considered a sovereignty in that extensive circle, and all historians coincide in representing him as a man singularly fitted for fulfilling with grace, dignity, and efficiency, the important appointment to which the favour of the emperor, with the glad concurrence of the confraternity, had raised him. He was lettered and elegant — rode with boldness and grace — spoke many living languages, and had a taste for the fine arts of painting, sculpture, and music. But these were not his principal claims to admiration, dazzling as they were, in an age of general ignorance. Above avarice, and the other passions often engendered by rank and riches; with the freedom of a profession which exempted him from the restraint of a married life, without confining him to the seclusion of a cloister — superior to his contemporaries by his understanding and knowledge; the influence which he acquired over the minds and hearts of all with whom he had alliance was the main foundation on which his precarious position rested, in the long struggle for supremacy that ensued between him and his far more powerful antagonist.

“Ulric of Eppenstein,” says a living Swiss historian\*, whose talents, patriotism, and virtues, have for more than half a century rendered him justly dear to his country, “occupies without dispute the first rank

\* The Reverend Philip Bridel, pastor of the lovely village of Montieux in the Canton-de-Vaud.

in the long list of the abbots of St. Gall;" and the testimony of an old German chronicler is, that "although many of the abbots of St. Gall had surpassed him in monastic exercises, he had the heart of a prince—was wise, eloquent, and learned—alike skilful in the arrangement and execution of the mighty projects his genius suggested." He did not decline honours or wealth, for he knew their preponderating weight in society—their power for good or for evil; but he was not avaricious of their attainment. He was naturally simple in his habits, and temperate in his repasts—the enemy of voluptuousness and disorder; but his penetrating spirit, aware that the prestiges of grandeur give it more force over vulgar or inferior minds, rendered him scrupulously attentive to the etiquettes of dress, and observances peculiar to his high office, when the war, so unhappily lighted up between the two monasteries, left him leisure to attend to the tranquil duties of the abbot of St. Gall. Like all men of strong intellect, no ordinary difficulties embarrassed him, and when he had once decided on his course hesitation was at an end. Prompt in the execution of his projects, as he was generally happy in their conception, to doff off his mitre and *rochet*—to brace on his helmet and coat of mail—fling aside his crozier and grasp his trusty lance—leap from his episcopal throne to his war charger, occupied small time; and surrounded by a long

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train of grim-looking, but good-humoured soldiers; ever ready to do his bidding, the warrior prelate would gaily sally out of his walls to give battle to his adversaries before they imagined he had received information of their hostile approach, or that he was contemplating an aggressive visit to them. His defects were those of his times, which saw no want of harmony between a military and a militant course — his virtues were his own.

At this critical moment in the affairs of the emperor, when the sudden rallying of his friends made the struggle between him and the pope doubtful, the smallest vibration of the balance became of equal importance to each faction: the abbeys of St. Gall and Reichnau were, from their peculiar circumstances, the brightest jewels in the ecclesiastical mitre of Helvetia; and the contending rivals for the empire, actuated by the same spirit, simultaneously determined, at whatever risk or sacrifice, not to abandon their respective champions in the ensuing struggle for supremacy. Both the competitors were young — both alike forgot that they were the ministers of a God of peace — both belonged to the same monastic order — both trod under foot the rules of that order which expressly forbade any monk from bearing arms — both were imbued with the learning of their age — both of noble birth, of high stature, and princely presence — both were fertile in resources, full of spirit and

activity—both were sustained by illustrious relations, and powerful friends; and both were animated by a secret conviction that they were fighting for a crown rather than a mitre, that on the success of the game they were playing in Helvetia depended interests of far mightier magnitude, the papal or imperial dominion. “Like Pompey and Cæsar,” says a chronicler of this epoch, “Eckard, abbot of Reichnau, would have no equal, and Ulric, abbot of St. Gall, acknowledge no master.”\*

To add to the obstinacy and bitterness of this feud, the two monasteries were scarcely twenty miles apart: each day, each hour of the day, the chiefs, or their adherents, were liable to come into collision; and the skirmish which terminated favourably for one side in the evening, might be renewed for the advantage of the loser in the morning. Whilst the parties were however thus, at a first glance, on a footing of equality, the sagacious mind of the abbot of St. Gall must have been aware when he “sat down to count the cost of this battle,” that his chances of conquest, unless most efficiently assisted by his allies, could be but small as compared with those of Reichnau. He was indeed, in great measure, sovereign of St. Gall and Appenzell; and possessed some estates in the vicinity

\* “Comme Pompée et César, dit un chroniqueur, Echard ne voulait point d’égal et Ulrick ne voulait de maître.”

of the lake of Constance. He had also valuable fiefs in Swabia, Germany Proper, and Alsace, held under the respective sovereigns of those kingdoms ; many of them granted to the early monks of his monastery as a recompense for bringing the arts of civilization and cultivation into their dominions. But his revenues from them might be compromised by the contest ; and at home his territories, though extensive, consisted chiefly of large tracts of wild, waste, and barren mountain. The feudal vassals of the monastery were rather in ease than affluence ; and, although some of the herdsmen of these Alpine regions ranked as very rich, their patriarchal wealth lay in cattle, not bullion. — All alike could be constrained to a military service of forty days only in every year, and all were equally unused to bear arms.

The position of the convent also was singularly exposed to the assaults of an invading foe ; for the holy hermit St. Gall had appropriately chosen its rugged site in the 7th century merely as a fit retreat for prayer and solitude. The extensive conventual buildings, erected, with no view to defensive warfare, in the very heart of a small town, first built for the wants of pilgrims who crowded to the shrine of St. Gall, was then rising into opulence by their gifts and visits. Nothing but continuous industry could overcome the niggardliness of nature around, nor make atonement for the loss of those welcome visitors when



driven away by war. The walls were tolerably strong, but placed in a narrow sterile valley between two mountains enclosing it in all its length from north to south; with a savage open country from east to west, it was liable both to pillage from a numerous army, and the horrors of famine from one determined to cut off supplies from without.

Reichnau had none of these evils to fear: the lovely island, still the admiration of the delighted stranger passing its fertile banks, was then a cultivated garden of at least three miles in length: the lake and the Rhine swarmed with the most delicate fish; it was surrounded by strong fortifications, and communicated with a rich and populous city, full of the luxuries of life, by a strong bridge flanked at its own extremity by a stout fortress, commanding a heavy gateway with its portcullis. The bishop of Constance, friendly to the emperor Henry, had soon been driven out of his insecure castle, and was then an exile in Italy: the see was now occupied by a hot partisan of the pope, and whatever influence he possessed would of course be given to his neighbour and friend the abbot of Reichnau; and for miles around the country belonged to nobles adverse to Henry. Amongst those who especially distinguished themselves by their rancorous hostility, stood Diethelm, of Toggenburg. The counts of Toggenburg were not only rich in land, and formidable by their

numerous castles and connexions, but by their power over the rising commerce of the country. All Italian merchants passed between their *châteaux* of Uzenberg and Grynan, to gain the lake of Zurich, where great industry in silks, cottons, woollen goods and tannery prevailed. And from this little secure realm merchandise passed into the marches of the counts of Rapperschwyl, on the lake, where at the narrowest part near the isles of Uffnau and Lützelau, the bank was protected by the castle of their name. The barons of Toggenburg were a proverbially fierce race, whose dogged courage no dangers could awe, nor public opinion control.\* Rudolph, the anti-Cæsar,

\* Count Henry of Toggenburg, grandson of the abbot's opponent, threw his young wife Ida, 1142, from the window of his château on a mere suspicion of infidelity; and tortured to death a page, whom, as he had found a ring she had lost, he imagined to be the object of her guilty attachment. Ida survived the fall: lived unknown some years, and when discovered, would never more return to him. She founded a convent near the place of her concealment, and there took the veil.—*Tschudi*.

The story of the ring is singular. She had placed her jewel case on the deep window sill of the castle, to dry the outside leather, which had contracted damp. It was open, and a favourite hawk or raven, darting down, seized the ring. Fearful of communicating her loss to so stern a lord, she kept it a secret to all but a few chosen domestics, who were authorized to reward any one who might find it. The young page, unhappily not of the confidential party, picked it up at a great distance from the castle, and showing it to another page, boasted that

as count of Rheinfelden, considered the richest subject of his period, had immense paternal property at Augst, and other portions of the canton of Bâsle. The abbot of Schaffhausen, though a moderate and learned man, well disposed in his heart to St. Gall, was necessarily under the control of the family who had founded his house, and by their bounty rendered it scarcely inferior to Reichnau. He possessed all the lands near

it was the gift of a lady. The baron heard the vain boast, desired to see the ring, recognized it for the one presented by himself to his wife on their bebrothal, rushed into her room, where he found her at the same open window from whence she had lost the ring; and, without a word, threw her down into the woody dell, six hundred feet below! The tardy truth availed not to the unhappy youth, whose falsehood caused the ruin of both his lady and himself. Three days afterwards, the innocence of both was made known by the visit of a pedlar, who had seen him pick it up, and had bid a price which the other refused: he came to offer the sum originally demanded. Every search was then made for the countess; but she had, though much bruised, escaped as by a miracle, and withdrawn into a hollow cavern. There she lived four years on wild fruits, birds' eggs, and a little food, from time to time conveyed to her by an aged woman to whom she communicated her preservation, and whose bounty she repaid by spinning for her in the night. A favourite dog at length discovered her retreat, and the baron went in great pomp to remove her to his castle; but Ida refused to return; and as an atonement for her sufferings, and the death of the page, he allowed her to build a convent, of which she became abbess.

This story is well authenticated, and has perhaps served for the basis of many others founded on the same idea in after ages.

the celebrated cataract of Schaffhausen, besides numerous estates in other cantons, the donations of rich nobles who patronised his monastery. The duke of Zœringen, lord of the wild country on which Berne and Friburg were a hundred years afterwards constructed, by his descendant, Berthold V., with enormous possessions in Germany, and the city of Zurich, added her heavy weight to the load against her legitimate monarch. But Ulric of Eppenstein's was a mind framed for exertion and enterprise—not despair, and he set himself to the arduous task he had to overcome. His first efforts were directed to the reparation of the walls that girded the town of St. Gall, and the provisioning of the convent, that he might be enabled to resist any attempt at a siege till he could receive some assistance promised by his father, the Duke of Carinthia; and his next, to the erection of a small castle at Kraetsern, a little hamlet belonging to the convent. The Emperor was fighting step by step with Rudolph, rendered doubly confident of ultimate success by recent advantages over Henry's troops; and, should the empire fall in some of the continual combats in which he was personally engaged, the abbot judged it wise to have some secure shelter for himself till the first triumph of his enemies had passed away.

It appears that the abbot of Reichnau commenced the first hostile movement by suddenly advancing

with a considerable body of troops to within half a league of St. Gall: there he halted; remained a day; and then, impelled either by prudence, or the advice of peaceful councillors, retreated without making the meditated attack. Perhaps he was desirous that Ulric should march to meet him; but the courage of the abbot was not devoid of discretion, and the fine sagacity which, it is said, seldom deceived him in his estimation of the character of those he chose for friends, or agents, taught him that a system of defence, not aggression, was his safest policy; and controlling his naturally fiery valour, he permitted his rival to stay as long as he pleased without molestation, and depart in peace at his own time.

It would seem as if these two men, so proud — so able — so ambitious — so equal in rank — so opposite in all other things, fascinated by the consciousness of each other's power, were fearful of rousing the spirit which yet slumbered in their bosoms — dreaded to hurl the definitive blow that would bring on the contest, which must test their respective strength.\* In the ranks of Reichnau was, however, a traitorous foe to St. Gall; whose heart, envenomed by party

\* There is in Germany a wild superstitious belief, that the spirit which dwells in each earthly bosom has a *presentiment* of the power of others.

Goethe has finely illustrated this idea: "My spirit quails before thine."

feelings, triumphed over the most sacred duties, and brought on the conflict from which the principals appeared to recede. The baron of Ravensberg, holding the high hereditary office of *advocatus* to the monastery of St. Gall, after hesitating a short time between the claims of the emperor Henry and the pretensions of Rudolph, went over to the side of the latter ; withdrew his allegiance from Ulric ; and espousing the cause of his new allies, with all the warmth usual to political turn-coats, suddenly marched at the head of some chosen troops to Kraetsern, where the abbot was in person inspecting the progress of his little castle.\* It was probable that the abbot had, by means of spies, received some intimation of this apparently unexpected attack, for he had so considerable a force within reach, that after several hours of very serious fighting, the perjured advocate was compelled

\* “ The rich abbeys elected an advocate, whose business it was to defend their interests, both in secular courts, and, if necessary, in the field. Pepin and Charlemagne are styled Advocates of the Roman Church. This indeed was on a magnificent scale ; but in ordinary practice, the advocate of a monastery was some neighbouring lord, who, in return for his protection, possessed many lucrative privileges, and, very frequently, considerable estates by way of fief from his ecclesiastical clients. Some of these advocates are reproached with violating their obligation, and becoming the plunderers of those whom they had been retained to defend.” — *Hallam*.

Rudolf of Habsburg, and his son the emperor Albert, were subsequently advocates of St. Gall.

to withdraw, leaving many slain and numerous prisoners behind him.

Although this first encounter had terminated in his favour, the abbot of St. Gall deemed it wiser to abandon the completion of his projected castle; and also a fort nearly finished on the Rheinthal, undertaken with a view to the security of some monastic property in that vicinity. He was sensible that mere courage must be uselessly opposed to overwhelming numbers; and from inclination and policy he was strongly inclined to peace. His troops at this time were merely composed of the vassals of the abbey, who owed him a gratuitous service of forty days only in virtue of their fiefs, a small corps of foreigners in his private pay, with a few auxiliaries furnished, some by the duke of Carinthia, and the rest by nobles friendly to the emperor.

A year had thus nearly passed in a sort of armed neutrality, when the abbot of Reichnau, perhaps uncertain what plan he ought to adopt, was desirous of a personal interview with the pope; and, relying on the protection of Rudolph's troops, scattered over various parts of Italy, ventured to undertake a journey to Rome. Henry's visit to Canossa was scarcely less unadvised, and for the moment not so unfortunate to him. On arriving at San Domino he was arrested by a band of soldiers in the pay of the emperor Henry, and with all his suite conveyed to a strong castle be-

longing to the bishop of Parma, one of the many Italian prelates who continued faithful to his cause. Here he was kept a close prisoner, though treated with respect, for nearly two years, during which period the exasperation of his mind brought on a severe nervous affection : he became melancholy ; refused to take food ; and, at this remote epoch, when all general information was received through the doubtful channel of pilgrims, and pedlars, a report prevailed in both Italy and Germany, that he had died in confinement.

In tracing the history of individuals whose actions have been laid bare by time, often opening alike their causes and consequences, the mind is forcibly struck by the *want* in some of that wisdom which Seneca defines as “a right understanding, a faculty of discerning good from evil — what is to be chosen and what rejected.”—And in the detail of the obstinate contest between the rival abbots of St. Gall and Reichnau, the marked ascendancy of the former seems to have mainly proceeded from his superiority in this particular over Reichnau. Either led away by his impetuous passions, or too confident in his own importance, Eckard of Nellenburg was continually taking some important, and, as it subsequently proved, very false step. His journey to Rome was one of those destined to darken his future days by its ill success and imprudence. He left his monastery,



virtually, unprotected by the presence of a legitimate master, and exposed himself to the very danger which the pontifical envoys, sent by Gregory to be present at the formal election of Rudolph, had just been unable to escape. The abbot of Marseilles, with a learned Italian ecclesiastic, afterwards bishop of Aversa, accompanied by six hundred monks selected from different convents to grace the ceremony, were on their return seized upon by the old count Arnold of Lenzburg, lord of Baden and baron of Zug, a staunch friend of Henry's, and by him kept captives in his strong castle of Lenzburg, till exchanged for double the number of prisoners taken by the pope and his party—besides the payment of a large ransom.

The emperor, who was then in Germany, delighted at this peaceable termination of the abbots' war, without troubling himself to investigate the truth of the rumour, lost no time in conferring the vacant abbey on Ulric, as a recompense for his past fidelity, and a means of strengthening his own party. There was no impropriety in this selection; pluralities were exceedingly common—religious houses especially often depended on each other, owning one chief; and benefices lying close together were obviously less obnoxious to censure than distant preferments, which precluded the possibility of equal care in their government. The most splendid abbot St. Gall ever saw at its head, Soloman, was also abbot of Reichnau and bishop of

Constance, besides possessing nine other ecclesiastical benefices in the shape of priories, abbacies or rectories. Still nothing could have proved more unfortunate than this nomination, however natural, on Henry's side; it envenomed the hatred of the papal party, and caused innumerable calamities to the adjacent countries. Without waiting for the pope's authorization to reign over his two monastic kingdoms, Ulric joyfully accepted the new honour, which he considered a gold mine sprung for the benefit of himself and master; but he soon found he should be obliged to take possession of the territory by force before he could work the ore; and, as a preliminary step, he put a garrison into the fertile island on which it was built. Then appeared for the first time prominently in this scene of strife and warfare, Berthold, duke of Zœringen. He was the personal enemy of Ulric, whose father had accepted, or as he said, wrested the duchy from himself. Affecting, or really disbelieving the report of the abbot of Reichnau's death in Italy, he collected a numerous army, and marched upon St. Gall. The intrepid abbot, assembling in haste a few scattered troops and vassals, went boldly out of his monastery to meet him; and, after a fierce skirmish half a mile from the terrified town, which cost the lives of many adherents on either side, compelled him to evacuate the whole of Thurgovia, and retire into the Brisgau. The duke in revenge then directed his army to Viss-

e, a patrimonial estate left to the abbot by the of Carinthia just deceased, set fire to the château which he first saw the light, pillaged all the lands lying to the abbey of St. Gall beyond the Rhine, appropriated the revenues to himself; so that for a few years afterwards the monks obtained absolutely nothing from them either in money, corn, or wine. If, duke of Bavaria, with his house, ever attached to the interests of the pope, and many other lords imitated this example of the duke of Zœringen, considering every thing which belonged to St. Gall in their dominions, and bestowing on their own dependants, as fiefs, the lands and vineyards that the monks had been encouraged to bring into cultivation on their own auspices. Reduced, by these continual aggressions, to extreme indigence, the hapless monks were at length compelled, in order to procure the bread necessary for their very existence, to have recourse to the costly objects which decorated the beautiful church, especially valuable to the community as gifts, in many instances, of the princes and nobles educated at St. Gall.

Among many other splendid articles enumerated in the chronicles of St. Gall, as sold or pledged at a season of absolute want, were the thick plates of silver which covered the high altar, the pulpit, the four columns of the nave. Ten tables, fourteen chairs, several crowns, richly gilt, and set with

precious stones ; a funereal urn, all of solid silver ; a chalice of amber, of most elaborate workmanship, encircled with diamonds ; seventeen priests' robes, embroidered with gold and pearls, besides an infinity of other sacred ornaments for the person, of lace, and cambric, and brocade, crosses, and rings. There were two *encensoirs* of gold of great price, with a hundred minor articles, also of exceeding value ; such as cups, patins, candlesticks, and crosiers, bestowed by the emperors, kings, prelates, and nobles, who had visited this favourite community, so illustrious by its learning and purity of morals.\*

In the midst of all these mortifications and privations, the abbot retained his dignified position at the head of his convent, without quailing before any of his enemies, till, having at length, in 1079, obtained some strong reinforcements from the emperor and his brother, he attacked right and left the nobles who supported, in his vicinity, the pretensions of Rudolph, or those of the absent abbot of Reichnau. He invaded, pillaged, burnt, or razed to the ground, five castles of prodigious strength — made prisoners, and ransomed at a high price the count of Bregentz, one of the most puissant barons of Swabia — set fire to the town and fortress of Kyburg, the residence of count Hartmann, a foe of the emperor, though a

\* One chalice at St. Gall weighed seventy marks of silver and one of gold.

relation, and in an ambuscade seized upon his son, together with a rich booty which the young lord was conveying away for safety to another of his father's strongholds in the mountainous country which acknowledged them as sovereigns. On his return from this unusually prosperous expedition, he constructed, with a part of the count of Kyburg's gold, two forts for the protection of St. Gall; but soon perceiving that, if they should fall by any sudden *coup-de-main* into the possession of the confederate barons, they might prove eminently injurious to him, he withdrew their garrison and dismantled them. Great in all things, it is said, he displayed such extraordinary genius in his military evolutions, that the dismayed barons of the eleventh century, astounded at his tactics, were sometimes in doubt whether the warrior prelate received aid from his patron St. Gall, or a far more redoubtable but less holy assistant. Despite, however, of these occasional triumphs, the abbot, aware of his precarious situation in the midst of enemies so powerful, and inveterate in their hostility to both the emperor and himself, felt the need of some place more secure than his monastery, and removing the materials of his ruined forts to Rachenstein, in the neighbouring mountains of Appenzell, he there constructed a small but solid castle on the summit of a very steep rock, surrounded by a chain of

rugged precipices, all nearly as difficult of access as the one he had chosen for its site. A country which offers only rocks, and torrents, and solitary pasturages, and thick forests of dark pine, is in its very nature a fortress against foreign foes; and here, at the end of the campaign, he found it necessary to retire, after making such arrangements for the government of St. Gall as might best befit present circumstances. Of the monastery of Reichnau he had not yet made himself master, nor had he any apparent prospect of ever doing so, for the duke of Zœringen was in actual possession, governing with a talented monk named Verinhar in the name of Eckard of Nellenburg, whose fate was still a mystery. In this solitary retreat he sustained unharmed the attacks of several different opponents: the want of gunpowder (then happily unknown) rendered such positions generally impregnable whilst provisions remained to the besieged, and from the battlements, and tiny towers of his little citadel, the abbot welcomed all hostile visitors with such showers of arrows, and stones, and hot water, as they toiled, perfectly unprotected, up the steep ascent leading to his eagle's nest, that none were found ambitious of adventuring a second time within his precincts. Meanwhile the vassals of St. Gall, fatigued and impoverished by this long war, refused to continue their service

as they received regular pay; and as money the thing of all others the abbot most lacked, finally returned to their homes.

hus left in the wild country of Rachenstein, a small number only of faithful soldiers, Ulric d no longer shut his eyes to the conclusion his anticipations of efficient succour in the ecution of this war had been founded on kind ls — temporary props offered by the heart, not hand of friendship — to encourage or support from sinking into despondency in so arduous a ggle—and his gallant spirit began to flag. Storms leet and snow, with that dense, icy-cold wind, wn throughout Switzerland as the *bise*, often p this bleak region, chilling with a withering h the heart even more than the frame. He perched on the summit of a steep rock, rising i a deep sombre dell, and the rugged tower its dark shadow far over the surrounding chain arren hills. The roads that conducted to it i the distant villages were tangled, intricate, mountainous; and, save by some bewildered aller, or occasional pilgrim, the loneliness of little fortress was rarely invaded; for pedlars e cautious of exposing themselves and packs uch localities, lest board and lodging for life i dungeon might be the sole payment given in ange for the rifled contents of the latter. It

was precisely the spot which proffered rest to one weary of the tumult and contentions of the world—and for whom that world had no more attractions. But this was not the abbot's situation — his heart lay among his monks — he panted to reign again in St. Gall ; to lead on his gallant liege men in defence of his rights, and those of the emperor. Inaction was, to one of his muscular frame and enterprising mind, ardent in all things, the worm that gnawed at his vitals, and threw a gloomy tinge over his buoyant spirit. He lost his taste for study, and frequently passed whole days in wandering over the barren mountains which cradled his solitary abode ; or, seated on some lofty pinnacle, from whence he could survey all the approaches to his aerial castle, a prey to sorrow and anxiety.

A great mind is never indifferent to the beauty of social order, or to the happiness of others. The consequences of this minor struggle between the enemies of the emperor and himself had already been fatal to the lives and fortunes of thousands of harmless peasants, whose existence was bound up in that of the barons, to whom they owed allegiance. Henry, bishop of Coire, whose adoption of papal views was the result of a conscientious wish for the repression of ecclesiastical abuses, had just died broken-hearted, an exile : the whole of Rhetia, with few exceptions, declared for Henry ;



and the bishop's failure in fidelity to him, was punished by the spoliage and pillage of his miserable flock ; as, turn in turn, the barbarous troops in his pay, or in that of the barons adverse to Gregory, passed through the defenceless towns and villages, so utterly devastated and neglected, that no bishop was even appointed to the vacant see for more than twelve months after the death of the bishop of Coire, in Italy, was known. The death of the anti-Cæsar Rudolph, killed at the bloody battle of Merseburg, and the deposition of Gregory VII., events which it might have been hoped would make a favourable change in the affairs of the emperor, had produced no cessation of hostilities.\* From his retreat at Salerno the banished pope fulminated the legitimate thunders of St. Peter against his anti-christ successor Clement III. and his supporters, whilst the insurgent aristocracy of Germany immediately raised Herman of Luxemburg, count of Salmes, to the vacant dignity of rival to their sovereign.

The town and convent of St. Gall were fast sinking into ruin. The shoals of pilgrims in the habit of bringing wealth to the various artisans of rosaries, crosses, little images, and other such

\* Un événement favorable à Ulrick, fut la mort de l'usurpateur Rudolph, à la suite de la bataille de Mersburg.— *Conservateur Suisse*.

holy devices by their purchases, and to the rest of the inhabitants by their sojourn, not willing to obtain the honours of martyrdom from the lawless soldiery of the barons, always prowling about, turned their steps to convents less exposed to the ravages of war; whilst, for the same reason, the noble youths, accustomed to receive education in the monastery, were obliged to select some other establishment. The affairs of the emperor were unimproved, requiring alike his own unceasing exertions and those of his adherents; and the duke of Carinthia was so distant, that assistance from him was equally uncertain, and long in coming. The abbot, of a noble and generous nature, and gifted with a keenness of perception which made him see, at a glance, all the evils which had already environed, and might still follow so complicated and disastrous a contest, felt doubtful, not as to the justice of his cause, but the propriety of its defence. It is possible he might feel his conscience shrink from the weight and responsibility attached to this wearisome conflict; for who has not, if exposed to long struggles with contending interests, even in private life, or ever recurring obstacles — who has not, when looking back on the thorny road already passed, and forward, to the rugged path beset with difficulties still to be surmounted, experienced a sinking sensation of despondency ready to prompt

the question — Is the object of pursuit worth the labour and sorrow, and it may be, sacrifice of something of paramount value, to obtain its possession? Thus far he had waded through a sea of dangers undismayed by their number or immensity, partly, perhaps, sustained by the bustle of warlike preparations, and excitement attendant on the incessant clashing of arms; by the cheerful voices and undaunted faces of followers, who seconded the man with yet greater zeal than the cause. His was no low, mean, grovelling mind, succumbing without the external aids of gay society and sunshine of prosperity; but he was totally alone; and the cheering effect of kind words, and benevolent looks, must be acknowledged by the proudest, as well as the tenderest heart.

At this period, whilst he was thus combatting the perplexities and perils inseparable from a position so sad and embarrassed, a singular and marvellous incident in the personal history of Ulric threw around him a halo of superstitious glory, which, in such an age, had probably a most beneficial influence over his drooping fortunes. When a state of obstinate resistance, like the death-fight of gladiators, painfully prolonged by the equal skill of the antagonists, was evidently telling on his bodily and mental powers, the gifted abbot had a vision, which the zeal and hands of the lettered

monks of his monastery have recorded "for the glory of the abbey of St. Gall."

In the eleventh century, whenever some solemn secret was to be divulged on which the fate of a nation, or a family, or a hero depended; whenever some saint, with more of earthly vanity than a beatified saint seems to warrant, desired a fresh shrine, or the renovation of an old one; whenever some nascent monastery wanted a miracle to help it on its road to saintly renown; or some old confraternity, dwindling into insignificance, needed spiritual aid to arrest its downward course; a dream, or a vision, or a voice, ever brought the secret revelation with happy coincidence. Nor was this always the result of fraud or superstition. Who even now doth not know that there are visions of the day, as well as the night, when the worn spirit in dreamy solitude sees the scattered scenes of a dream, often suddenly concentrated into some chimerical form? who hath not felt that the ear, dulled to earthly sounds, becomes impressed by an excited imagination, speaking to the heart in words, clear and distinct, as those embodied by the voice?

Towards the close of a day passed in melancholy musing, as he sat on a jutting rock near the outer gateway of his desolate dwelling, his head bowed towards the ground, his face covered with his hands, the abbot was suddenly accosted by a strange mys-

terious-looking pilgrim, who said in a low solemn voice, "If thou wouldest wish to see the termination of thy solitudes, and the woes of thy monastery, flee this wild and woful warfare; bend thy footsteps to the tomb of St. Foy, near Agen — return with a relic from her shrine, and, when her prayers and thine shall have placed thee again in St. Gall, build a chapel to her honour." The moment these words were pronounced, the pilgrim disappeared amongst some rocks, with the same silence and swiftness which had attended his coming.\*

Whether this singular visit proceeded from a foreign pilgrim, willing to invest his warning counsel with the sacred character of prophecy, or was a mere delusion, emanating from the abbot himself, to present a pretence for quitting the theatre of a war, now principally directed against himself, and the issue of which appeared at best doubtful, must ever remain a mystery. In the nineteenth century,

\* The abbot's supernatural visitation is thus described in the "Conservateur Suisse," translated from an article in the Latin chronicle of St. Gall :—

"Un jour que, dévoré d'inquiétude, pensif et la tête baisée, il était assis sur un pan de rocher près de la porte de ce château solitaire, un pèlerin inconnu l'aborde et lui dit : — 'Si tu veux voir une fin à tes soucis et aux maux de ton monastère, va visiter le tombeau de Sainte Foy près d'Agen : rapportes-en quelqu'une de ses reliques, et à ton retour fais-lui bâtir une chapelle.'"

few will be disposed to believe that the messenger, directing the pilgrimage to the tomb of St. Foy, was sent from heaven ; but the character of Ulric was so habitually frank, so free from every thing like hypocrisy, or guile, that it is both difficult and painful to imagine the whole of this vision, so minutely detailed, was merely an invention. Switzerland is the very region of natural superstition;—its steep mountains, and deep valleys ; its snow-storms, and torrents, and avalanches ; its lakes and caverns — all concur to foster a belief in the existence of agency, *not* of this world. It is possible that the abbot might be sincere — the situation in which he found himself was favourable to feelings engrafted in the hearts of all Swiss and German children, to germinate in after life, as circumstances may arise, to call them into vigour. The' loneliness of his solitary castle, wind and storm without, desolation within, was favourable to the growth of disordered fancies and supernatural visitations. Tumultuous thoughts and shadowy reveries ever haunt the mind working on itself in doubt and darkness. Strong as was the intellect of the abbot, it was, probably, to a certain degree, coloured by the legends of an age, hovering between the two worlds of spiritual existences and dull realities. Agen was in peculiar sanctity about that epoch, and a favourite resort of pilgrims from every part

of Europe. Charlemagne, amongst others of lesser note, had bowed the knee and performed his devotions at the shrine of St. Foy, and all unconsciously to himself, the abbot might have suffered his mind, under the impress of a morbid imagination, to dwell upon the beneficial result of a similar visit, till, in a moment of weakness, or of slight delirium, he fancied he had received a command to go there.\*

Whatever may have been the genuine cause of the pilgrimage to Agen, the abbot abandoned the castle of Rachenstein towards the close of the year 1080, and, attended by three domestics, habited like himself in pilgrim weeds, commenced his journey to the south of France by way of Geneva: a faithful monk was appointed to the government of St. Gall in his absence, and the slender garrison of Rachenstein sent to strengthen the troops quartered in the town for its protection. His departure was, of course, secret, to evade the pursuit of his enemies; and his plans were so well laid that he reached Agen, on the banks of the Garonne, in safety. But the refined princely abbot of St. Gall, clad in the coarse garb of a penitent, appears to have been less at his ease than when encased in a coat of mail; he had been exposed to hardships of many kinds quite

\* Agen in Guienne, pleasantly situated in the department of the Lot and Garonne. It had formerly a collegiate chapter, and many religious houses.

new to him during this pilgrimage, and arrived indisposed.

The modern traveller, who may have crossed the Jura mountains in an elegant town-built chariot, or even in the more humble diligences of Messrs. Cailhard and Lafitte, rested in the beautiful and luxurious city of Lyons, and then proceeded down the Rhone to Avignon, or Arles, or Marseilles, by steam vessels, not indeed like those on the Rhine, but safe and tolerably swift, can have little idea of the real sufferings of a journey in Switzerland at that remote period. Two centuries later, the traveller was warned to make up his mind to encounter all risks from roads and robbers. Even the noble military causeways constructed by the Romans had experienced the barbarity of their conquerors, and were rapidly progressing to ruin. Here fallen rocks, there descending torrents impeded his path ; — now a river, deep, broad, and rapid, must be crossed by a frail plank, quivering and rebounding under the trembling foot. Sometimes a safer road lay through dense forests of pine, throwing their dark shade for many a dreary mile before the hesitating eye, which feared to advance into their gloom. Wolves and serpents were very common in the thick woods of primeval Helvetia, and lawless men, often serfs, escaped from a hard master, everywhere abounded. Towns and villages were thinly scattered, and usually



surrounded with walls, the entrances to which were narrowly watched and guarded, permitting none to come in or go out, without ample certitude of the respectability of the visitant. The baron's castle was ever an asylum for baron, or knight, or crusader, if not too far from the common track ; but pilgrims bound to penitence, and the middle classes of society, seldom ventured to sound the horn that hung suspended at his lordly portal ; and happy might they consider themselves when, after a day of weariness, peril, and hunger, they found a safe shelter for the night in some miserable peasant's hut, and could assuage their famine with a little goats' milk, and a few scraps of black bread, made of chestnuts or barley.

The abbot's first care, after his recovery, was to pay a visit to the shrine of St. Foy, near Agen, as directed by the ministering pilgrim ; and he then took up his residence in a Benedictine monastery, sheltered by the town, where he passed a whole year in the constant exercises of study and conventual devotion.

The sceptic, or the believer in visions, may each find food for their separate opinions, in learning that Eckard, abbot of Reichnau, so long reputed dead in the castle of San Domino, made his bodily appearance a few days only after the departure of his rival, whose pilgrimage was unquestionably most oppor-

tunely taken, corroborating the suspicions of the papal party, that the abbot of St. Gall, eminently gifted with that sagacity of mind, or good sense, which suggests at the spur of the moment the line of conduct most beneficial to our interests, had planned this fortunate escape from impending dangers, which he could not, most probably, have surmounted. The emperor was then in Italy making preparations for a meditated attack on Rome; and either through his medium, or that of some one in his suite or army, Ulric might have been informed of the liberation of the Abbot of Reichnau.

Should this be the true solution of the mystery; should the abbot, agitated by his precarious position, his mind under the impress of scenes calculated to stamp each thick coming fancy with a supernatural tinge, have yielded to the mere suggestions of a half-phrenzied brain; this vision is a melancholy proof to what extent even a wise and good man may deceive himself and others — “how the conscience can slumber in a middle state between self-illusion and voluntary fraud.”

It appears the Abbot of Reichnau had recovered his health, and the Archbishop of Ravenna, now raised to the papal throne under the title of Clement the Third, possibly thinking a captivity of nearly two years sufficient punishment for his opposition to the will of the emperor, acceded to the petition of the

Countess Matilda for his release.\* Though Henry had consented to his freedom, he returned unchanged in the inner man. Flushed with resentment, he took immediate possession of his abbey, and, uniting together some troops sent by the usurper Hermann to his own, recommenced the war. He began by invading St. Gall, which, slightly defended by a scanty garrison, soon fell a prey to his rage and rapacity. He destroyed a considerable part of the monastery, as well as town, built around its walls, and then retired, carrying off some citizens, obnoxious from their steady attachment to the absent abbot, much cattle, and many valuable effects, which, in the midst of their pecuniary wants, the monks had yet religiously preserved in their church. From this

\* In 1081 Henry was so far conqueror, that the gates of Rome were delivered up to him, and he was consecrated in the Lateran church, by the anti-pope, Clement III., his former chancellor, elevated to the tiara by his transient gleam of success after Gregory's flight to Salerno. Bertha received the imperial diadem at the same time, and Henry then fixed his residence in the ancient capital of Augustus and Charlemagne, as their lawful successor. It was in honour of this temporary triumph that Henry had some splendid presents sent from the Greek monarch, Alexis, openly averse from Gregory as the common enemy of kings: a radiated crown of gold, a cross set with rare pearls, a case of much-esteemed relics, a vase of crystal, another of sardonyx, some balm from Mecca, and many thousand Byzantines in gold—to aid him in his contest with the Roman people, who still persisted in considering the deposed pope as their spiritual head.—*Gibbon*.

outrage they had had scarcely time to recover ere he reappeared, bringing with him Lutold, the same monk whom they had expelled from the convent three years before, and insisted upon their recognizing him for their superior. It was on Christmas Eve, 1080, that the Abbot of Reichnau came for the second time to St. Gall, with a strong escort of armed followers to enforce the inauguration of Lutold; the miserable monks remaining in the monastery took flight: it was intensely cold, and darkness favoured their escape. Some concealed themselves in the caverns and rocks of the dreary country around; others found an asylum amongst the hospitable shepherds of Appenzell; but all alike were exposed to the most painful privations and dangers, to preserve their fidelity to the oath which bound them to Ulric and their common suzerain, the Emperor Henry. Lutold was thus installed without further opposition abbot of the confraternity which had expelled and disowned him, in the absence of every member. To secure his conquest the Abbot of Reichnau built on a hill, close to St. Gall, the fortress of Berneck, and provided it with a garrison, which being left to subsist mainly, if not entirely, on pillage and rapine, held all the adjacent territory in subjection and terror.

This lawless state was happily of no very long duration. The Abbot of St. Gall, whose foresight

never seems to have deserted him at any moment of his stirring career, had made such wise arrangements before he left Switzerland, that either from spies appointed to watch over his interests, or through the medium of some dispossessed monk, he obtained information, from time to time, of what was passing at St. Gall; and when his plans were ripe for action he suddenly withdrew from his monastic retreat — threw aside his pilgrim staff — made a rapid journey homewards — assembled a handful of brave followers before his return was suspected — ran to attack Berneck; and after a siege of some days, during which Reichnau, astonished and confounded, was endeavouring to get together a sufficient force for its defence, carried it by assault. Had not every historian who relates this incident alluded to its being a real affray of brigands, it would be most painful to add that the whole garrison was put to the sword, without making any exception in favour of Volkrath, brother of the Count of Toggenburg, who commanded there. Notwithstanding this apology, the massacre of the garrison of Berneck is the least pleasing feature in the long life of Ulric III. of St. Gall, and conveys no very favourable impression of the effect of monastic gloom on the heart of man.

The usurper Lutold, who was presiding over the nearly empty halls and cloisters of St. Gall, sur-

rounded only by some *religieux* from the convent of Reichnau, and a few young novices sent to grace his reign by the pope's friends, speedily left the coast clear to his chivalrous competitor; escaping through one of the private outlets common to baronial and monastic architecture, whilst Ulric yet lay encamped before Berneck; and the abbot of St. Gall soon saw himself, once more, within the walls of his beloved monastery. By degrees the dispersed brethren, receiving the glad tidings of his return, ventured from their concealments, and for a short season there was peace at St. Gall—such a peace as follows between the efforts of combatants, when they pant for breath to gain strength to wrestle for the last time.

Success so marked, and unexpected, rendered his enemies only yet more furious; and a large proportion of the aristocracy of Helvetia, Swabia, and the Tyrol, turning their attention from the affairs of the empire, bound themselves by a solemn oath in 1082, not to cease from their efforts to banish him from the country; and Lutold being personally obnoxious to the community, their first step was to depose him, and elect in his place Verinhar, a gifted monk of Reichnau, whose reputation, it was hoped, might induce the monks of St. Gall to receive him as their head, when Ulric should be conquered. Herman of Luxemburg, the titular emperor of Germany, now opposed to Henry, gave his sanction to this notable

project, by sending a second crosier, which, as it was presented in the church of Reichnau, did not experience the fate of that broken at St. Gall.

A confederation so vast and powerful, nothing short of the wisdom, genius, fortitude, and perseverance of their single-handed antagonist could have defeated. He saw its danger, and felt aware that he was much too feeble, with such limited means as he then possessed, or had hitherto employed, to resist such a coalition; but still undismayed, he sought and found, in the resources of his own capacious mind, the assistance he needed.

Behind the convent of St. Gall, at the foot of green hills and verdant valleys overtopped by Mont Kamor, arises a range of Alps, separated from the great chain, where the lofty pinnacle called Sentis lifts its snowy head far above the clouds ever resting on its rugged breast. The frontiers of Western Germany and Rhetia are confounded in this desert; and there, from time immemorial, the people of St. Gall fed their flocks of sheep and goats; the whole district constituted part of the abbey lands, and the good abbot Norbert, predecessor of Ulric the Second, who loved this solitude, had converted a hermitage, once the abode of a holy anchorite, into a rustic chapel for the shepherds. It was situated in a grassy dell, and thus named *Abbencelle*, or the cell of the abbot (thence Appenzell). In process of time little

villages, of seven or eight houses, had gradually risen around the first *chdlets* of the herdsmen; and a considerable population of wild-looking, hardy, athletic peasants, were now thickly spreading over the hills and valleys of this once savage region. In the course of this contest between the abbots, they had often changed masters: but their hearts lay in St. Gall, and the abbot, counting on their fidelity, armed not only his subjects, and the serfs of the abbey, but raised a militia for the defence of the country, composed of the citizens of St. Gall, the farmers of Thurgovia, and herdsmen of the mountains of Sentis and Kamor. In the spacious quadrangles and courts of the monastery, he drilled these strange recruits, teaching them the use of slings, bows, and arrows, and that most terrible weapon, called the *morgens-tern*, a heavy club finished by an iron head bristling with huge nails, so often employed by the Swiss in their subsequent struggles for freedom with their Austrian oppressors. By these measures, till then unthought of, he formed many corps of excellent soldiers, and aroused so completely the military propensities of the mountaineers of Appenzell, that from this epoch is dated that indomitable spirit, which, in after years, acquired for that canton a freedom earned by deeds of the most brilliant valour.\*

\* Il (Ulric) profita habilement des inclinations militaires des montagnards d'Appenzell, pour en faire d'excellens soldats: c'est



Long years of warfare followed the revengeful resolutions of the barons. The duke of Zœrengen, who headed this knot of implacable conspirators against their liege sovereign and his faithful servants, was not the original foe of the emperor, but his son and successor, Berthold the second, a change by no means favourable to the abbot, since his rancour against Henry was yet deadlier than that of the deceased duke. He had married Agnes, the daughter of Rudolph of Swabia; and his own father was believed to have died of grief at the ill success of his opposition to the emperor, and the terrible fate of Rudolph, whose fatal ambition he had spurred on to usurpation. The death of the anti-Cæsar had in it something so frightful, that a sensible impression was made by it on all the insurgent nobles, several of whom immediately deserted the ranks of the pope, without absolutely joining those of the emperor; and it is the opinion of many writers, that all further intestine rebellion would have ceased in a short

même de cette époque que date l'esprit martial qui valut, dans la suite à ce canton, un libéité conquise par les exploits de la plus brillante valeur.

Queen Anne received a copy of the Ranz des Vaches of Appenzell at her earnest desire. The words sometimes vary in different districts, and *châlets*, according to the *patois* of the country; but the foundation is always the same pastoral drama. That of Appenzell is very melodious: the men are still famed for archery and slinging. — *Conservateur Suisse*.

period, if the pope, alarmed at this interregnum of hate and hesitation, had not strengthened his own cause by raising up Herman of Luxemburg, count of Salmes, to the dangerous elevation from which Rudolph had fallen.

Rudolph, duke of Swabia, died in consequence of wounds received at the battle of Merseburg, the 15th of October, 1080. Although he had lost his right hand, and was wounded internally, he survived two days in full possession of his faculties. A few hours before he expired he commanded his severed hand to be brought and laid upon his couch; then addressing himself to the lords who surrounded him, he said, "Behold the hand which I had raised to take an oath of fidelity to the emperor Henry, my rightful sovereign; but led away by evil suggestions I became a perjurer, and usurped an honour which did not belong to me. You see my end, wounded to death through that sacrilegious hand! It is now for those who have directed us in all this, to look if they have not conducted us to the brink of eternal perdition."\*

\* La voila, cette main que j'avais levée prêter serment de fidélité à l'empereur Henry, mon seigneur; mai j'ai faussé mon serment pour usurper un honneur qui ne m'appartenait pas: vous voyez quelle fin je fais; blessé à mort dans cette main sacrilège: c'est maintenant à ceux qui nous ont dirigés en tout ceci, à voir s'ils ne nous ont pas conduits dans la précipice de l'éternelle perdition.—*Conservateur Suisse*, p. 164.

1080. In battle, at Meissen in Saxony, on the river Ulster,

Whatever secret influence such a scene and words so awful might have had on Rudolph's attendants, and on many of the emperor's turbulent vassals, they failed to effect any change in his family circle; thus affording a melancholy corroboration of the received opinion that domestic feuds are ever the longest, bitterest, least reasonable, least appeasable, and most fatal of all others; till "brothers' emnity" has, to the shame of the Christian profession, passed into a pro-

after losing his right hand, died at Merseburg, in Saxony, Rudolph, count of Rheinfelden and duke of Swabia. He said, with deep groans, "Now it is come to this, I shall lay down the empire with my life. See you, and they who have brought me to this point, that I should sit on his throne, which did not belong to me, what good councils you have given me," &c. &c.—*Würstisen*.

Lasius, and other German writers have also recorded, with slight variations, this melancholy end of the contrite usurper, whose young and lovely wife, the Princess Adelaide, had already preceded him to the tomb. She died at Zurich, 1078, having survived her invasion of a sister's diadem scarcely a single year. "She was buried," says an old chronicler, with that minuteness of detail which makes the charm of their narrations and stamps them with the seal of fidelity, "in the ancient monastery of Saint Blaise, on the left side of the entrance; under the little arch!" What a lesson on the vanity and instability of human affairs is conveyed in these simple words. No sculptured monument proudly arose to mark where this daughter of royalty laid, without regret, the young head that had so often ached under the weight of a crown not rightfully worn. A misguided husband, warring against his sovereign, had no time to rear a tomb to the memory of her he was so soon to follow.

verb. The count of Rheinfelden, Rudolph's only son, and his brother-in-law of Zœringen, accepted the nobleman offered by the unrelenting policy of the ex-pope; and with the hot zeal of young men, pursued their treasonable plots in favour of Herman of Luxemburg, as warmly as when Rudolph was the object of their rebellious, but more pardonable support. The hostility of the count of Rheinfelden, for Henry had naturally exercised the royal prerogative of punishing a pretender to his crown by confiscating the title and estates of Swabia, was not of much moment to the abbot; but that of Zœringen was almost ruinous. He had many admirable qualities. He was wise, skilful, and prudent: a favourite with the people, and respected by the aristocracy. Gifted with immovable courage, he often said to those who were the slow and unwelcome bearers of the reverses of fortune he was often doomed to experience — "Fear nothing — the horizon of life is turn in turn enlivened by sunshine and obscured by clouds: he who cannot support the frowns of fortune is undeserving of her smiles.

The moral influence of such a man weighed heavily against Henry and his adherents. Again and again the abbot of Reichnau, with the aid now of the count of Toggenburg, now of the duke of Zœringen, presented himself nearly at the gates of St. Gall, accompanied by Verinhar, their new candidate for the

honour of being its governor. Gunpowder was unknown, the abbot had repaired his walls, and, strong in the fidelity of his people, resisted every attempt to dislodge him; nor did he always confine himself to a defensive attitude. When he had ascertained by the intermediation of scouts, or the peasantry, always favourable to his interests, that his enemies were not in great force, he would sally out of his monastery and make reprisals for any act of violence exercised towards himself or his dependents. Three times he besieged in person a château in which they had placed a considerable garrison to overawe the country around him. Three times his valiant mountaineers scaled the outworks and were repulsed; but having in a sortie captured the commander and another officer of rank, he granted them and the entire garrison life and liberty, on the single condition that the citadel should be surrendered: a wise and generous treaty, almost redeeming the massacre at Berneck, and evincing that mercy was the usual guide of his actions, since the disheartened soldiers, shut up within destitute of leaders, must soon have fallen a prey to defeat and despair. After demolishing the fortress he felt himself sufficiently strong to turn his arms against the count of Toggenburg, between whom and himself there had been a particular personal enmity since the death of his brother Volkrath, killed at the taking of the fortress

of Berneck. The count had twice ravaged the abbey lands, besides exercising much cruelty towards the helpless tenantry.

The Mosaic law, so much more in fashion with the prelates of former days than the Christian code, rendered the abbot little scrupulous as to the exercise of the right of *lex talionis* ; and, after many defeats, his persevering courage enabled him to penetrate into the actual domain of this puissant noble.

To the west of the Alps of Appenzell, in a mountainous but less wild country, by the side of the lonely lake of Wallenstadt, the lordships and sovereign authority had been united in the ancient house of these fierce nobles, and on a peculiarly high, steep rock, stood the antique family castle, the cradle of their race. The count believed his castle impregnable from its commanding site, immensely thick walls, and numerous towers ; but he was still to be taught that no issues are locked up, no mountains impassable, to men who, like the abbot of St. Gall, are determined to penetrate into the one, and scale the other. Guided by his faithful Appenzellois, through solitary and intricate paths known to few but themselves, the persevering abbot reached the castle almost before break of day, and ere night came he had carried it by assault. The family were occupying their more modern residence ; and after setting fire to every tower and bastion, Ulric departed, without staining

his hands by the blood of any but those who first opposed his conquest.

Transported with shame as well as rage at this mortifying loss and insult, the count came to take his revenge with more celerity than the abbot anticipated, accompanied by a large body of his own relations and those of the confederate barons. A simultaneous attack was made near the very gates of St. Gall; and the vassals of the abbey, with the militia of the town, who went out to meet them, panic-struck at the great superiority of the count's army in number, after some disorderly fighting, made a retreat to the borders of the Sitter, a river at a considerable distance from St. Gall, closely followed by the triumphant enemy: there the momentarily dismayed troops of the abbot regained their usual courage, and crying out that, "they preferred to die the death of the brave, with arms in their hands, rather than fly like cowards," they suddenly faced about in a very advantageous post, and presented an appearance of such desperate resolution, that the count and his followers, already discouraged by the local difficulties of the road, first hesitated as to the propriety of continuing the battle, and then pursued it so feebly that he lost the preponderance he had gained. The archers and slingers of Appenzell, dispersed over the neighbouring mountains, many of whom, while watching their flocks, had

obtained a view of what was passing below, flew to give the alarm to the neighbouring villages, and soon a vast concourse arrived to the succour of their liegemen, armed with such weapons as they could seize upon at the moment — slings and arrows, morgensterns, scythes, pitchforks, and hatchets. The nobility stood their ground with much bravery, but the count of Toggenburg, who commanded, was obliged to retreat in turn, with great loss in killed and wounded. The count of Nellenburg, his particular friend, whose pillages and atrocities had earned for him the title of Attila of Thurgovia, was one of the former. Count Burcard, of Nellenburg, of such unenviable celebrity, is another witness that from the distant era when He, to whom all hearts are open, all motives known, gently reproved the fiery zeal of his disciples in Samaria, by the touching words, “ye know not of what spirit ye are,” even until now, religion may exist as a principle in the soul without influencing the heart or conduct. He had given the whole village of Schaffhausen, with other exceedingly valuable patrimonial property, to enrich the two convents founded by his parents, the count and countess of Nellenburg, although already so largely endowed by them; and in the midst of deeds of violence, bloodshed, and rapine, frequently expressed a determination to retire, as they had done while in the prime of life, into the seclusion of a



monastic establishment. But like Felix, he "put off to a more convenient season" the hour of repentance, and on the ensanguined field of battle he ultimately found a more suitable bed.

This defeat, and the severe wound of the count of Nellenburg, appear to have made a deep impression on the abbot of Reichnau, and for some time after this decisive victory, Ulric experienced so little molestation that he found time to commemorate his success by raising (as he had been admonished) a chapel to the honour of Saint Foy or Saint Finda, a female saint of high reputation for many succeeding ages. Pilgrimages were continually undertaken to her tomb in the tenth and eleventh centuries; and even now her hallowed remembrance exists at Agen. Ulric was permitted to complete this work of piety, but the league of his enemies, still undissolved, allowed him brief intervals of tranquillity, and the years 1085 and 1086, instead of bringing some relief to the calamities of this beautiful but hapless country, only multiplied them in extent and intensity.

When a public quarrel is envenomed by private dislike, a short truce has commonly no other effect than to enable the combatants to sharpen their arms for a new encounter. In the spring of 1086, apparently weary of the long duration of this conflict, the duke of Zœringen and the other barons suddenly

advanced upon St. Gall, from three different points at the same moment, determined, by one grand simultaneous effort, to crush the remarkable man, whose skilful tactics and unflinching courage, under the pressure of such accumulated difficulties, had become equally exasperating and humiliating to them. To preclude the possibility of escape from this blow, the confederate armies were divided into three columns. The first, commanded by the duke of Zœringen, descending the lake of Constance, ran over and sacked all the proprieties of the abbey between the town of Bregentz and city of Constance; the second, led on by the Chevalier Adelgos, one of the most eminent warriors of his time, pillaged and set fire (at the opposite extremity of the abbatial domain) to Waldkirche, and the flourishing towns of Gossau, Puren, and Herisau; then directing his murderous bands upon the Alps of Appenzell, he destroyed all the little chalets of the herdsmen, carrying off the cattle, and consigning to the flames the closely constructed hamlets of this entire region, as a punishment for their long-tried attachment to the abbot. The conflagration spread with such rapidity from one wooden building to another, devouring in its progress so many detached stables and granaries, scattered (as is usual in mountainous districts over the land to be consumed on the spot) that the whole of the country resembled one vast continuous fire, from

which the majority of the terrified inhabitants had hardly time to escape with life; and many of the sick, aged, and infants perished. Diethelm, count of Toggenburg,, was at the head of the third column, which his vindictive ire directed upon the immediate residence of the abbot, where soon nothing was seen but burning buildings — nothing heard but cries of death and despair. “Now, at this sad time,” says an old contemporary chronicle, “there was among the aristocracy only hatred, fury, rage, and vengeance, and among their subjects no other thing but sighs, groans, lamentations, and abundance of tears.” The tocsin resounded from the alps of Appenzell to the lake of Constance, and the bridge of Basle, for its bishop, almost equally obnoxious from his attachment to the emperor, was doomed to endure the misery of seeing his diocese several times devastated by the foes of Henry.

Not for a moment did the abbot appear paralysed by the perils or sights and sounds of woe around him. At this fearful conjuncture, on the contrary, his activity, his admirable presence of mind, which had hitherto neutralised the direst evils of his situation, shone forth with still greater lustre. He summoned under his banner all who could bear arms; and the treasury of his church again sent forth its gems and relics, to be returned in Jewish gold from Strasburg. Young and old, rich and poor, nobles and citizens,

the peasants of the lowlands, the hunters of the mountains, shepherds and artisans, guided by attachment and despair, obeyed the call; and with this heterogeneous assembly he was not long in fronting with heroic courage the myriad ranks of his enemies. To have taken the field against the whole collectively would have been madness. Wise as well as valorous, he preserved the dignified deportment of a Grecian chieftain, awaiting with calm firmness the proper moment for decisive action. The defence of the monastery was his prime care, and night as well as day he might be seen directing the reparations of the ramparts, throwing up trenches, and cheering on his men to the labour.

Count Diethelm of Toggenburg, commanding the concentrated forces of his own house and those of the family of Nellenburg, which included the two monasteries of Reichnau and Schaffhausen, was the general whose attack from various causes the abbot had most reason to fear. Besides political and private feelings in a barbarous age, to revenge the death of a friend or relative was deemed a sacred duty; the blood of Volkrath of Toggenburg, yet unexpiated, seemed to call for vengeance. The count was considered a man of bravery and military science: to him was deputed the personal conquest of the abbot, and in his advance towards St. Gall with that design, clearing a passage by fire and sword,

he had reached the Sitter, a small but deep and rapid river of Appenzell, formed of three alpine torrents issuing out of the Glaciers of the Sentis, and was within a few miles of St. Gall, when the abbot, constantly informed of his movements through the medium of trusty spies, judged it necessary to strike the blow he had meditated. At nightfall, when the weary soldiery and woful peasantry alike found a short respite from labour and sorrow, Ulric stole silently out of his gates, and with a select detachment of chosen troops advanced towards a long narrow defile, through which he knew the count must march on his way to St. Gall. It was hemmed in by steep precipitous rocks, projecting, some in naked rudeness, others fringed with pines and brushwood over the pass. Mountain rose upon mountain above the gorge, and at two hundred feet below flowed the roaring river. Here he stopped, spread his best archers and slingers over the sides of the ravine, and after posting a strong body of determined men at the opposite entrance, patiently awaited the count's approach. The result of this bold manœuvre did not deceive his expectation, or the admirable arrangements he had made. At early dawn the count quitted the village where he had encamped the preceding evening, and soon afterwards reached the dangerous point of his passage. Heading his troops, he rode on in fearless security, till, too late for retreat,

he suddenly found himself surrounded by armed men and in presence of the redoubtable abbot! Crushed by the stones, and riddled by arrows flying in all directions from the slingers and archers, (who, sheltered behind the juttred pinnacles of the rocks and trees, safely plied their murderous craft,) while veteran warriors with swords, and pikes, and morgensterns assaulted him at each extremity of the defile; the count saw himself, after some valorous efforts to escape from his unfortunate position, forced to save his own life and that of his people, including his only son, by laying down his arms. A capitulation, as ignominious to himself as it was advantageous to the interests of his subtle conqueror, was concluded upon the spot. On the hilt of his sword, the usual substitute for a cross on such occasions, and considered equally binding, the count solemnly swore never more to take up arms against any Abbot of St. Gall, nor pillage the lands of the monastery, and to send within a given period a large ransom for himself and followers.\*

\* It is the opinion of the various writers who have attended to this part of the career of the abbot Ulric of St. Gall, that it would have been impossible for him to have overcome the combined forces of the confederate barons, had their plans been better arranged. Müller, Würstisen, and other Swiss-German historians, in recounting the failure of the coalition, have remarked that had the barons had the slightest knowledge of military tactics, the abbot must have succumbed. The nobles

of the eleventh century were doubtless ignorant of the refined arts of modern warfare, but they were also unassisted by gunpowder; and nothing — save a chance arrow transfixing his untameable heart, or a well-aimed stone dashing out his noble brains — would in all probability have ended the campaign favourably for them. In addition to his great genius, the abbot at this period was favoured by a thorough acquaintance with the localities of his own domain, necessarily unknown to them. Warlike movements must ever be executed with doubt and difficulty, in a country comparatively desert or strange to the invaders. At that very early epoch, not a map of these mountainous districts was probably in existence, excepting one, which the scientific monks of St. Gall had constructed of their own convent and dependencies, about a century before, for their sole use; and this map, however deficient in accuracy, was doubtless some guide to the abbot in the many skilful evolutions he made to hedge in, or pursue among the mountains, all approaching with hostile intent. One of the most useful qualities of a good general — that of knowing how to reap a harvest from the faults of an enemy — he possessed in a high degree. Shrewd in anticipating, as he was subtle and adroit in eluding stratagems, and with marvellous promptitude executing the plans which, after mature deliberation he had adopted, he drew every advantage from the scene of this campaign, a wild region, abounding with mountain passes, narrow defiles, deep ravines, and torrents, sometimes fordable, at others impassable, for even the hardy peasant born on their stony banks.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

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# [HISTORICAL PICTURES

OF

## THE MIDDLE AGES,

IN

Black and White ;

MADE ON THE SPOT

BY

A WANDERING ARTIST.

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ivers est une espèce de livre, dont on n'a lu que la première page quand  
i que son pays. J'en ai feuilleté un assez grand nombre."—*Le Cosmopolite*.

affairs of Switzerland occupy a very small space in the great chart of  
n history. But in some respects they are more interesting than the  
ns of mighty kingdoms. Nowhere besides do we find so many titles to  
pathy, or the union of so much virtue with so complete success."

HALLAM's *View of the State of Europe during the Middle Ages*.

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CONTENTS  
OF  
THE SECOND VOLUME.

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	Page
THE WAR OF THE TWO ABBOTS ( <i>continued</i> )	1
THE PASSAGE OF THE GRAND SAINT BERNARD	42
BERTHA, QUEEN OF TRANSJURANE-BURGUNDY	54



# HISTORICAL PICTURES

OF

## THE MIDDLE AGES.

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### THE WAR OF THE TWO ABBOTS,

CONTINUED.

**AFTER** this decisive victory over his most formidable opponent, the abbot's own course was impeded by few difficulties. He harassed the remaining confederates by unceasing attacks; now in their front, then in their rear, giving them no opportunity of employing their respective forces in any well-combined, well-concerted plan of operation. The Chevalier Adelgos was wounded in a skirmish, and obliged to withdraw; Zoeringen had private interests which demanded his return into Germany; and, once more, the invincible Ulric saw himself at rest in his monastery. Every thing that a kindly nature could suggest was done by

the abbot to repair the devastation of his domain: the green hills of Appenzell were again slowly covered with little *chalets*, and growing crops once more waved around St. Gall; but all wore a sad and solemn air, for confidence was banished from a land the prey of contending armies.

To add a new scene to this bloody tragedy, Gebhard, the youngest son of the late Duke of Zœringen, originally a simple monk in the monastery of Hirschau, drawn from his cell by the papal party to be elevated to the see of Constance, during the lifetime of its legitimate bishop, driven into exile after having been expelled in turn by the imperialists — had repaired into Thurgovia, where he remained till now; when feeling strong enough to adventure a return, he once more presented himself at the gates of Constance, escorted by the troops of his brother, and the houses of Guelf and Nellenburg. Then burst out fresh hostilities between the papal and imperial partisans; nor did he obtain an entrance, till the faubourg of Constance, just re-built after a conflagration lighted under similar circumstances, was again fired by his family and allies.

A scarcity, the necessary consequence of this interminable war, filling up the measure of desolation, achieved the final ruin of a country, the half of which lay uncultivated for the want of hands, and the other half was so much neglected that the scanty crops were

all but a failure. The chronicles of this period unite in relating that, during twelve years, the Thurgovian peasant followed the plough completely armed—a sword at the side, and cuirass on the back; that they might be prepared for aggressions incessantly renewed; and at the epochs of seed-time and harvest, sentinels were always posted to anticipate surprises.

In the eventful history of the abbot of St. Gall, there occurred several events so singularly propitious, at the very instant of a crisis threatening annihilation, that his adherents could not abstain from considering them as special interpositions in his favour. At the close of the very year, which opened so darkly for him, whilst combatting against the multiplied horrors of civil war and famine, the patriarch of Aquileia, an Italian territory not far distant from the gulf of Venice, died after a short illness; and the emperor, aware that this high dignity, then ranking in power and precedency next to the see of Rome, required a prelate of no common intelligence, learning, and courage, immediately invested Ulric with the vacant patriarchal mitre.\*

\* The town and territory of Aquileia formerly belonged to the patriarch who ranked immediately after the pope. It is now in the Lombardo-Venetian kingdom. The Bishop of Como was under the jurisdiction of the patriarch of Aquileia.

The death of Gregory VII. at Salerno the preceding year, whither the emperor had succeeded in banishing him, gave the fallacious hope that peace would now be restored to the Christian world; but in dying, the pontiff bequeathed to his successors a legacy of hatred to the monarch, that kept alive the flame of discord; and Henry had already become painfully certain, that, on the character of the future patriarch of Aquileia much of his own power in Italy rested. He knew the abbot would bring to the arduous duties he was now entering upon, not merely an understanding matured by study, and a prudence tested by adversity, but above all, a vivid sense of right and wrong, to aid him in the just administration of his government, yet more valuable than his genius, or the generous qualities by which he was distinguished; and he urged him to lose no time in repairing to his new benefice. Ulric accepted the splendid appointment, and after as short a delay as possible, set out with a brilliant *cortège* for Aquileia. The adversaries of the abbot of St. Gall have accused him of being tinged with ambition. The great and the good are ever ambitious — not for the grovelling pleasures or petty distinctions which success in life ensures to the patient seeker of worldly renown, but because it confers the power of doing good. Honours, *honourably* acquired, open a path to the society of the best, and the wisest, and fling a halo



of reflected glory over all most prized in life — name, kindred, and country.

With the abbot's customary solicitude for the preservation of his convent, he had ordered an additional body of troops into the town, though having nothing to fear from the Count of Toggenburg he had possibly anticipated no disastrous consequences from his absence. Scarcely, however, had he quitted the frontier of Helvetia, than the Duke of Zœringen suddenly appeared with a formidable military escort; and before the militia of St. Gall, whose hands were no longer unhappily directed by the head of their chief, could oppose his entrance, he forced the gates, and threw a detachment into the church, where the brethren were performing early mass. One of them who contrived to escape sounded the tocsin, and an impetuous multitude, soon crowding to the scene of action, forced the duke to withdraw; but not until a monk had been killed, and several grievously wounded. Many of the sacred ornaments of the church were broken; and, amongst others, a crucifixion in ivory, which a young chorister held up in the hope of appeasing the furious attack of the duke's followers. It is melancholy to record that the unhappy soldier, who, in the heat of the fray had been the instrument of this sacrilegious act, was immediately seized with such agonizing pangs of remorse, that he became insane; and three days

afterwards, escaping from confinement, drowned himself in the lake of Constance.

This unexpected assault did not escape the silent censure of even his own party, nor the loud reprehension of the imperialists. To bring armed men into a church to attack defenceless monks at prayer, in the absence of their head, without any ostensible motive but revenge towards him, was considered dastardly and ungenerous, and called forth so strong an expression of disapprobation, that the duke endeavoured to justify his conduct by bringing forward the usual excuse, reprisal for the loss of Hohentweil, a strong castle which Ulric had taken by a *coup-de-main* some months before from him:—strange reasoning! since the only shadow of excuse for such wanton cruelty was, that his conduct had been based on public, not private grounds: but the vindictive and implacable are usually as illogical as illegal.

This was the last time that the sanctuary of St. Gall was internally polluted by the feet of invading foes, during the long reign of the patriarch of Aquileia. As soon as he was elevated to that dignity, the monk Verinhar renounced his pretensions to the abbacy. Whether he was apprehensive that this eminent appointment would give Ulric, of Eppenstein, more preponderating weight, — respected its sacred character, — or was afraid of pitting his, per-

haps unequal brain, against a shrewder intellect, or had grown weary of the contention, does not appear; but he instantly withdrew into the privacy of his own cell, where he passed his days in monkish ease, till the death of Eberhard, of Nellenburg, called him peaceably to preside over the society of which he was himself a member.

Peace was, however, still a stranger to the noble head of St. Gall. In 1089, a new excommunication, fulminated against the unhappy emperor by Urban II., a man after Gregory VII.'s own heart, and all his adherents declared to be fallen from their dignities, and professions, public and private, was especially harassing to him. Twelve years of continued warfare in Switzerland had exhausted both his own revenues and those of St. Gall. The enthusiasm and superstition of the times ran strongly against him. He was scarcely confirmed in his new dominions, and had not events, singularly favourable to his interests, once more arrested the arms of his enemies, he might even yet have sunk under the combined efforts of the pope and rebel nobility of Helvetia, whose proximity to St. Gall rendered its defence peculiarly difficult. The anti-Cæsar Herman of Luxemburg, flying before the exasperated emperor, was killed in a village of Lorraine, with Burcard, Count of Nellenburg. The abbot of Reichnau survived his brother's loss scarcely

six months: the wear and tear of twelve years of strife, two of which were passed in imprisonment, had doubtless told on his frame; and the superiority evinced by Utric, on every occasion where they came in contact, with his recent elevation to the dignity of patriarch, possibly irritated his bodily sufferings. Virtuous, dignified, and liberal, with a competent share of learning, he would have graced his high position, and might have been equally happy and respected, had not blind zeal and vindictive passions intemperately led him into a vortex of troubles, anxieties, and reverses.\*

By one of those singular coincidences, which sometimes stamp history with the appearance of romance, the Baron of Regensburg, hereditary *advocatus* of the Abbey of St. Gall, who opened the war between the two abbots, perished soon afterwards by a violent death, leaving an only son, who followed him in three months. The office of *advocatus* to a monastic establishment was held so sacred in the middle ages, and implied such unswerving fidelity, that his open violation of all its accredited duties was considered

\* As the convent of Saint Gall owed its name to a Scotch saint, so that of its rival was indebted for a patronymic designation to an Irish one. Reichnau was dedicated to St. Findanus, or Findan, an Irishman of not less famous reputation for miracles than St. Gall. In this celebrated contest, however, the wary policy of the "cannie" Scot quite distanced the fiery course of the impetuous son of Erin.

a great blot on his fame. He died poor, and his once splendid patrimony was subsequently sold to Zurich.\* But these were not the only actors in the desolating wars between papal and imperial power,

\* The emperor's generosity and sense of justice had early enabled Burcard to repair the injury done to the see of Lausanne by the sale of a part of the episcopal revenues at the commencement of the struggle with Gregory VII. On the death of Rudolph, Henry bestowed his Swiss possessions on Burcard and his cousin the Bishop of Basle. He gave also the château of Arconcul to Count Cuno in recompense for his victory over the Duke of Zœringen at Winterthur, and subsequently appointed the Bishop of Lausanne chancellor of the kingdom of Italy. These rich possessions were, in great measure, appropriated to the repairs of the towns and villages, which had been devastated during these fatal wars; so that when Burcard was killed, his flock, especially at Lausanne, had speedily reason to lament the married bishop. His successor, Lambert of Grandson, was indeed free from that stain, but he had nephews without end, to whom he gave lordships and villages, belonging to the diocese, with such shameless prodigality, that the emperor, Henry V., made the baron of Blonay disgorge a part of what he had thus received at the expense of the see. Bishop Lambert was, besides these liberalities to his family, so little scrupulous on moral points, that he was compelled to abdicate, at a period when ecclesiastical princes enjoyed a degree of liberty not granted to crowned heads; and according to the accredited account of his departure from Lausanne, the instant he went out of the port of St. Maire he disappeared from the eyes of his attendants, and was never seen more: whence it was inferred, that, being no longer on holy ground, or protected by "notre Dame de Lausanne," he was, when beyond her jurisdiction, forthwith carried away by the devil. There was, it appears, something mysterious in the bishop's manner of leaving Lausanne, which his reputation and the superstition of the times thus cleared up.

who that year went "where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest." On the eve of Christmas-day, was killed Burcard, Prince Bishop of Lausanne! Nearly thirteen years had rolled away since he crossed the Alps of Saint Bernard with so much pain and peril, accompanied by her whose love and fair fame were dearer to him than his bishopric. He had been many years a widower, for she did not long survive her terrific journey over the pass of St. Bernard; but though her death might have paved the way for his reconciliation with the court of Rome, his hostility never diminished. Henry, in the extremities of his despair and distress, sometimes negotiated, as the sinking catch at straws, and grasp at sand; but Burcard would *never* make the slightest concession to any pontiff who pronounced his marriage unholy. From that time, devoting himself to the desperate fortunes of his royal master, he followed him from one battle-field to another, till, at nearly eighty years of age, he fell, covered with wounds, fighting by his side in the bloody combat of Gleichen.

In the archives of the Cathedral of Lausanne was

Les chroniques de l'église reprochent à l'évêque Lambert de Grandson, d'avoir spolié les biens de l'église, pour enrichir ses parens, entr'autres d'avoir donné, en 1089, à son neveu Walter de Blonay, la seigneurie de Corsier et la quatrième partie de Vevey. En 1111, l'empereur Henri V. annula cette donation, &c., &c.—*Environs du Vevey. E. Duffoug-Favre.*

a lance, said to have belonged to St. Maurice, the chief of the Theban legion, martyred in the year 302 by the ferocious Maximian, on the plains of St. Maurice in the Valais, so named from this imputed slaughter : it had been there deposited by the last of the Transjurane kings, from whom Henry descended, and was of great sanctity. Hughbert, duke of a large portion of the Transjurane before its erection into a kingdom, and abbot of St. Maurice, whilst fighting to defend the aspersed honour of his sister, repudiated by Lothaire II., of France, was killed waving this lance over his head under the walls of his abbey : he also was married, though an abbot ! Perhaps the chivalrous old man found some analogy between their fortunes, for, when his body was discovered amongst the slain, the sacred lance of St. Maurice was firmly grasped in his aged hands.

On receiving intelligence of Herman's death, his troops hurried to evacuate Thurgovia, and falling back upon Swabia, thus diminished a part of the armed force destined to subdue Ulric ; and though the pope soon directed Henry's turbulent vassals in the choice of a successor, no one cared to take up a gauntlet, which was to be won with so much trouble and peril.\*

\* When the fearful *mêlée* was at an end, Henry went into the ensanguined plain to search for the remains of this servant unto

A royal and sacred Psalmist has declared that "there is a time for all things; a time for peace, and a time for war." The one had now so long desolated this unhappy country, that its antipodes might well be expected to come with healing in its wings; and Ulric was turning his enlightened spirit to the amelioration of the woes of his people, when unfortunately the emperor, from various vicissitudes of fortune, feeling himself strong enough to punish the Duke of Zœringen, certainly the most obstinate and ungenerous of his vassals in Switzerland, sent the abbot an order to expel from the see of Constance the Duke's brother Gebhard, who had now contrived to keep possession of it some time, notwithstanding his stormy entrance. It was doubtless desirable, both for his interests and those of Ulric himself, that Constance should be held by a friend, as at any period the duke, if so disposed, might sally from his brother's diocese, and carry fire and sword into that of St. Gall, during the absence of the abbot in Italy. Possibly, to encourage the abbot to the work, Arnold, a learned German monk of his own monastery, was appointed Gebhard's successor. It is probable that the abbot scarcely required

death. The stern fortitude which never left him in sixty-two battle-fields gave way before the sad sight: he burst into tears, and, sobbing like a child, withdrew to his tent, refusing to be comforted.



this stimulus; he and his flock were still smarting from the Duke of Zœringen's single-handed attack, and buckling on his armour, which time had not yet rendered rusty, he speedily sallied out of St. Gall, accompanied by the bishop elect, and escorted by a gallant band of knights, 'squires, and chosen soldiers, to do the emperor's bidding. In all the pride and pomp of office, the cavalcade soon appeared before the gates of Constance to execute their high, but dangerous commission; and, halting at the principal entrance, Ulric, in his superior character of patriarch of Aquileia, summoned the deposed prelate Gebhard, of Zœringen, to appear, and then depart in peace. But vainly the trumpeter sounded the imperial mandate, or the troops by whom he was surrounded endeavoured to force an entrance into the city. The men of Constance, to whom the usurper had accorded many privileges, to secure their fidelity, took up arms in his favour, and discharged from the towers and ramparts such volleys of arrows, stones, and other missives, that the patriarch of Aquileia, with the candidate for episcopal honours, were glad to return unscathed, pillaging and firing the faubourg on their retreat, including the great Benedictine monastery at its extremity.

There is a strong propensity in mankind to exaggerate the advantages and virtues of by-gone ages;

to depreciate in inverse ratio those of the present. But ancient history, read and pondered upon with an impartial spirit, continually presents scenes from which modern eyes will turn away with incredulous horror. It is grievous to contemplate, in the nineteenth century, such a man as Ulric of Eppenstein thus led away by party zeal to forget what was due to his own station and to humanity; nor will the reader, perhaps, see much difference between the Duke of Zœringen's invasion of St. Gall, and the sacking and burning of the Benedictine convent at Constance: excepting, indeed, that no lives were sacrificed, the inmates having probably, in anticipation of the event, prudently avoided its consequences by timely flight. Yet all this is calmly narrated by the garrulous chroniclers of the eleventh without note or comment. They deemed no apology necessary for what custom had rendered common and fair.

At a period when every aggression engendered a return *in kind*, this hostile visit, as a matter of course, was speedily followed by another. Some regular troops, accompanied by a host of warm friends belonging to the insulted house of Zœringen, in due time issued from the city of Constance, and pillaged all the domains of St. Gall on their road, bringing devastation once more to the very walls of the monastery. The churches, hitherto spared, were,

out of revenge for the burning of the Benedictine convent, given up to plunder ; and all the growing crops trodden under foot. To repel this commencement of another disastrous campaign, the militia of St. Gall and Appenzell, with the vassals of Thurgovia, united themselves so promptly that, although inferior to the army of the league in point of numbers, they were not long in obtaining a decisive victory, which was happily the last battle fought between the contending powers of the pope and the emperor, through the instrumentality of the rival monasteries of St. Gall and Reichenau.

A peace, less due perhaps to the sincere reconciliation of the two parties, than to their mutual exhaustion, was finally concluded in 1094, about three years afterwards, which terminated the incessant skirmishes, battles, conflagrations, sieges, and plunderings, which had been alike so disgraceful to both the belligerents, and so grievous to their subjects. But although the sword was at length sheathed, sixteen years of combats and anarchy long left their sad memorial. Thurgovia, the principal seat of warfare, was nearly a desert :— a dreadful famine, followed by many contagious and fatal maladies, swept off hundreds who had survived their former sufferings. Reichenau was so impoverished by the expenditure incurred in prosecuting the war, that its abbots never quite regained their pristine

affluence or consideration ; and, under any other master, St. Gall must have sunk into utter desolation, instead of rising higher in the scale of ecclesiastical rank. Ulric of Eppenstein had not the deep learning of some of his immediate predecessors—the Notkers and Solomans, whose dazzling lustre was never overshadowed by any brighter one ; but to a great taste for the fine arts and polish of a court, he united a love of agriculture, a profound acquaintance with all that *utilizes*, as well as embellishes life. Whilst the dilapidated conventual buildings gradually rose in architectural beauty, vineyards, and cornfields, and gardens bloomed around. He collected the scattered treasures of the library and the church, and attracted by enlightened encouragement men of all classes to settle within his jurisdiction. For some years he resided, alternately, at Aquileia and St. Gall ; and, by a judicious mixture of dignity and benevolence, was equally loved and respected in the extended sphere of his princely station. One feature in his character all historians have delighted to transmit to posterity—his gratitude. Like Burcard, Prince Bishop of Lausanne, the Abbot of St. Gall did not seal his fidelity to the emperor with his blood ; but neither threats nor allurements could induce him to betray or desert the cause of Henry, at its darkest hour. In prosperity he never forgot those who had

been faithful to him in adversity: he remembered the services of the meanest individual—some were rewarded with money or small estates: others were provided for in his household, or appointed to responsible situations near his person. Many young noblemen, and gentlemen, sons of former adherents, attended him into Italy, whilst a great number were strongly recommended to his friends for promotion, when nothing in his own patronage was left him to dispose of. So lofty and firm was his untameable spirit that no misfortunes ever bowed him down to ask peace from his foes. Like all great minds, he was penetrated with the belief in a particular Providence; he knew the cause in which he had embarked was a righteous one, and he never despaired of ultimate success. Yet, with this abounding confidence, he was not inflamed by any apparent advantages to recommence hostilities, when his adversaries seemed willing to discontinue them; nor did he ever, in a single instance, seek the aggrandizement of his monastery by confiscating to its use any lands belonging to his enemies. He punished their aggressions by carrying war into their dominions, but not with a view to conquest—merely as a mode whereby they might be weakened, and thus rendered less formidable to himself. He was magnificent in his manner of life, because he loved hospitality, and was from his birth habituated to the expenditure and

refinement of a court; but many of the abbots of St. Gall, both before and after him, carried personal luxury to a far higher pitch. If he accepted the honours offered by a generous master, he had never debased himself to seek them; and he was thus enabled to gratify a noble nature by becoming himself the fountain of benefits to others. Without being under the blind superstition of the age, he always preserved the exterior of devotion, whilst his general conduct was a sure guarantee for the power of religion in his soul. The apostolic injunction, delivered by St. Paul to the churches of Christ, "Let all things be done in order," he followed in its fullest sense: keeping up the dignified observances of his own peculiar creed, with stately ceremonial and splendid pomp. He possessed qualities which, in antiquity, would have made him shine as the chief of a Greek republic; in the midst of enemies virulent and potent; under the crushing weight of papal excommunication; at war with the natural and sworn protector of his convent; his monastery even in the actual possession of his rival of Reichnau, although Gebhard, Bishop of Constance, brought fire and sword under his walls; and the Duke of Zœringen forced an entrance into them; undismayed, he bent like a sage till the storm was abated, and then, collecting again his strength, he came forth with renovated vigour to withstand or repel what might

remain to be endured or overcome. Under his wise administration, the revenues and reputation of the abbey increased so greatly that upwards of a hundred monks of patrician line, besides double the number of royal and noble pupils commonly resided within its venerated cloisters; his successors were created princes of the empire, and one of them, on some public occasion at Strasburg, appeared attended by a thousand horsemen. The conventual buildings were reconstructed at immense cost, and the lodge of the abbot denominated the Pfalz—the palace.\*

Towards the decline of life, finding the soft breezes of an Italian clime more congenial to his constitution than the keen air of St. Gall, he fixed his residence at Aquileia, and there, laden with honours, and blessings, and respect, he terminated his checkered career on the 13th of December, 1123,

\* Some farther idea of its prosperity and treasures may be formed from the inventory taken at the period of the Reformation, when forty, or, according to some historians, forty-six cart-loads of images, fonts for holy water, shrines and altars, were carried away and destroyed, in an outbreak of the citizens. It must not, however, be supposed that all religious corporations expired suddenly under the sledge-hammer blows of reformers and revolutionists. Many, after undergoing what in the middle ages was emphatically called “reform,” gradually dwindled away into annihilation. Such was the fate of St. Gall.

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the side of his friend and master. The patriarch of Aquileia, happier in destiny, surmounted all the evils of his early day, to spend its evening in lettered ease, and earthly pomp, surrounded "by troops of friends." And Berthold of Zœringen, redeeming, by the innate strength of an upright mind and generous nature, the errors of his youth, tranquilly closed his eyes, soothed by the consciousness that he had endeavoured to atone for the past. To see the chief of a nation, or a family, defending with the resources of talent and courage, the rightful heritage of his ancestors, is a spectacle well calculated to excite the liveliest interest, deepening into sympathy and respect, when long years of toil have failed of their reward. The duke of Zœringen had a soul capable of appreciating the emperor's valorous conduct, and a heart to pity his unmerited persecution. To his own immortal honour, he came, at length, boldly forward, and at the eleventh hour acknowledged himself a guilty rebel. For Henry's interests, alas! too late: for his own, we are told, not as an encouragement to sin or to sloth, but to avert despair, there was yet time to make his peace with God, as well as with the master he had so unjustly deserted. The death of his brother-in-law the count of Rheinfelden, without children, rendered him sole heir of Rudolph of Swabia, whose only daughter he had espoused; and he was strongly

urged by the pope, and insurgent nobles of Germany, to assert by force of arms his claim to the duchy of Swabia. But the hour was now come when, perhaps, for the first time, he was able to free himself from the trammels imposed by his father's political friendship with Rudolph, and his own union with Agnes of Swabia. Rejecting the iniquitous counsel, he went to Mayence, where the diet was then holden; presented himself unarmed and unattended — threw himself upon his knees before the astonished sovereign — tendered to him a vow of fidelity, and resigned into his hands whatever pretensions he might have to the duchy of Swabia.

“It was,” says a German annalist, “in the twenty-fourth year of the opposition of his house to the emperor, that he came to this magnanimous resolution.” Henry, whose character, as he advanced in life, became purified by adversity, was deeply affected; and would probably have bestowed on him the duchy in dispute, had he not already given it to his son-in-law Frederick of Hohenstauffen: but the grateful sovereign never lost an opportunity of evincing his sense of obligation.\* He gave him many valuable

\* Son caractère étoit généreux et noble; mais il se livroit avec trop peu de retenue aux passions de son âge. . . . . Les papes et leurs partisans profitèrent de ses défauts pour le peindre aux peuples comme un monstre.

immunities in the canton of Zurich; conferred on him immediately the duchy of Burgundy in acknowledgment of Berthold's descent from the Transjurane kings; and overlooked the harmless vanity which induced him, on the death of his wife, to inscribe upon her shield, Agnes Regina de Arle, the name of the ancient city which was once the capital of the kingdom of little Burgundy under the Rudolphian dynasty.

For the hapless monarch was reserved a doom, more terrible than the gory bed of the venerable bishop. Assailed alike by public and domestic treason — rebellious subjects — a traitorous, shameless wife, and rebel sons, when those who had perilled, and would have perilled a thousand times more, their lives for his, were in the dust, he was finally driven from his throne, after fighting in sixty-two battles with

L'année suivante le Pape Urban II., parvint à faire révolter Conrad, fils aîné de Henri, contre son père. La cour de Rome applaudit avec une joie féroce à cette rébellion, et aux calomnies infâmes que Conrad publia pour l'excuser, en souillant la gloire de son père. — *Histoire des Répub. Italiennes. Sismondi.*

Henry was of a grateful temper. In looking through the chronicles of Switzerland, it is astonishing how often his gifts are recorded. He bestowed (1086) upon "his cousin," Ulric of Kybourg, canon of Bâle, the lordship of Munster; perhaps to indemnify him for some loss sustained in the pillage of the canton by the insurgent nobles, of whom Ulric's brother was one, or as a recompence for his own personal fidelity.

the invincible courage which ever distinguished him.\* Henry had previously been deprived of his crown and imperial ornaments by the archbishops of Mayence and Cologne; and the description of the means employed to force him to lay down the ensigns of royalty, as given by several historians, is more affecting than the recital of his sufferings at Canossa thirty-two years before, because we naturally sympathise less with the buoyant spirit of twenty-three, than with the broken frame, and worn heart of premature old age.

When the nobles of Germany refused to take up the usurper's crown, which Rudolph and Hermann had so soon exchanged for a shroud, Henry's son Conrad was instigated by the successors of Gregory VII. to wrest the kingdoms of Germany and Italy from his father. Conrad's brief success obtained for him the ceremony of a coronation at Monza; and for eight years his unnatural rebellion filled the emperor with anxiety, sorrow, and indignation. To offer

\* Henry's second wife Adelais, or Eufrosia, was a Russian princess, and widow of the Margrave of Brandenburg. She was of a violent temper, and her complaints against Henry are considered the effusions of a mad woman, instigated by a demon spirit. All Swiss historians are favourable to Henry, and consider the vices laid to his charge in early life to be grievously exaggerated by Italian chroniclers, who were scarcely able to escape prejudice from their residence in the papal dominions.

some plea, as an apology for his rebellion, he blackened his father's character with slanders so atrocious and improbable, that the very party whose game he had played felt for him nothing but contempt and distrust. He died, after wearing eight years a crown which had been one of thorns, a victim to his own passions, and the artifices of his father's enemies.\* Henry, the youngest son of the emperor, a prince of more intellect and better nature, was the idol of his father, who had once intended to abdicate in his favour, but was deterred from this design by the advice of his old friends, and, perhaps, by the natural repugnance which a monarch, then only fifty-three, might feel at the idea of abandoning his rights and

\* Conrad revolted against his father in 1093 — was elected king of Italy by the papal power — held his ephemeral court principally at Monza, and Pavia, and died in 1101.

At Worms the remembrance of Henry is a religious feeling: that faithful city had ever clung to him in his life, and at the public expense his body was brought from Liege to be interred with his ancestors at Spires, some miles higher up on the Rhine. There it lay five years in a sort of outhouse, appended to the cathedral, used for keeping workmen's tools, before the pope would permit the chapter to grant christian burial. A respectable-looking man, seeing the writer of these lines regarding every relic of Worms with deep interest, stepped up and pointed out a yet strong square frowning tower, as the one where the unfortunate emperor had once confined "his wicked son Conrad."

A Protestant pilgrimage to Worms will form another sketch by the same pencil.

duties, while in the vigour of his days and intellect, to a mere youth. Eager to reign, the prince's culpable ambition was soon roused into rebellion by the emissaries of Pope Pascal II. More artful than his brother Conrad, he disguised his plots, and, when all was ripe, he prevailed on the emperor to retire for a while to the palace of Ingelheim, near Mayence, assuring him that at the approaching Diet, his foes would endeavour to seize on his person: but, in fact, because they were mustering so strongly, that the archbishops feared they might be unable to execute their project in the city. The unsuspecting emperor withdrew, as he believed, till the arrival of friends would enable him to return, in safety, to the Diet, held at Mayence; and the day afterwards he was summoned by the archbishops of Mayence and Cologne to abdicate in favour of his treacherous son. The sale of episcopal benefices — his quarrels with the Popes — his early irregularities, and tyrannical conduct towards his nobles — were the reasons alleged for the demand.

When the emperor had recovered from his amazement and grief, he asked the archbishops what sum they had paid for the sees he had bestowed on them? Unable to reply to this cutting proof of their ingratitude and injustice, they answered by tearing off, with insults and violence, the imperial ornaments in which he had arrayed himself, declaring that the

power of the Church, which, alone, had the right of making kings, could in like manner dethrone them. On learning this outrage, the friends of Henry flew to arms, and two bloody battles were delivered, in which the father and son were opposed to each other. In the first the emperor triumphed—in the last he was defeated, and fell a prisoner into the hands of his son. It was at this time he wrote a most touching letter to Philip I. of France, preserved to posterity by Sigebertus Gemblacens, and referred to by Sismondi \*, describing an interview with him.

“As soon as I saw him, affected to the very bottom of my heart, as much by paternal affection as by sorrow, I threw myself at his feet, supplicating and conjuring him in the name of his God, his religion, and the salvation of his soul, although my sins might have merited punishment from God, to abstain from sullyng on my account his hands, his soul, and his honour; for never any law, human or divine, had authorized sons to be avengers of the faults of their fathers.” In the same letter he speaks of his close imprisonment—of the insults—the threats—the naked swords directed at his head, if he did not do what he was commanded (*si je ne faisois*

\* Sitôt que je le vis, dit-il, touché jusqu'au fond du cœur de douleur, autant que d'affection paternelle, je me jetai à ses pieds, le suppliant, le conjurant, au nom de son Dieu, de sa foi, du salut de son âme, &c. &c.



*tout ce qui m'étoit commandé*) — "the hunger — the thirst — the various privations and injuries which I suffered from the treatment of men, who had me in their keeping; all of whom were so low, that it was an insult for me even to come in contact with them." \*

From this bitter captivity he was suffered to escape, perhaps designedly, for the authority of his son, now confirmed by the open sanction of the pope and nobles, unwilling or unable to continue the contest, rendered him no longer dangerous. He wandered sometimes in disguise before he reached Spires, then a wealthy city, with a magnificent cathedral, in which

\* Le pape Pasqual II. dont la haine religieuse étoit implacable, échauffa, par ses émissaires, un fils qu'un soif coupable de régner égaroit déjà: il lui représenta le crime qu'il méditoit comme une action sainte et glorieuse, et le détermina à la révolte. — *Sismondi*, vol. i. page 130.

How reluctantly the clergy generally fell in with Gregory VII.'s violent innovations, may be seen by an episcopal letter addressed to Gelmire, bishop of Compostella, in Spain, by Pascal II., nearly fifty years after the edict against marriage, which emanated from Pope Stephen IX., at Cardinal Hildebrand's command. Pascal says that, such priests as may, according to the "*mauvaise coutume*" established in their country, have taken unto themselves wives, are not nevertheless to be debarred from ecclesiastical dignities; but he adds, "it is an intolerable abuse that monks should live with nuns; employ all your efforts to put an end to such *liaisons*." — *Histoire d'Espagne tirée de Mariana*.

he had himself built a chapel to the honour of the Virgin. It was the sanctuary which received the ashes of the emperors of Germany; and there the hapless monarch, wanting both bread and shelter, entreated that he might be permitted to occupy the humble situation of reader or minor canon; representing that "*having been taught Latin and chanting he was qualified for such an office!*" The plague spot of excommunication was on him, and the terrified bishop drove the weary wayworn suppliant sternly from his door. The last vial of wrath was now emptied on that discrowned head! Henry turned to the attendants present, and exclaiming, "for the sins of my youth God hath thus smitten me," meekly departed. The miserable man travelled on, reached Liege, and there in a wretched chamber, for which he was indebted to the humanity of a poor priest, destitute of almost the common necessities of life, reduced to a mere skeleton by woe and wrong, he died in a few months at fifty-five years of age! "There is a destiny in this strange world that oft decrees an undeserved fate." "Now we see darkly as in a glass, but hereafter all things will be made clear."

Tyranny alone, well established, oppressive and hopeless, could have justified the revolt of Henry's subjects, and that such tyranny did not exist, there is ample proof. For upwards of thirty-two years a

glorious band of the noblest and best in all his realms, prelates as well as laymen, sustaining his cause through every danger, spiritual as well as temporal, is an apology for his conduct which no sophistry can subvert. Reigning unfettered at thirteen years of age, and succeeding a father who had acquired greater power than any of his predecessors, Henry, in the early part of his rule, gave way to the faults of ungoverned youth; and convinced as he was that, in punishing the rebellion of subjects disposed to revolt ere he reached the throne, he was only asserting his own rights, he was guilty of nothing that could offer the shadow of a plea for the traitorous conduct of his haughty barons. The head and front of his offending was opposition to the court of Rome; and had not Matilda, Countess of Tuscany, intervened in favour of papal predominance, it is more than probable that Gregory VII. and his successors would never have succeeded in the struggle.\* The whole existence of this remarkable woman was devoted to one single purpose, the elevation of the earthly power of the Church; and her enormous possessions were bequeathed for the same purpose at her death.

\* Gregory VII. died at Salerno, 1085. He had alienated from him even the bishops, once his staunchest friends, by his harshness and insolence. — *Sismondi*.

She had just succeeded to the inheritance of her illustrious race, when Gregory VII. commenced his crusade against the emperor, and yielding to a dark superstition, she threw the whole weight of her wealth and influence into the scale against her unfortunate cousin. She was twice married; but her husbands, Godfrey of Lorraine and Guelf, the fifth duke of Bavaria, not seconding her zeal in the papal cause, she separated from them both, consecrating her life to the defence of popes of whatever name. Like Hildebrand, her first papal *protégé*, she never loved any one. He had repressed his affections to nourish his ambition, and her's were probably sacrificed to the same shrine, however disguised by the words justice, and truth, and religion.

Lest it may be imagined that the writer of these lines, led away by generous enthusiasm in favour of a fallen monarch—and where could enthusiasm be better placed even if it were so?—has espoused too warmly the cause of Henry IV., emperor of Germany, in his vain struggle against papal supremacy, this sketch of his fate shall be closed in the words of the Abbé Ladvoocat, doctor of theology, and professor in the Sorbonne, whose religion and position are a guarantee for his impartiality as well as his reputation for historical accuracy.

“He was a courageous and intellectual prince, affable, humane, and gifted with the most noble

qualities. He was present at sixty-two battles; but he loved pleasure too much, and permitted his ministers to abuse his authority.\* Historians

\* C'étoit un prince courageux et spirituel, honnête, clément, et doué des plus belles qualités. Il se trouva en personne à 62 batailles, mais il aimoit trop ses plaisirs, et souffroit que ses ministres abusassent de son autorité. — *Dictionnaire Historique par M. l'Abbé Ladvocat*, vol. ii. p. 157.

Matilda, countess of Tuscany, married Guelph, duke of Bavaria, her last husband, when about forty-three years of age, and died in 1115. This extraordinary woman, whose conduct tinged and was felt by entire Europe, was at least free from the reproach of sordidness. When the victorious troops of Henry at one time menaced her own possessions, some of the priests, by whom she was surrounded, terrified at the chance of losing their benefices, implored her to make peace with the emperor. "Begone!" was her characteristic reply; "if I can sacrifice all for the Church, you may surely risk something." Even the pope, it is said, fluctuated a little in his policy at this dubious moment; but Matilda would hear of no concessions; — she persisted, triumphed, and earned for herself a monument in that most majestic of majestic churches, St. Peter's at Rome. The tomb of her mother, also a haughty dame, in strict accordance with her daughter in sentiment, is one of the most splendid and classically beautiful sarcophagi in the Campo Santo at Pisa, — that matchless structure, unique amid the wonders of Italian art. It is of Parian marble, on which are represented, in *bassorilievo*, two subjects, the source of much controversy among the learned, agreed only in believing that this exquisite specimen of Roman skill, for whatever purpose originally destined, was the ancient model from which Nicholas Pisano derived the perfection of his chisel. The monument of Matilda bears evidence that it was *designed expressly for her*; and it has been thus described by the graphic pen of Lady Morgan, for the writer of these sketches, spell-bound by the enchantments of

have remarked many traits of resemblance between Henry IV., Emperor of Germany, and Henry IV., King of France. They had both the qualities of the true hero and the vices of a voluptuous court; both were constrained to bow down to the sovereign pontiff, and both in the end were victims to the power they had dared to oppose.

The learned and amiable Sismondi, from whose history of the Italian republics many of these particulars have been derived, observes that, "those who have turn in turn felt pity for the emperor and indignation towards his enemies, will experience some satisfaction in seeing the misfortunes of Henry avenged by the hands of their authors on each other; the ferocious Pascal, persecuted by the prince he had excited to a parricidal war, and the unnatural

Tuscany, has not yet quitted the Arno for the Tiber : — "Her ashes, brought from Mantua to Rome, repose in a marble sarcophagus, sculptured with a representation of her first cousin the unhappy Henry IV., prostrate at the feet of Gregory VII., where she had so powerfully contributed to place him. The miserable half-naked emperor, — every agonised feature and muscle writhing with shame, sorrow, and a sense of degradation, — contrasts finely with the haughty face of the Pope, who seems preparing to put his foot on the bowed neck of the imperial victim, crouching in the dust before him. The statue of the countess represents a stern dogged-looking woman, whose hard heart, and bigoted spirit, speak in every feature. She holds the papal sceptre and tiara in one hand, and in the other the keys of St. Peter."

monarch at length humiliated by the Church for whom he had fought with his fond, too confiding father.”\*

The quarrels of Henry V. with the court of Rome belong to another epoch; but the scene of his coronation, since it brings forward once more the valorous right-minded Ulric, Abbot of St. Gall, in his character as patriarch of Aquileia, will not inaptly close this sketch of the Abbots' War.

After the death of Henry IV., a dissension arose between the new emperor and Pascal, on the old subject—investitures; Henry proving quite as unwilling as his father to relinquish so great a privilege, and during four years the point remained undecided. It was at length terminated by a sort of compromise, requiring some sacrifices on either side; and upon the strength of this negotiation Henry came to Rome to receive his imperial crown from Pascal. Great was, therefore, his astonishment, when the pope, at the same time that he summoned him to renounce the prerogative of conferring benefices, declared his clergy would not sanction, as he had promised, the resigna-

\* On éprouve quelque satisfaction en voyant la vengeance des malheurs du respectable Henri s'accomplir par les mains de ses ennemis eux-mêmes; le farouche Pasqual, trahi et persécuté par le prince dont il avoit excité la révolte, et le fils dénaturé du vieux emperor, humilié par l'Eglise pour laquelle il avoit combattu son père. — *Sismondi*.

tion of any of the rights of the Church. This dispute interrupted the ceremonial of the coronation, a violent tumult followed, and Henry, transported by anger and contempt at the subterfuge, ordered the pope with the greater part of the prelates and ecclesiastics who surrounded him, to be seized by his numerous German guards who were present at the spectacle. The command was promptly obeyed, and ere the astonished pontiff recovered from his amazement, he found himself a prisoner in the hands of the patriarch of Aquileia, into whose custody he was delivered by the exasperated monarch. During the lifetime of Henry IV., Ulric of Eppenstein had always been the unflinching opponent of his son ; but now that that weary head lay low, he knew it was not for him to punish his sovereign, however guilty he might have been in his filial relations. He had come from Aquileia to grace the sacred ceremony of the coronation with a numerous escort, and, perhaps, remembering the wrongs of the late emperor, now lent himself with no great repugnance to the will of his imperious young master. It imposed on him, however, a most delicate, difficult, and dangerous task. He owed allegiance to the pope, also, and was then habitually resident in Italy : if the young emperor fell as Henry IV. had done, in this bold contest with the tiara, his own fate might be seriously compromised. But regardless of personal considerations,



he instantly decided between the claims of his two masters, to render homage to the superior albeit the weaker. Despite of anathemas and struggles, he contrived to convey his illustrious prisoners to his own private palace, and there by the most respectful attentions endeavoured to soothe the rage and despair of the captives. Meanwhile the Cardinal of Tusculum and a few other priests who had effected their escape during the scuffle, ran through the streets of Rome rousing the Romans to arms : the call was responded to ; they mustered in great bodies ; the German troops were attacked, and several attempts made during the night to deliver the pope, whose disgraceful thralldom was regarded as an insult offered to entire Rome. But the undisciplined efforts of a furious populace were constantly repelled by the activity and redress of the aged patriarch. He had fought too many battles within and without the walls of St. Gall, to be in any alarm from such foes. The stately palaces of Rome, like those of Florence, Genoa, and other ancient Italian cities, were solidly constructed, that they might brave assaults during popular commotions of patrician feuds, then so common. The massive walls below, composed of mighty blocks of granite or of marble, usually unbroken by any openings for the admission of light, the gateway of thick oak, or chestnut lined with iron,

and studded with huge nails, and the narrow mulioned windows above, protected by heavy transverse bars of iron, generally enabled the master of the mansion to withstand a temporary siege; and aided by the friendly architecture of this little Roman castle, Ulric kept good his hold upon his unwilling guests. The excitement and tumult, however, caused by this strange termination of the expected pageant were so great that the emperor ran the risk of his life several times as he fought from street to street, and without the able assistance of Ulric, he could not have achieved his escape from Rome with his ecclesiastical prey to Magliana, distant about thirty-five miles, where, although still in the papal territory, he held Pascal and his clergy immured in a strong fortress sixty-two days before the former would consent to make any concession: nor did he yield an iota of his pretensions till, from shame and exasperation, he had become so ill, that further confinement might have been dangerous to his life. A hollow peace followed, and Henry V. purchased a coronation for himself, and funeral rites for his father at a high price. But the peace was interrupted as soon as the pope felt strong enough to go to war again; and at forty-four years of age, after a miserable reign of incessant warfare with each successive occupier of the chair of St. Peter, the rebellious son,

whose eager desire to wear a crown had been prompted and gratified by the court of Rome, died broken-hearted from the necessity of yielding up those very privileges for which his unhappy father had braved its wrath, lest he might in like manner perish its victim.

The patriarch of Aquileia had so sagely conducted himself in his awful capacity of pontifical jailor, that no serious misunderstanding arose between him and his august prisoner. Perhaps the latter judged it better to have such a man unmolested in his own dominions, for he who governs not only men's wills but their affections must ever prove a dangerous enemy.

No feeling can be more gratifying to the human heart than to be missed from the book of life by our fellow men; and could Ulric of Eppenstein have looked down into the world he had quitted, he would have seen that when, full of years and of glory, he finished his earthly course and went to his rest, all, of whatever shade of opinion, with noble sincerity confessed, that none could be found worthy of filling the void caused by his departure. Inflexibly upright, he commanded respect even when his actions were the most odious to his foes; and while his tastes, habits, and manners, were dignified and aristocratic, his warm heart and generous nature made him the

personal friend of each individual within the circle of his extensive ecclesiastical dominions. At St. Gall his loss was felt to be irreparable: other abbots, high-born, learned, magnificent, and zealous, came after him, but they were not HE.

The character of Ulric of Eppenstein is thus summed up by Müller \*, the Prince of Swiss and German historians, whose history of the Swiss has called forth the warmest applause both from his compatriots and foreigners acquainted with the work, not only for the interest and beauty which distinguish his writings, but the impartial spirit that renders the narrative yet more valuable.

“ Ulric d'Eppenstein joignoit une mesure de savoir proportionnée au tems où il vivoit, et du moins l'extérieur de la dévotion, à des qualités qui se seroient jadis déployées avec gloire à la tête d'une république de la Grèce. Il gouverna pendant quarante-six ans, comme abbé de St. Gall, et comme patriarche d'Aquilée, au milieu de ses ennemis, excommunié par le pape, en querelle avec l'avoué de son abbaye; et quoique Gebhard de Zœringen, que son frère avoit fait évêque de Constance, eût porté le fer et le feu jusque sous ses murs, et Berthold, jusque dans le

\* It is given in the French translation, as more likely to be generally familiar than in the original German.

chœur de son église, les revers ne l'abattirent jamais au point de lui faire implorer la paix ou abandonner l'empereur. Jamais aussi la victoire ne l'excita soit à commencer les hostilités, soit à enrichir son abbaye ou sa maison, des biens des autres seigneurs."

*Histoire des Suisses, par J. de Müller.*

PASSAGE  
OF  
THE GRAND SAINT BERNARD.

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It may not be uninteresting, after this description of the passage of one emperor over the St. Bernard, in 1077, to advert to another, in our own times, which has been regarded as still more wonderful, and requiring a yet greater degree of mental fortitude, and personal endurance—that of Napoleon, then first consul, in 1800.

Modern historians are nearly unanimous in discrediting the opinion of Pliny, and other ancient authors, that Annibal passed the Pennine Alps with his troops in winter, placing that wonderful march across the little, not the great St. Bernard; but it is certain, from the annals of Tacitus, that the Romans constructed a military road over the latter; and that the legions, going from Milan to their German settlements on the Rhine, followed this route. Seventy years before the birth of Christ, the Roman

armies, under Cecina, after suppressing the rebellion of Julius Alpinus, at Avenches, near Lausanne, returned precipitately into Italy, to quell another revolt at home, in the midst of winter. It was crossed by the uncle of Charlemagne with thirty thousand men in May, 755; the Emperor Arnolph, rather more than a century later, when, about 893 or 894, he went from Italy into Switzerland to punish the usurpation of Rudolph the first king of Little Burgundy; and, in the twelfth century, by one of the armies of Frederick Barbarossa.

During the twelfth and thirteenth centuries the road to Italy, by the St. Bernard, through Vevey, Villeneuve, St. Maurice, and Martigny, became more frequented than at an earlier, or at a later period, from increased intercourse with the papal court. Persons of all sexes and conditions, from the north of Europe, took it to pass the Alps. Every week numerous caravans of Burgundians, Flemings, Alsacians, and natives of Lorraine; Germans from the Rhine; English and Scotch arrived at Villeneuve. The major part of these cosmopolite travellers, whom either religion, business, or curiosity, conducted to Rome, put on the habit of pilgrims, as one which less exposed them to the danger arising from bands of brigands who infested all parts of Italy at that epoch, and besides plundering the unhappy passengers who fell into their power, continually kept

them in grievous captivity, till they had extracted from their friends a heavy ransom. These calamities and cruelties led Count Aimon of Savoy, brother of Amadeus IV., Duke of Savoy, to endow at Villeneuve a hospital, the original charter of which may yet be seen in the archives of Bern. Tradition says, that on certain occasions upwards of six hundred pounds of bread were distributed, and the records of the hospital prove that between five and six hundred persons have received assistance in one day. There is also still extant, a very ancient poem\*, containing some facts illustrative of the great increase of travellers over the St. Bernard in the thirteenth century. Among other things worthy of note, it describes Count Aimon of Savoy, before he founded the rich hospital at Villeneuve, labouring under sickness in his brother's castle of Chillon, about a mile from thence, stretched on a large and lofty bed, adorned by silken curtains, beautifully embroidered with the armorial bearings of the house of Savoy, and all the appliances of royal repose ; rich counterpanes ; white

\* “ La chambre ert bien encortinée  
 Et douze cierges y ardoient  
 Qui tout entor lo lit estoient.  
 Si gitoient moult grand clarté  
 Et li lis ert bel atorné  
 Di riches coutes et blans draps  
 Di draps de soie d'outremer.”

*Le Canton de Vaud, par Olivier.*



sheets from beyond the sea (Flanders, no doubt); whilst twelve waxen tapers threw brilliant light over the apartment; and listening to the melancholy, or, as it might be, merry recitals of the crowds of pilgrims (for all were not sorrowful) who sought hospitality at the castle of Duke Peter of Savoy.\*

\* Duke Peter of Savoy, called, from his valorous conduct and noble bearing, "*Petit Charlemagne*," was brother of Beatrix, countess of Provence, and thus uncle of our queen Eleanor, wife of Henry III., who created him earl of Richmond. Besides the antique castle of Chillon, immortalised by the "Prisoner of Chillon," he possessed a still stronger fortress called Les Clés, also in the canton de Vaud; and having lost, whilst in England, this castle, of great importance to his security against the emperor of Germany and many barons, jealous of his power, as well as the advantages it presented for the occasional pillage of merchants (a tempting sin to even chivalrous knights at this epoch), he was so much affected that he could not conceal his regret. Being engaged, soon after receiving the intelligence, with the Court in one of those games now abandoned to the nursery, he sunk into a melancholy reverie; and when blindfolded, with a pillow placed on his back, he was required, according to the rules of the play, to tell what it was, or be subject to a fine if he guessed amiss, (his heart full of his misfortune) he replied to the question, "*Que vous portés sur le dot ?*" "*Les Clés !*" Having made the same answer two or three times during the evening, the queen, who "*estoit saige dame*," led him aside to question him; and learning what had occurred, undertook to induce Henry to assist him to recover this valuable possession. The curtain dialogue, when the royal pair met in bed, is described by the old chronicler as being all on the lady's side. "The king would not say one word either to grant or refuse; but, morning being come, he sought Duke Peter, and said, 'Fair uncle, why did you not

During the wars of Charles the Rash of Burgundy, with the Swiss, a column of two thousand Italians crossed the St. Bernard in 1476, to assist the duke, then preparing to besiege Morat, and, arriving sooner than expected, were all cut to pieces by the infuriated inhabitants. After the freedom and neutrality of Helvetia had been confirmed, no foreign power could employ its passes for the entrance of troops; and three hundred years of exemption from such a plague had swallowed up the recollection of the past. The ambition of Napoleon, removing all the land-marks of society, came to reopen the ancient road over the Pennine Alps, but did not certainly create it. That the troops encountered many dangers and great fatigue none can doubt: for where is the individual, with all the contrivances of wealth and ingenuity to smooth the passage, who ever ascended the frightful precipices of the great St. Bernard, without a feeling of inexpressible awe! or reached

speaking first to me? I would do any thing for you, though I will be forced to nothing by women. You shall have what you want.' " And the result was a loan to enable the duke to return into Switzerland and retake his castle.

This little anecdote is alike illustrative of the manners of the age, and the want of domestic felicity between the queen and a weak husband, who prided himself on doing nothing to oblige a wife, though he permitted himself to be governed through her relations, and by unworthy adventurers from all countries.

the goal without rejoicing that so fearful a journey was terminated ?

The French ascent was made in the middle of the month of May, a period usually deemed safe for even lady adventurers on mules ; and, besides a certain provision of biscuit carried by each soldier on his back, all rested at the hospital a short space of time, and there received a ration of bread and a glass of wine. The cannon passed over consisted of twenty pieces of small calibre only ; the artillery, employed so successfully at Marengo, having been taken at Pavia from the Austrians ; and there was no want of local guides to point out the safest and most practicable paths. An enormous sum having been promised to all who would bring a piece of ordnance up to the actual summit of the St. Bernard, a vast number of men from the adjacent towns of Martigny, Orsières, and the scattered villages of the Valais, eagerly accepted the offer ; the majority of whom experienced a severe disappointment : for the lucky volunteers, who conducted the two first cannon, alone received either recompense or refreshment. The others, after the honour of ascending with the "grand army," were as anxious to go down as they had been to come up, and fearful lest they might be compelled to advance further on the profitless road of glory, in order that their departure might experience no impediment, they wisely returned home without

pressing their claims for past service. Several mules and horses perished from the rapidity of the march, by falling over precipices; but no avalanches added to the terrors of the scene, as stated in some accounts, and it is believed not a single human life was lost. Napoleon's conduct was marked by humanity to his troops; and the best discipline (on this occasion at least) prevailed amongst them; so that the country suffered nothing beyond the evils absolutely inseparable from the passage of a great army. There was a grand *bivouac* at St. Pierre of twelve thousand men, when the pine trees were put into requisition to supply firing. Happily the vast forests clothing with their dark verdure the feet of the Alps rendered this a trifling loss to the inhabitants thinly spread over these mountainous regions; but the short velvet of the little green pasturages, and cultivated patches of ground rising, like the oasis of the desert, between walls of rock, and plains of snow, were so trodden that no harvest of any kind could be obtained that year, and a very scanty produce the next.

The march of the great force under Napoleon was preceded a short time by a body of twenty thousand men, led by Berthier; and had the Austrian general commanding in Lombardy been more on the alert, it would not have been effected so securely. Napoleon slept the first night at Martigny, in the priory of the monks of St. Bernard there; then at Orsières, a

little hamlet also belonging to the convent, a guest of the *curé*, who is always chosen from the fraternity, as a reward for previous exertions at the monastery; and the third at Etroubles, a small town in the valley of Aosta, three miles from St. Remy, on the Italian side of the Alps. Having reached the summit, Napoleon rested two hours with the superior of the monastery: took a hasty glance over the building, drank a glass of wine, and departed. Thus was accomplished this vast undertaking, which, when he projected it, offered far more difficulties than he encountered; the Austrian troops being fewer in number, and the passage less guarded than might have been imagined. On one point no difference of opinion exists: the march of the troops was the most rapid ever recorded in history; and the previous arrangements such as none but a great mind could have conceived or executed. One of the distinctive features of that extraordinary spirit was, the intuitive perception and adoption of whatever presented the shadow of aid towards the completion of his marvellous projects; and the poor monks of St. Bernard, whilst conducting him over their frozen abode, little surmised that the calm eye of mere apparent curiosity was busily occupied in metamorphosing their convent into a fortification; their refectory into a guard-room; and their cells into the wards of an hospital. Such was, however,

the case; and for some years these peaceable men, whose existence and establishment had been consecrated to the preservation of life, were compelled to support all the horrors of a war of extermination. Twice the ancient walls of their monastery endured a siege; and, though its position prevented the Austrians from succeeding, they were continually exposed to the chance fire of the Austrian sharpshooters, ever watching on the Italian side; besides the danger of being without supplies for their own wants, and those of the sick and wounded, occupying every corner of their convent. During a fusillade between the French and Austrians, on the very summit of the St. Bernard, a muleteer related to the author of the work from which these particulars are principally taken, that precisely on that very day he and several peasants mounted from Martigny with a supply of bread and other provisions for the garrison; and that the Tyrolean sharpshooters fired upon them incessantly, from the tops of the rocks, with their long carabines.

“You must have been dreadfully frightened!” observed the writer.

“No,” he answered with *naïveté*, “we were so afraid for our mules, we had time to think of nothing else: each was worth at least forty louis; and where could we have found money enough to purchase others, if they had been killed?”

Such, alas! is war. The poor peasantry, whose all was thus compromised, forgot their own existence in that of their mules!

But although war has long ceased to desolate the ancient domain of the monks of St. Bernard, and caravans of sandalled pilgrims with staffs in their hands, and cockle-shells in their large flapping hats, no more knock at their gate, many hundreds of sufferers still derive almost hourly aid from this sacred source. Even in winter the terrible pass of the Pennine Alps is continually crossed by way-worn wanderers, whose pressing circumstances, or strange mode of existence, force them thus to brave danger and death. Martigny, the most considerable town in the Valais, is the *entrepôt* of all travellers to or from Switzerland by either the St. Bernard or the Simplon, and in addition to pedlars, often with prohibited articles, smugglers from Milan come there frequently to purchase tobacco. The St. Bernard is their customary route, both from its shortness and the chance of escape among its snows and defiles from the Sardinian custom-house officers. Scarcely covered by decent clothing, with naked feet, and an enormous load on the head, they mount the steep ascents of these frozen Alps, bending under their burthen, and the bitter blasts of this most exposed passage, where avalanches are not uncommon, from the nature of its position in a narrow gorge sur-

rounded by snow-covered pinnacles, still higher than its own frightful elevation. *Tourmentes*, or snow storms, blinding the eyes of the bewildered traveller with frozen particles, are still more frequent, and more dreaded than all the other dangers to be faced. Secure from all difficulties but those of nature, these hapless pedestrians thus wend their way till they reach the vicinity of St. Remy, where a strong detachment of custom-house officers obliges them to plunge into forests, or climb rocks inaccessible to all but themselves. To add to the horrors of these fearful journeys, they are necessarily performed at night; for if they offer resistance to the officers who seize them, they are instantly shot. The sum gained by encountering such perils and sufferings is said to be a mere trifle, hardly sufficient to purchase the black bread of the country; but what does not misery constrain man to endure to sustain life? It is singular that on the Italian side, half a league from the hospice, stands a large, steep, isolated rock, called, from time immemorial, *Marengo*.

To this hasty sketch of the passage of the Pennine Alps, the writer will only add, that upwards of a thousand years have rolled away since the hand of thrice-blessed Charity erected the monastery of St. Bernard, poised between heaven and earth, fit habitation for those whose noble self-denial and courage in the relief of human suffering render them more



than men; and during this lapse of long ages, amid so many elements apparently leagued for their destruction, not a single member of this holy community, though constantly employed in seeking benighted and frozen passengers, has perished in the snow, or met a violent death by precipitation from the rocks. Who shall say there is no peculiar Providence? \*

\* An English party, two ladies and a gentleman, who ascended the Great St. Bernard, at the commencement of July 1844, found the snow very deep after passing St. Pierre, and the lake close to the monastery completely and solidly frozen over; they were informed by the kind monks that about three thousand persons are, at an average, received into the convent annually, and that Queen Victoria had lately written to know the names of all the brethren; a proof of the deep interest Her Majesty takes in every thing great and good.

BERTHA,  
QUEEN OF TRANSJURANE-BURGUNDY:

AN

HISTORICAL SKETCH OF THE MIDDLE AGES.

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“ At this disastrous era of the ninth and tenth centuries, Europe was afflicted by a triple scourge from the north, the east, and the south; the Norman, the Hungarian, and the Saracen sometimes trod the same ground of desolation; and these savage foes might have been compared by Homer to the two lions growling over the carcass of a mangled stag. \* \* \* \* \* The churches resounded with a fearful litany: — ‘ O save and deliver us from the arrows of the Hungarians!’ ”

*Gibbon, vol. vii. page 113.*

“ Pour adoucir les mœurs de nos peuples sauvages,  
Tu fondas des moutiers; tu bâtis des châteaux;  
Tu défrichas nos monts; tu peuplas nos villages:  
Tout nous rappelle encore tes bienfaisans travaux.”

*L. Ph. Bridel.*

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IF there be on earth a single thing which speaks to us of heaven, it is the benignant countenance which watched over our cradle. Mother is the first word lisped by infant lips! then we learn to pronounce

that of our common parent — the hallowed name of the land of our nativity : and, whenever one of those great families of earth termed a nation has existed — whenever man has been called to fight and to suffer — there, too, has lived a daughter of heaven — the mother, the nurse, the protector, the consoler of the weak, the suffering, and the wo-worn. Sometimes, like the heroic maiden of Orleans, she has appeared in warrior guise, leading armed hosts to combat for a holy cause ; at others, arrayed in sack-cloth and ashes, like the daughter of Sion, weeping over the ruins of Jerusalem, and refusing to be comforted because her children were not. At a far distant period of our national history, (for nine centuries have since rolled their long course away,) our fathers beheld one of these celestial visitants — one of these ministering angels — in the midst of them, whose features still live in their remembrance. They saw her, seated upon a humble palfrey, her jewelled sceptre exchanged for a simple distaff, pass from the snowy Alps of the St. Bernard to the pine-clad rocks of the Jura — penetrate into our remotest valleys — ascend our steepest mountains, everywhere presenting the image of piety, of industry, of compassion ; shedding over her people in peace its choicest blessings ; and when the blood-stained banner of war was unfurled, shielding them as with a buckler in the

hour of danger. She has not been forgotten: ask her name, and in the most solitary cot of our Alpine regions they will answer—Bertha, the royal spinster.

Such is the eloquent impassioned exordium which commences a short memoir of Bertha, queen of Burgundy-Transjurane, drawn up by a living native historian of Swiss Romande; and from none could this generous tribute of manly gratitude to feminine worth proceed with more propriety than from a son of that lovely land whose daughters are among the fairest and best of Helvetia, and whose smiling valleys and hoary mountains have been so often blessed by the wise and gentle administration of its female governors; for long ere Bertha appeared on the scene of life, the morning star of Swiss Romande had shone brightly, but briefly, in the person of the Princess Theodoliné of France, the remembrance of whose admirable reign may have had a beneficent influence on her own. Bertha, of Swabia, was born probably about 903 or 904; but no accredited chronicles record either her entrance or departure from that world which, during the whole period of her sojourn, was the theatre of such strange and multiplied woes, that a vast portion of the wretched inhabitants of her native country, and those of the realms she governed, in their misery and despair, believed it was approaching to its final termination.

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The tenth century has ever, and with justice, been deemed the darkest epoch of European history. Empires, laws, religion, were alike dissolving; kings refused obedience to the emperor; dukes and counts were rebels to their kings; and feudal lords, protected by their strong high towers, niched on mountain tops, often dared to shut their iron-clad gates in the very faces of emperors, as well as their liege suzerain. Superstition had reached its climax, and learning was all but at an end.\* Profiting by the anarchy and confusion to which the West was especially a prey, innumerable hordes of Asiatics precipitated themselves every year, now upon one, now upon another, of the devoted countries of Germany, Italy, France, and Helvetia. Hungarians armed with bows, mounted on fleet coursers, carried on their fearful warfare as the Cossacs of modern times: they came like lightning, and disappeared with equal rapidity; and, more terrible in flight than in battle, left behind them nothing but smoking ruins, ravaged lands, and a murdered peasantry. By

\* Partout à la fois les Etats semblent tomber en dissolution, partout à la fois les parties se détachent du tout; tous les subordonnés refusent en même temps l'obéissance à leurs supérieurs. Le roi ne reconnoît plus l'empereur, ni les emirs le khalife. Les ducs et les comtes proclament leur indépendance des rois; les villes et les seigneurs châtelains ferment leurs portes aux ducs et aux comtes, &c. &c. — *Sismondi*.

night, by day, at every hour, at the least noise, the miserable remnant still, left imagined they heard the bounding gallop and shrill neighing of the Hungarian horses, urged on by the fierce cries of their merciless riders. The Saracens, too, after having invaded Africa and Spain, came, like the destroying myriads of the locust, to eat up all that the vine-clad shores of Italy, Provence, and Switzerland offered to their rapacity. Reckless of danger, the snowy Alps had no terrors for them : they took possession of the passes of Mount-Cenis and the St. Bernard, pillaging pilgrims as well as merchants. In the wantonness of unopposed cruelty, they cut to pieces the unhappy serfs who could not ransom their lives, and, after having destroyed all they could not carry away, gorged with booty, they marched off triumphantly, leaving the survivors of the castles, houses, and villages they had ruined, at liberty to emerge from the caverns and thickets which had concealed them to begin again the cultivation of their fields, but without knowing whether the harvest would be gathered by themselves, the fierce Hungarians, or cruel Saracens, who had just departed.

As, in the religious world, it pleased the great Maker of all things, that the blessed light of Revelation should never be left without some faithful witness to trim the sacred lamp, and keep alive its faint and flickering flame : shining thus, even in the

darkness of Egyptian and Babylonian bondage, through the ministry of the prophets and the elders of Israel, so in the physical, from time to time, there has ever gleamed on the darkest horizon some brilliant star, to show that all goodness, and mercy, and disinterested love of mankind—all genuine religion—was not extinguished on earth; and Bertha, queen of the Transjurane, was one of those pure emanations issuing from a heavenly source.

At the remote epoch when Bertha\* of Swabia came to improve and adorn all within the circle of her influence, genealogies were so carelessly registered, that a MS. of the monastery of St. Gall†, together with some historic notices scattered here

\* The word *Bertha*, in the old language of the North, signified white, pure, dazzling.

† This very curious document, dated 890, was occasioned by some wrong inflicted upon the abbey of St. Gall by the count of Lintzgau, and runs thus:—"From the time of the most pious emperor Louis, from Gotspert, abbot of our convent, and from their successors, emperors, and abbots, our predecessors have enjoyed, &c. &c. &c."

"L'an 890, les religueux de l'abbaye de St. Gall, vexés dans leurs possessions par un comte de Lintzgau, procurèrent une assemblée des seigneurs, et des prud'hommes de la Thurgovie, du Rhingau, et de la Rhétie, de Coire, au nombre de 55. Cette Diète, après avoir écouté, vérifié, et redressé les griefs de l'abbaye, fit signer à tous ses membres l'acte suivant, &c. &c. &c."

"à un certain Udalrich, comte de Lintzgau."

Copied from an ancient charter printed at Bâle, 1538.

and there in the archives of other religious houses, especially Einsiedeln\*, are the chief evidences of her descent by the counts of Lintzgaw from Charlemagne. The name of her mother has not been transmitted to posterity: she died young; and, had she not left a daughter, her very existence would perhaps have merged in the long and brilliant career of her successor Hedwige, Duchess of Swabia, Bertha's step-mother. As has been already remarked, neither the period of her birth nor of her death has been preserved to posterity. Many particulars relative to her are supposed to have been lost in a fire, which consumed part of the cathedral of Lausanne † some centuries afterwards, and others

\* In the archives of Einsiedeln, in a very ancient franchise of that convent, it is stated that queen Bertha resided some time at the château of Baldern, at the foot of mount Albis, built by her cousins Hildegard and Bertha, daughters of Louis of Germany, and great-grand-daughters of the emperor Charlemagne; and that the whole mountain, with much land in the neighbourhood, had been given to them by their father when they took the veil at Zurich. The castle of Baldern subsequently became the property of Burcard, count of Lintzgau, and was by him given to Bertha, as part of her marriage dowry.

† The fire burst out in the cathedral, 1216, owing to the carelessness of an old verger; and besides the irreparable loss of writings never to be replaced, the magnificent tombs of Pope Felix V., and of Bernard de Menthon, who rebuilt the convent of St. Bernard after it was destroyed by the Saracens, with



buried in charters and chronicles relating to the history of the Transjurane, carried away to Turin during the three hundred years that the house of Savoy governed in Switzerland; but as she finished rebuilding the convent of Payerne in 963, and subsequently signed some writings of donations bestowed on charitable edifices elsewhere, she must have attained to nearly sixty; tradition says she reached seventy. The line of her paternal ancestry is more distinctly traced through charters and other ancient documents: and from them it appears that Burcard, Count of Lintzgau, her father, derived his origin from a very potent race of nobles, who possessed such important fiefs in Germany and Helvetia, that in the earlier part of the tenth century Adalrich, descended from Charlemagne on the female side, was deemed sufficiently exalted to be united to Vindelgarde, daughter of the emperor. This union had lasted scarcely two years, when the count, learning that the Hungarians were carrying fire and sword into his Bavarian domains, quitted his young wife and infant son, to repel the invaders. He was taken prisoner by these terrible foes, and, unable to convey any intelligence of his situation, the countess, after

many others equally superb, were greatly mutilated. The grand screen and all the woodwork were then consumed; hence the interior of that noble pile wears still an aspect so forlorn and naked.

two years' absence, considered him dead. She was then not more than twenty-three, and extremely beautiful; but, relinquishing every idea of marriage, she obtained permission from the abbot of St. Gall to erect a small building near the sacred walls of that monastery, into which she retired after taking vows of eternal widowhood and devotion. Twelve months had thus passed, when, one morning whilst dispensing alms and vestments at her door, she was rudely accosted by a wild-looking pilgrim, who demanded both money and clothing, in tones so insolent, that the unhappy Vindelgarde remembering the respect which had ever attended her, when a wife, could not forbear weeping. "Oh, had he lived!" she exclaimed, and while she yet spoke, he clasped her in his arms, and bore her, fainting from terror and shame, into the church. It was the count returned from long captivity; and when recovered from their mutual transports, the happy pair sought the abbot of St. Gall, by whom the countess was absolved from her vows, on condition that she would resume them, should she ever become a widow in reality. But this was not her destiny: within the year she died in giving birth to a boy, who was thenceforth dedicated by his sorrowing father to a cloisteral life. The count himself soon afterwards assumed the cowl in the monastery of St. Gall, where he watched over the education of his children; and had

the happiness of seeing Burcard, the youngest, give promise of all the learning and great piety which subsequently raised him to be one of the most distinguished abbots of that noble institution. The count died in middle age, and his eldest son did not long survive him. He left no posterity, and, at his premature death, the title and family estates passed to his first cousin, Burcard, the son of Count Adalrich's younger brother.

Burcard, Count of Lintzgau and Buchorn, partook little of the self-denial or devotional spirit of his uncle and cousins. He was a man of ambitious temper, and stern character, with a strong head to carry out his designs and veil their motives. He married late in life a German lady of exceeding beauty and high lineage, by whom he had Bertha, destined to be the only child; for her mother, though she lived a few years afterwards, gave him no other; and Hedwige of Bavaria, his second wife, did not adorn their sumptuous table with a single olive branch. But she brought rank, riches, and accomplishments, that amply atoned to her husband for the loss of the heir he had so much coveted. Hedwige, the step-mother of Bertha, was only a few years her senior when she came to preside over the princely establishment of the Count of Lintzgau, no longer a young man, nor in robust health, but

with a mind as active and aspiring as in the days of youthful manhood. She was the daughter of Henry, Duke of Bavaria, and had been promised in childhood, by her father, to the Emperor of Constantinople, Constantine VII., then a boy, who sent a few years afterwards some learned men to her father's court to instruct her in the Greek language. Hedwige lent herself to the wishes of her future lord, as far as to acquire a very considerable knowledge of Greek: but, as she grew up, she conceived a great dislike to this distant connexion; and "preferring," says an old writer, "the banks of the Danube to those of the Bosphorus," she adopted towards her Grecian masters a haughty demeanour, which disgusted them exceedingly; and the emperor having requested her portrait, she bribed the artist to represent her with an enormous mouth somewhat awry, and her eyes strongly inclining to look at each other. Two letters accompanied this unattractive picture, perhaps not less so to a magnificent, luxurious, voluptuous monarch: one was from herself, insinuating a decided vocation for a learned and religious life; the other from the worn-out *savans*, hinting at her stern demeanour and unamiable temper. Hedwige intimated that she would fulfil, if he required it, the contract of her youth, hoping to be repaid, for the cares of royalty

and marriage, by the opportunities a residence in his court would present for the cultivation of science and investigation of the sources of dispute between the Latin and Greek churches, whose respective merits she had not yet maturely considered. A learned lady had possibly few more genuine admirers a thousand years ago than now; and polemical arguments from *such* a mouth, glances of incredulity, or disdain, or superiority, from *such* eyes, the young emperor felt would add not a little to the distastefulness of the topics from which she expected to derive consolation for the penance of being his wife. Deceived by this well-contrived stratagem, he unhesitatingly restored her pledge, and withdrew his own; doubtless happy that he had just time to escape from so disagreeable a companion. Her father was then dead; and, as she united great beauty and riches, several young princes, notwithstanding the alarm at her erudition, aspired to her hand; but she refused all their offers, preferring study and liberty to the most brilliant alliance, till Burcard, Count of Lintzgau, having been elevated to the dignity of Duke of Swabia, she suddenly changed her anti-matrimonial views, and became the wife of a man old enough to be her father. This singular choice was not improbably denominated by her former unsuccessful wooers as the caprice of a learned lady: but the lettered men, she so nobly

patronised through a long life, have ascribed it to a sincere desire to cultivate literature with more freedom than a union with a younger man, or a life of monastic discipline, would have allowed. No domestic strife or responsibility, as the step-mother of a lovely girl, her sister in point of age, was incurred by this marriage: for Bertha plighted her troth to one of the handsomest and most accomplished monarchs of the age. Soon after Hedwige became Duchess of Swabia, and strangely preposterous as the alliance at first appeared, the difficult problem of the union of youth with age, seems to have been in this, as in many other instances to the honour of the gentler sex at least, happily solved; for the duke bequeathed to her far more than might have been expected from a father; and Hedwige, still under thirty at the period of her widowhood, never threw away his honoured name to embrace that of a younger lord. Such was the successor of Bertha's mother: and, although a close connexion between her and the duchess lasted but three or four years, Bertha was no doubt indebted to this remarkable woman, yet more illustrious from the exercise of many virtues than from her great attainments, for an example of active benevolence and dignified deportment, well worth the pecuniary loss sustained by her father's second union.

One of the most popular acts of the Emperor

Conrad I., after his election to the imperial throne, had been to bestow, with the consent of his nobles, the duchy of Swabia or "Allemanie" on the count of Lintzgau, to whose influence he had been much indebted for his own elevation; and shortly afterwards, royal gratitude conferred on this favoured subject the whole of the confiscated estates of three unhappy noblemen, condemned to be decapitated for alleged treason to the throne, and certainly most outrageous violence towards a very illustrious and estimable prelate, Soloman, bishop of Constance and abbot of St. Gall. It appears that a quarrel of some standing existed between them and the bishop, which the latter had vainly endeavoured to remove by offers of hospitality and kindness. Two of them were brothers, and the third their nephew by a sister. They were the last branches of the ancient Swabian house of Agilolfinger; and the brothers Archchanger and Berthold filled the high situation of commissioners for the execution of the emperor's authority in Swabia, both under the late and present sovereign. In the discharge of this office they frequently came in contact with the bishop — no clear laws then existed for the administration of public affairs — power and right often belonged to strength and address — and jealous of his wealth and influence in the country, where they were not popular, they treated him with such marked disrespect on several occasions, that Conrad, who en-

tertained for him much friendship, and to whom he was distantly related, at length felt his own dignity impugned. He was not of a temper to brook insolence either to himself or those connected with him; and he sent them a severe reprimand, accompanied by an express order, in their future intercourse with the bishop of Constance, to remember what was due to a prelate so distinguished by his birth, learning, and goodness. With the mad recklessness of men abandoned to passions hurrying them on to destruction, they were incensed rather than alarmed by the imperial mandate, and continued their course of opposition to all his measures and the emperor's orders, till Soloman, anticipating the consequences of their rebellious conduct towards the latter, pressed for a personal reconciliation; and after many fruitless overtures they were prevailed upon to dine at the episcopal palace at Constance, where a sumptuous repast awaited them. All the splendour of the bishopric was put in requisition to grace the banquet — the tables were covered with carpets of silk tissue interwoven with gold and silver, over which was spread the finest linen of Damascus — the plates and dishes were chiefly of silver — the brick floors were hidden by the rich manufactures of the East, and game\* was for the first time served up to the astonished guests, amid many

\* Poultry and game were first seen in Switzerland at Soloman's table.




other luxuries foreign and indigenous. The cold sterile lands around St. Gall have never been fitted for the cultivation of the vine \* ; and however rich and abundant, the repasts of the monastery were seldom seasoned by the juice of the grape excepting on high days and holidays, when the rich produce of

\* It was besides difficult to furnish the quantity of manure necessary for the culture of the vine; and the monks appear to have disliked the incessant labour and care it entailed in a soil and climate so little congenial. There is an anecdote, somewhat amusingly related, in the *Conservateur Suisse*, on this subject : — “ The monks had seldom more than two tuns of wine in the convent, and Ulric, bishop of Augsburg, in return for the hospitality he had received on a journey, having sent them a present of a great barrel, the whole monastery was seized with consternation on learning that the cart in which it was coming had been overturned, and the barrel thrown into a little dell or hollow near the old bridge. Terrified lest the wine might be spilt, they all sallied out, and having put every device into execution to withdraw the tun in vain, they made a procession around the hollow, and their grief found vent in repeated *Kyrie Eleisons*. After much toil and difficulty they at length succeeded in recovering the object of their anxiety, without the loss of its valuable contents, when they testified their joy by chaunting a *Te Deum*, with more fervour than we now sing after bloody battles, and with more reason.”

Les moines se mirent l'esprit à la torture pour inventer un moyen de retirer le tonneau ; désespérant d'y réussir, ils firent une procession autour du creux, et leur douleur s'exhala en *Kyrie Eleison* répétés. L'on parvint cependant à recouvrer l'objet de leur inquiétude, et tous témoignèrent leur allégresse, en chantant le *Te Deum*, avec plus de ferveur que nous ne le chantons aujourd'hui, après des batailles sanglantes.— *Conservateur Suisse*.

the Rhenish provinces was freely poured into vast goblets of silver, or of Bavarian glass, then scarcely less costly. On this occasion the wine-cup of especial greeting went round; and as he pledged his guests, with all the gladness and hilarity which a good man feels at the termination of strife, the bishop hoped that his sentiments were shared by them. But blinded alas! by envy and ill-appeased resentment, the very magnificence displayed to do them honour added to their implacable antipathy; and the elder brother, to whom Soloman had presented a goblet of crystal of exceeding value as a gift, immediately contrived to let this expensive present escape from his fingers to the ground, where it was dashed to atoms, and the wine poured out on the gorgeous carpet. The dignified composure with which the bishop bore this insult exasperated yet more these victims of senseless rage; and they finally departed from Constance, breathing threats of vengeance for an imagined affront which sprung only from the single fault which tarnished the lustre of the learned and amiable bishop's many virtues. With the erudition, refinement, and love of grandeur which characterised his namesake, the royal monarch of Israel, he was (in the gratitude of his heart for the abundant blessings that strewed his path) too prone, like another, the good Hezekiah, to exhibit his riches; and probably willing on this memorable occasion to impress the haughty commia-



sioners with the extent of his wealth and power, he had enjoined a few of his most affluent vassals to appear in their holiday habits. They accordingly made their entrance into the spacious hall of the palace just after the bishop had finished the enumeration of the golden and jewelled cups, silver chalices, patens, and *encensoirs*, the silken hangings and tapestry, and other valuables still undisplayed in the coffers of his monastery at St. Gall. The garrulous prelate, amongst other ill-timed boastings, declared that the convent oven was capacious enough to bake bread for an army of a thousand men, and that the revenues of some of his shepherds of Appenzell were greater than those of many a stout baron.

It was at this inauspicious moment that the shepherds, a simple body of men who occupied immense tracts of land in that alpine district, rich indeed, but whose patriarchal wealth gave them no title to patrician distinction, arrived; and the commissioners deceived by their superior bearing, as well as the rich attire they had put on to honour their suzerain, and, possibly, glad to turn the conversation from a topic so little agreeable, immediately rose up and saluted them with much respect, imagining they were guests arrived by mistake too late for the entertainment. When informed of their error, and told that the bishop, as abbot of St. Gall, could summon fifty such under his banner, their shame and indignation knew no bounds. Scorning

alike apologies, explanations, and entreaties, they rushed from the room, mounted their horses, declaring they had been purposely insulted; and soon afterwards unhappily meeting the bishop with three or four servants only on his way to St. Gall, regardless of consequences, they took him prisoner, and sent him to the castle of Hohentweil, which belonged to Duke Arch-changer, the eldest of the brothers, whilst they proceeded to raise some troops to enable them to defend the fortress. The bishop was accompanied by Arch-changer's nephew, Lietfried, a very headstrong young man, who had instigated them to this fatal step; and on reaching Hohentweil, he would have consigned him to one of the dungeons, had not the good judgment and good feeling of the duchess interfered to prevent this outrage. A messenger had been expedited to the castle with the extraordinary tidings of the bishop's capture, and, whilst with feminine perception she clasped her hands in agony as the unwelcome tale met her ear, exclaiming "all is lost!" she directed a small oratory to be fitted up in the state apartment, and such preparations for receiving him worthily as the time allowed. Overwhelmed with grief, she descended to the drawbridge; and after conducting the scarcely less afflicted prelate to his chamber, fell on her knees, and like Abigail, the wife of the churlish Nabal, suing to David in olden times, she prayed for the pardon of herself, of her

misguided husband and his kindred. From this alarming situation, the bishop was soon rescued by the simultaneous efforts of an enraged population, to whom he was justly dear. Burcard, Duke of Swabia, marched so immediately to his succour, that before the miserable brothers could return into the security of their fortress, it was invested, and their own flight intercepted by the peasantry everywhere in arms against them. Seeing resistance in vain, Lietfried surrendered the citadel, and, with his two uncles, was incarcerated in the dungeon he had designed for the bishop.

For this outrage against the laws committed on the public road, and on the person of so distinguished an ecclesiastic, in defiance of the emperor's admonition and authority, they were condemned to be decapitated; and the duke, on whom their confiscated property was bestowed, received the custody of their persons, with an order to execute the sentence. Before, however, the decent delay granted to criminals of such exalted rank to prepare for death had expired, the entreaties of the bishop, shocked at being the cause of bloodshed, and the universal opinion that banishment would be a sufficient punishment, since the bishop had experienced no personal violence, obtained for them an indefinite respite, which their friends were not without hope might terminate in the prayed for mitigation. The extenuating circumstances

of the case were, that the seizure of the bishop was evidently the unpremeditated act of turbulent thoughtless men, and the attempt to raise troops to defend their fortress sprung from it. Soloman unceasing in his efforts to save them, went to Mayence to intercede for the remission of the capital part of the sentence with the emperor; and continually, both by letter, and verbal communication, urged on the duke of Swabia to use his influence with Conrad, to obtain the commutation of death into exile. Two years thus wore heavily away, when the emperor either weary of the bishop's importunities for their pardon gave a secret order for their execution, or the duke of Swabia afraid if it were granted that he might eventually lose some part of their patrimony, suddenly carried out the severe decree without receiving any fresh command, for the miserable men were all three beheaded the same day at Endingen, without any previous warning, in the duke's castle yard; and this certainly cruel, if not unjust conduct on the part of the duke, who was known to have urged from the first the necessity of inflicting it, awakened a strong feeling against him which never entirely subsided. Two of their castles, Bordan and Stammerheim, were razed to the ground; but the fortress of Hohentweil, altered and improved, became the favourite abode of Hedwige after her widowhood.\*

\* Hohentweil lies between Schaffhausen and Constance. The dismantled castle crowns a lofty rock, and is said to re-

The good bishop was long inconsolable: he had already procured for the wife of Archchanger the privilege of withdrawing from her husband's property her own paraphernalia and jointure; and after giving honourable interment to the bodies in one of his own churches, he added so large a sum to the reft widow's inheritance that she passed the residue of a long life at Constance, in the enjoyment of all the consolations that affluence could purchase. She had no children — the two other sufferers were unmarried; and the duke of Swabia, apparently without a rival, entered quietly into the full possession of all that had belonged to a race at once so illustrious and so unfortunate. But although these wretched victims to violence of temper, left neither father, nor brother, nor nephew to compete with the powerful noble, whose harsh counsels had instigated, and harder heart executed, the doom of death awarded by an offended sovereign, the duke soon found he would not be permitted to enjoy the fruits of his new possessions without a struggle. The circumstances attending the extermination of the whole race of Agilolfinger were certainly of a nature to excite the warm indignation of kindred, however remote; and ere two

semble the appearance of an Indian hill fort. The duchess of Swabia, after at least forty years' residence within its massive walls, added a chantry, and founded a small community of nuns, no doubt to pray for their souls, and that of the duke.

months had elapsed, an avenger appeared in the person of Rudolph II., the young and spirited monarch of the recently erected kingdom of Transjurane. He had been six years on the throne, which his father's valour and genius had reared up in one of the loveliest countries in Europe ; but he was yet scarcely in the prime of manhood, full of energy, vivacity, generosity, and ambition. He was distantly allied to the deceased nobles, and, perhaps sensible of their flagrant faults, does not appear to have interposed in their behalf whilst they lived. He probably anticipated that they would have been ultimately pardoned, or at least exiled, and felt it was not for him, still on a tottering throne, wearing a scarcely recognised crown, to embroil himself with the emperor, from whose dominions it had been wrested by force, not obtained by favour : but a catastrophe so unexpected, so terrible, roused him to action. By the death of all the party he found also that he had claims on some valuable fiefs in German-Switzerland, not in the emperor's power to alienate from a collateral heir, wholly innocent of participation in the crime imputed to the delinquents ; and, his sense of their wrongs doubtless sharpened by a determination to assert his own rights, determined him to take up arms against the duke of Swabia.

In the autumn of 918 therefore, with the energy of youth, he speedily raised a considerable body of troops in the Valais, Savoy, and the Pays de Vaud,



and passed the rivers Reus and Limmat, to besiege Winterthur, where Burcard of Swabia was then residing.

Bravery and ability were not the points wanting in the character of the duke of Swabia. He had had small time to prepare for this hostile attack, for news travelled slowly in the tenth century, but he had in that short interval got together a tolerable force, and without waiting the result of his young rival's military operations, he marched out at once, and forced him to give battle in the neighbouring plains of Kiburg. The combat began at two o'clock in the afternoon. Rudolph's men were fatigued, and somewhat dispirited by finding themselves so suddenly in presence of the enemy on his own ground; whilst Burcard's had all the freshness and confidence resulting from unexhausted strength and the command of a veteran warrior of known genius. A battle long, bloody, and obstinate ensued. Rudolph inherited the valour, at least, of his chivalrous father; and his mountaineers suffered no panic to paralyze their efforts; but the odds were too great against them; and after losing the major part of his noblest chevaliers, Rudolph was finally constrained to yield to superior numbers and generalship. Perhaps the duke was pleased with the gallant bearing and generous intrepidity of the young monarch — it may be, he knew

he had drawn his maiden sword in a just cause, and felt some compunctious visitations of conscience: for instead of crushing his defenceless rival, or abusing his success by a mean triumph, he held out to him the right hand of fellowship. Rudolph, besides Swiss Romande, had already some valuable fiefs in Western Helvetia. The failure of this expedition had abated his self-confidence as well as diminished his power. Peace was necessary to his future prosperity; and a treaty was entered into between them, which proved of more value to him than ten such victories had he succeeded; for, as a pledge of sincerity and symbol of the union of the two Helvetias, the duke ceded to him a part of Argovia, extending to the foot of Mount Albis, and promised him in marriage the hand of his only child, Bertha, “a queen,” says a great historian, “who rendered more services to himself and his subjects than they could have derived from the conquest of the finest province.”\*

The young couple whose vows were plighted under such strange circumstances met immediately, and a mutual attachment naturally sprung up between them. Rudolph, accounted a fine spirited handsome chivalrous prince, was then little more than twenty-three; and Bertha, whose features have been transmitted to posterity by more than one grave

\* Müller.

chronicler (who shall say that external charms are of small consequence?) ranks as one of the loveliest women of her age. She is described as a beautiful German girl, with a profusion of blonde tresses curling over a fair ample forehead, meet receptacle for noble thoughts and high resolves, large blue eyes of sweet yet majestic expression, and a look at once lively, ingenuous, and amiable.\* At this period, however, Bertha was considered too young to enter on the duties of a wife, and Rudolph returned into the Transjurane to soothe the regrets of those whose kindred had fallen in the battle, and prepare a suitable residence for his future queen.

St. Maurice, a town at the very entrance of the canton of the Valais, had become the capital, or at least the seat of government of the new kingdom of the Transjurane, but the castle of Orbe, where Rudolph himself first drew breath, and the residence of the family before its escutcheon boasted a crown, was the favoured abode selected to receive the youthful bride; and early in the year 922, Bertha, of Swabia, became the wife of Rudolph II. King of the Transjurane or Little Burgundy — that idolized queen whose name, after nine centuries, is still held in veneration in Helvetia — whose distaff has passed into a proverb — and whose saddle, on which she sat so many

\* Müller.

weary hours superintending or executing the multiplied labours her sagacious mind suggested, and unwearied diligence completed, is still preserved as a sacred relic of one whose whole life was spent in the exercise of active benevolence: while many a carol yet chanted by the vine-dressers, and spinsters, and "knitters in the sun" of Swiss Romande, perpetuate the remembrance of "the good Queen Bertha, and her times."

The memoir of Bertha is so strongly bound up in the history of the beautiful kingdom she thenceforth governed, far more than the young monarch whose crown she merely shared, that it would be impossible to separate them; and the eye must glance briefly back upon her royal predecessors, ere her reign of mingled glory and abasement, of happiness and sorrow, can commence.

Bertha, of Swabia, was not the first whose strong intellect and noble nature planned the civilization and cultivation of the enchanting country termed Swiss Romande: — one as lovely, gifted, and as good, but for whom the inscrutable, yet always wise decrees of Providence assigned a different doom, had preceded her in the path of virtue, and whose glorious example possibly stamped its impress on her youthful mind. The royal château of Orbe, which received Bertha as a bride, was built by the Princess Theodolinde, or Theudelane, whilst governing the kingdom

of her brother Thierry, king of Burgundy, during his incessant wars with the ephemeral race of sovereigns who, one after another, succeeded to the unsettled throne of France. Orbe, once one of the most illustrious cities of Helvetia; and, before the era of the first Cæsar, the capital of the four primitive cantons, became the metropolis of the province called at first Transjurane, and, subsequently, Little-Burgundy—it extended from the Jura to the Grand St. Bernard.\* The great road from France to Italy then passed through this town, and Theodolinde, younger sister of Thierry, to whom this division of his dominions was confided, determined, about 606, on making it the place of her habitual residence. Situated on a gentle eminence in one of the most beautiful valleys of Switzerland, with a climate which brought to maturity the finest grapes—at the foot of the rich pasturages of the Jura—on a deep rapid river, and in the vicinity of the lake de Joux swarming with fish—at a short distance from vast forests full of game—the sagacious princess, though scarcely more than of age, saw that the hand of art only was

\* Les Francs, appelés ensuite Français, se fixèrent vers l'an 460 dans le pays que nous habitons. \* \* \* \*

Ils donnèrent le nom de Transjurane à toute la contrée qui s'étend depuis le Jura au Grand St. Bernard. Un gouverneur appelé Patrice, ou Duke, nommé par le roi, y tenait sa résidence.

necessary to render a site so favoured by nature a great capital; and after building a noble château, one of her first acts was to throw a very bold bridge over the river to facilitate the commerce of the city. Two churches next arose under her protecting power — roads were laid out, and many in great measure completed during the seven or eight years of her reign. She endeavoured to attract settlers in this, her favourite residence, by granting portions of land to those who would build within its jurisdiction, or who were in possession of any mechanical art useful to mankind. She held a court extremely polished for that distant epoch; receiving strangers, and all distinguished by virtue or learning, with especial attention and hospitality. Nor were her benefits confined to the high or the affluent — the poorer classes of her brother's subjects were equally the objects of her maternal attention. In 611 her wisdom and benevolence were eminently displayed on the occasion of a hostile attack from the Germans, when she received within the walls of her city, and even castle, many hundreds of the peasantry who fled from the country; and serfs whose good conduct had awakened attention continually received from her the gift of freedom.

About 614, the reign of this noble woman was closed by an act of self-devotion to her kindred which terminated in her own destruction; and, al-

though more than twelve hundred years have run their course since her brief existence, her name is perpetuated in the popular traditions of the country ; and owes its hallowed remembrance less to the splendour of her birth, or the charms of her person and mind, than to her boundless beneficence. She was the grand-daughter of Brunehaut, queen of Austrasia, celebrated for the extraordinary beauty of her person, her talents, her imputed crimes, and unquestioned sufferings. This miserable woman, after having survived the murder of two royal husbands—both in the prime of manhood—the hopeless captivity of a lovely and amiable daughter, Ingundis, married to a cousin—widowed like herself by the dagger of an assassin (his own father)—and her two sons,—assumed the reins of government in behalf of her infant grand-children, and ruled by the power of her genius for seventeen years in Austrasia, though constantly assailed by the machinations of the nobles anxious to wrest the kingdom from her hands. “Be-gone woman,” said the Duke Ursio, “if thou dost not desire that the feet of our horses should trample thee to the earth.” What an empire is that of mind!—despite of this fearful menace, she continued to govern the haughty barons who would scarcely acknowledge her equality, employing the resources of the state, not wanted for its progress, in elevating monuments which long attested her glory. The

*chaussées* of Brunehaut and her fortresses might have passed for the best, if not the most beautiful works of the Romans. She seconded Pope Gregory the Great in his missions for the conversion of England, then divided among the tribes of the Anglo-Saxons, by sending repeated loans for the purpose; so that if the letters of that pontiff may be credited, the English are powerfully indebted to her for dispensing the blessings of Christianity over those parts of the Saxon Heptarchy not yet enlightened by the labours of St. Paul and his followers.\* Unhappily for the country, which under her judicious sway displayed that prosperity which is nearly ever the work of energy and talent combined, the turbulent faction, who were unable to throw off her yoke when she ruled alone, drew into their party, after he attained majority, her eldest grandson Theudebert; nearly imbecile,

\* Elle seconda puissamment le Pape Grégoire le Grand dans ses missions pour la conversion de la Bretagne, alors partagée entre les Anglo Saxons, et c'est à son zèle, aux secours constants qu'elle donnoit aux missionnaires, que, si nous en croyons les lettres de ce pape, l'Angleterre *doit* son Christianisme. — *Sismondi*.

This must be understood to mean the peculiar doctrines of the Church of Rome, then rapidly developing; for the pious and learned Bishop Burgess has abundantly proved, that, at the period of Austin's mission to England, the church of Britain, as established by St. Paul, was already widely disseminated, and had schools, and churches, and a learned clergy; the latter of whom long protested against what they considered the errors and ceremonies introduced by Austin and his companions.



and despotically governed by his mistress, a slave, who was their tool. Brunehaut was suddenly seized by treachery, banished the kingdom, and driven on foot to the frontier of Burgundy, where she found an asylum with her youngest grandson, Thierry II., reigning at Chalons-sur-Saône. But although Brunehaut had conferred the inestimable knowledge of Christianity on others, its peaceful precepts failed to soften the resentment she felt at her own wrongs, and the ingratitude of her grandson. She panted for revenge; and by degrees acquired such influence over Thierry and his people, that they determined to take up arms in her cause. The civil war, thus lighted, brought with it her own dreadful punishment, and the entire ruin of her race.

In 612, Thierry, like his sister Theodolinde, possessed of a strong and energetic mind, having conquered his brother in two battles, Theudebert, his mistress, and their illegitimate child, were put to death by the order of his exasperated grandmother. Short was this revengeful triumph. Clotaire II., the son of her mortal enemy Fredegonde, who had grown up to manhood in Neustria, at the invitation of the insurgent nobles of Austrasia, united himself to them. They were resolved to shake off the dominion of Thierry, now become their legitimate king; and, in the midst of his victorious career, the young monarch was suddenly carried off by poison, secretly adminis-

tered through a treasonable hand :— the first employment of the science of chymistry by a barbarous people being ever to scatter its deadly uses among their foes, rather than to cull its gifts for their own benefit.

The army assembled by Brunehaut to defend the four infant children and crown of her deceased grandson, proved faithless. At the sound of a trumpet the troops either went over to the opposite party, or fled ; and Brunehaut escaped with much difficulty to Orbe, accompanied by her four great-grandsons. Theodolinde received the fugitives with generous affection ; and in the name of her eldest nephew, now her sovereign, raised a considerable force to defend the city. Orbe\* was at the entrance of an important passage of the Jura, and the castle had all the advantages of strength and position, requisite for the fortified hold of royalty. It was defended by bastions and towers of extraordinary solidity ; and aided by the simultaneous efforts of a devoted population, she would probably have succeeded in preserving the crown of Burgundy to her family, but she, too, was betrayed.

\* La reine étoit chez Theodolinde, sa petite fille, au château d'Orbe, situé à l'entrée d'un passage important du Mont Jura, sur des rochers escarpés que baignoient, dans la profondeur des précipices affreux, les eaux bruyantes de l'Orbe. Son heure fatale étoit arrivée : les nobles la livrèrent au monarque ennemi, qui lui fit essayer un trépas honteux et cruel.

In the early and middle ages of society, to rule over a turbulent aristocracy with a strong hand was always considered a maxim of policy by wise monarchs. Queens are seldom fortunate in the exercise of their kingly rights, however sagely administered. Theodolinde was accused by her lawless nobles of straining too tightly the cords of discipline. Like the accomplished James I., of Scotland, at a much later period, she was in advance of her age and her court. The rude and ferocious nobles winced under her checks on their licentious exercise of power, and felt degraded by submission to a woman. The royal residence was besieged by Erpon, the lieutenant of Clotaire : there was treason without, and terror within — it was taken — the four young princes were butchered, and the aged woman, whose head was whitened by the snow of seventy winters, delivered up to her mortal foe — the worthy son of Fredegonde, the assassin of her youthful husbands. Her end was so terrible, that historians have shrunk from detailing the three days' tortures which preceded a death ultimately effected by being tied to the heels of a wild horse. " And for miles around," says one shuddering narrator, " the fields and highways were strewn with the silver hair and scattered remnants of this daughter, wife, and mother of kings."\*

\* Brunehaud ou Brunichilde, fille d'Athanagilde, Roi des Vi-

The magnanimous martyr to her duties, as regent and relative, Theodolinde, met (it is said) a milder doom. Her punishment, for refusing to betray the rights of nature and the duties of a regent, was banishment to France; and there, in the flower of her youth, and beauty, and goodness, she died in two years. What was her *real* fate is known only (like that of all captives) to her jailers. What eye but theirs can penetrate into the dungeon of darkness? What ear but theirs receive the last sigh of expiring agony emitted by the prisoner? The Burgundian nobles had soon reason to lament their treachery and disloyalty in oceans of blood. Erpon, her successor under the new dynasty, although his beginning was of good augury, fell by the knife of an assassin to whom his rule proved more obnoxious than that of the princess he had abandoned, instigated by the Bishop of Sion and some nobles attached to Theodolinde. A civil war ensued, which devastated the country, and it sunk into a mere con-

sigots en Espagne, St. Grégoire le Grand, et St. Germain de Paris, donnent de grands éloges à cette Princesse, qui apparemment parut d'abord vertueuse; mais les autres écrivains en font un portrait horrible. \* \* \* \* \*


On lui fit subir une morte cruelle, en l'attachant à la queue d'une cavale indomptée, en 613. Néanmoins M. de Cordemoy, dans son Histoire de France, tâche de la justifier sur la plupart des crimes qu'on lui impute. — *Dictionnaire Historique, par M. l'Abbé Ladvocat.*

quered province of France. The kings of the second race, however, preserved at Orbe the palace erected by Theodolinde; and about the year 750, Pepin placed there a governor, who soon revolted against his brother, killed him, and was killed in turn.

Notwithstanding the obscurity which reigns over the Transjurane for upwards of two centuries, Orbe evidently continued to be a place of importance. Pope Stephen II. sojourned some time at the château, after having, with great pomp, made the dedication of a church and convent, delighted with its picturesque position and salubrious air; and the three sons of Lothaire I. fixed upon it as their abode during the adjustment of their reciprocal rights to their father's dominions. In this division the Transjurane fell to the portion of Lothaire II., his eldest son; and, with the entire concurrence of the people, he appointed, as patrice or duke, Hughbert Abbot and Bishop of St. Maurice in the canton of the Valais, a Burgundian nobleman of great personal influence, whose sister he soon afterwards raised to the throne of Lorraine. From this connexion the most happy results had been expected for the country; but so little can the eye of man look into the hidden depths of futurity, that ere long it lighted up a war of almost extermination, which lasted in Europe after all the original actors in its terrible scenes were become its victims. Swiss chroniclers,

biased perhaps to a certain degree by their attachment to a family of almost royal rank, sprung from themselves, have unanimously decided in favour of the bishop and his sister; but Sismondi, Italian rather than Swiss, and some more modern writers, give so different a colouring to the quarrel, and its cause, that, as, probably, the least prejudiced source, this dark picture in Swiss history shall be reproduced with slight alteration in the lines of the latter.

In the year 856, Lothaire II., Carlovingian monarch of the newly-formed kingdom of Lorraine, married Theutberga, daughter of Boson, Duke of Burgundy, from whom he separated the following year, accusing her of crime previous to her marriage; and, to the horror of nature, pointed out her brother, the Bishop and Abbot of St. Maurice, as her guilty accomplice. Theutberga, driven from Lorraine, returned into her native country, where she met warm and influential friends. Hughbert in his government of the Transjurane was popular; his partisans refused all credence to the injurious tale; and, as the queen, in conformity with the manners of the age, cleared herself from this shocking charge by the trial of boiling water, from which her champion emerged without sustaining bodily harm, Lothaire was adjudged by the clergy, and enjoined by his affronted Helvetian nobles to receive her back again in 858. This decision was extremely offensive



to him; he not only continued to insist upon her guilt, but pleaded a prior engagement to Valdrada, sister of the Archbishop of Cologne, and niece to the Archbishop of Treves, whom he had, he said, been compelled to abandon during a civil war, but who still remained the object of his affections, and was, in his opinion, a legitimate wife. As these reasons could have no real weight with any ecclesiastical court, he was commanded to resume his conjugal duties, and Theutberga re-entered the palace.

No judicial sentence can effect an alteration in the heart. Lothaire persisted in treating Theutberga with coldness and disdain, and early in the month of January, either to escape the humiliations she experienced in a palace which she had entered by force, and occupied by sufferance, or to render homage to truth, she went to Aix-la-chapelle, and voluntarily confessed the crime of which Lothaire accused her before a council of bishops there assembled. The astonished and indignant prelates immediately pronounced a sentence of divorce between Lothaire and herself, condemning her, at the same time, to be shut up in a convent.

Delighted with this unlooked-for release from a domestic bond, so insupportable, Lothaire immediately married Valdrada, a female, says a Swiss historian\*, "fair and enchanting as Helen, and as

\* Bridel.

fatal to this beautiful province as her predecessor to antique Troy." She was solemnly crowned by her adoring husband, and a furious war almost instantly burst out between him and the Bishop of St. Maurice. Theutberga, too, disgusted with the restraints and mortifications of a monastic life, ere long effected her escape from the convent to which she had been banished ; and the clergy of entire Christianity soon took cognizance of the affair. It is not said if the zeal with which they opposed the divorce of Theutberga arose from *esprit de corps* to save the reputation of the Abbot of St. Maurice, or simply from the desire of the clergy to preserve entire their jurisdiction over marriages, and to retain by this engine kings in subjection ; but the private interests of Valdrada's ecclesiastical relations, the Archbishops of Cologne and Treves, gave way before this important question, and Lothaire was commanded to put her away.

The Merovingian sovereigns had usually many wives and many mistresses, whom they repudiated, or dismissed at their will and pleasure, without these caprices having been seriously repressed by the priests. Charlemagne had followed their example with impunity. Nine wives, divorced with very little ceremony, gave a pleasing variety to his matrimonial fetters, and did not hinder his canonization. Louis I., however, conformed his manners to the laws of religion, and the orders of the church, whose decrees



Lothaire, on the contrary, had already shown a disposition to disregard, and the present occasion was seized upon as favourable both for his exemplary punishment, and for inspiring salutary terror into other rebellious monarchs.

Hincmar, Archbishop of Rheims, took upon himself to demonstrate that, although Theutberga might have been guilty before marriage, that was not a sufficient reason for pronouncing its dissolution; and many other clerical advocates followed on the same side. In the mean while the Bishop of St. Maurice offered a very powerful resistance to the will and wishes of his brother-in-law, who had succeeded in banishing him from Orbe, the seat of government, and sought to drive him from the kingdom. He fortified himself in the Alps and the Jura, pillaging the adherents of Lothaire, and conferring their castles on his own partisans. More fitted for arms than a mitre, he sustained the unequal contest three years, with various success but unflinching courage; and, after conquering in three regular battles, he fell either under the walls of his own monastery at St. Maurice or those of Orbe, whilst engaged in mortal combat with Conrad, Count of Paris, a distant relative of Lothaire's. Notwithstanding his warlike propensities, Hughbert was popular in the Transjurane, from his ancient lineage, his riches and their liberal appropriation. His defeat, after the display of so much

bravery and skill, was mourned as a national loss. The people would not believe that his sister's confession had any other foundation than a wish to obtain her personal enfranchisement from a union that portended misery to her while life lasted. He had been married without that circumstance materially impairing his reputation, for the celibacy of the clergy was not then insisted upon; — whether innocent or guilty, the manner of his death was chivalrous, always of great weight with the people, and when they learnt that he fell encouraging his men to victory, in a just cause, with the sacred lance of St. Maurice, the titular saint of the country, in his hands, their fury against Lothaire knew no bounds.

It would be tedious to follow the history of the different ecclesiastical councils, (for the prelates of France were unanimously in favour of Lothaire,) which now annulled, and then confirmed, the ill-starred union between Lothaire and Theutberga, — the melancholy details of whose scandalous history occupied Christianity during fifteen years.\* It is sufficient to say, that Lothaire was forced to dismiss Valdrada, after she had borne him two, if not more children, and re-open his palace to her not less miserable rival;

\* Nicolas excommunia Lothaire, avec Valdrade, concubine de ce Prince; mais les évêques de France n'eurent aucun égard à ses censures, ne voulant pas le reconnoître pour pape en cette cause.—*Dictionnaire Historique, par M. l'Abbé Ladvocat.*

and that this compulsory union augmented, in the hearts of the ill-matched couple, their mutual hatred and resentment. The violent death of her brother Hughbert, defending, it might be, her innocence and his own, was alone a sufficient reason for their personal separation. Lothaire never ceased to besiege the Holy See for permission to repair to Rome to justify his conduct; while Theutberga, on her side, was equally urgent to be released from a husband who detested her; and, between whom and herself, an insuperable barrier had been raised by her acknowledgment of criminality to the council at Aix-la-Chapelle. The entreaties of Lothaire were repulsed with haughty contempt; and to those of Theutberga, the pontiff at length returned the following answer: —

“We are equally astonished at the expressions of thy letters, and the language of thy deputies, remarking so complete a change in thy style and petitions. We do not forget that at first thou didst not ask any thing of this kind from us. We declare that thou hast succumbed under unceasing affliction, continued persecution, and odious violence. Thou affirmest that nobody constrains thee when thou demandest to be despoiled of the royal dignity; but we do not believe thee. As to the strange testimony thou bearest in favour of Valdrada, declaring her to be the legitimate wife of Lothaire, — it is in vain

that thou endeavourest to establish such a marriage; nobody here, besides, wants thy testimony; it is for us to know what is just; it is for us to distinguish what is equitable. And as to thyself, although thou shouldst be rightly punished for thy sins, or dead, we would never permit Lothaire to take his concubine Valdrada for his second wife."

After the demise of Nicholas I., the moment arrived when the Holy See permitted Lothaire to repair to Rome to vindicate himself. He thought, indeed, he had well merited some special favour, for having conducted a victorious army against the Saracens, who, after devastating the south of Italy, had even threatened the security of the sovereign pontiff. Nevertheless Adrian II. and the chiefs of the hierarchy judged it expedient to establish that gratitude must be subordinate to justice; and that obligations rendered even to its highest dignitaries could not withdraw sinners from the chastisements of an offended church. Towards the end of the summer of 869, Lothaire made his entry into Rome, and might from the first moment have perceived that vengeance hung over his devoted head. The description of his reception is thus narrated by the Archbishop Hincmar, author of the annals of Bertin: "When Pope Adrian came back to Rome, Lothaire, who followed him, arrived at the church of St. Peter; but no clerk presented himself to receive him, and

it was alone with his people that he advanced to the tomb of the apostle. He entered afterwards into an apartment adjoining, belonging to the church, to take up his lodgings there; they had not even taken the care to sweep it out for him. He made his appearance only the next morning, which was Sunday, when they ought to have chaunted a mass before him; but the pope would never consent that this honour should be offered. Still, the next day being Monday he dined with his holiness in the Lateran palace, and they made each other mutual presents. Adrian afterwards invited Lothaire with all his court to a solemn communion; but it was with clauses which must have struck terror into his heart. After the mass was finished, writes the contemporary author of the "*Annals of Metz*," the sovereign pontiff, taking in his hands the body and blood of Christ, called the king to the table of the Lord, and spoke thus :

"If thou holdest thyself guilty of the crime of adultery, for which thou wast interdicted by our glorious predecessor, Nicholas I., of blessed memory, and if thou hast well determined in thy heart never more, in all the days of thy life, to have intercourse with thy mistress Valdrada, draw near with confidence, and receive the sacrament of salvation, which will be to thee the pledge of the remission of thy past sins, and of thy eternal happiness; but if in thy soul thou dost propose to yield again to the seduc-

tions of her, thy mistress, beware of taking this sacrament, for fear that what the Lord hath prepared as a remedy for his faithful may not change for thee into fearful chastisement."

Lothaire, his mind bewildered by this awful adjuration, received without retracting the wafer from the hands of the pontiff, after which Adrian, turning to the king's companions, offered to each communion on these terms:

"If thou hast not lent thy consent to the faults of thy king, and if thou hast not had communication with Valdrada, or with others excommunicated by the Holy See, may the body and blood of our Saviour Jesus Christ be with thee for everlasting life."

Each of them, though feeling himself compromised, nevertheless, in the confusion of the moment, took the wafer with rash audacity. It was on Monday, the 31st of July, 869, and all died before the first day of the following year, excepting a very small number, who, from alarm at the consciousness of their secret sentiments, had contrived to elude swallowing the fatal wafer which was to be the test of their sincerity, and thus saved themselves from death.\* Lothaire himself, in quitting Rome, was attacked by the avenging malady which the pope had announced to him would be his punishment. He

\* Words of the annalist of Metz, quoted by Sismondi.

dragged himself, however, as far as Plaisance, where he expired on the eighteenth of August. Most of his suite had already paid the penalty of his sins and their own. From the very gates of the pontifical city, all who had with him received the sacrament began to fall, one by one, at his side, and few indeed found strength to arrive with him at Plaisance.

The pontiff saw the judgment of God in this calamity, and made a point of communicating it to the kings of Europe, to warn them against incurring the anger of heaven by opposition to the church. This judgment of God, as it was termed, was then frequently practised for the discovery of crime. In invoking its use it was considered indifferent whether the accused were offered a poison or a healthy aliment: for the innocent, the poison was to change into nutritious food, after the invocation uttered by the priest; for the guilty, the aliment would be transformed into a deadly substance.\*

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As after the raging blasts of a stern and lengthened winter, which stripped the desolate woods of the last lingering leaf, the cold but bright sun of spring often quickly follows, to awaken the dormant buds

\* *Simonde de Sismondi.*

and blossoms into sudden life and beauty, so in the midst of chaos, anarchy, and moral desolation, from some master mind whose controlling intellect calls into action the slumbering energies of kindred spirits have frequently emanated laws and civilisation. When the separated Jewish tribes were ready to succumb under intestine anarchy and external persecution, God gave to them Moses, and Joshua, and Jephtha, and Gideon. Greece and Rome had their heroes — England her Alfred; and three centuries after the frail meteor existence of Theodolinde, a bolder heart and a stronger arm, by the power of his own genius ascended the throne from which jealousy had driven her down, and begun again the blessed work she was compelled to leave unfinished.

In the short space of twenty-one years Orbe had changed masters seven times, when Rudolph, of Strättlingen, governor of the Transjurane, then under the distant yoke of Germany, determined to free his country from a dominion which was especially onerous from its own vicissitudes. The throne was then elective: every fresh sovereign usually appointed some favourite adherent of his own; each strove to turn the probably short period of his administration to the utmost personal profit; the country was harassed by the perpetual passage of German troops to and from the imperial possessions



in Italy. The many nations that Charlemagne had subdued and held under his sceptre were each in turn endeavouring to recover their lost liberty. Boson, Duke or Count of Provence, had already rendered himself independent of the kings of France, and in establishing the kingdom of Arles had robbed the French crown of several of its fairest gems — Provence, Dauphiny, the Lyonnaise, and a portion of Savoy. Rudolph was descended on the female side from the conqueror; perhaps inherited a portion of his ambition with his genius; the key to royalty in the Transjurane had been committed to his keeping; he was unable to withstand the temptation of stealing a crown; and taking advantage of the confusion of the empire, he determined to mount to the same eminence which his ancestors had formerly reached. With this view he convoked in the environs of Orbe a *champ-de-Mai*\*, and offered himself as sovereign of Western Helvetia. He was rich, popular, and powerful; he had been brought up in great measure at the château of Chavorny only a few miles distant, and he experienced no difficulty in persuading his hearers that a native prince residing among them would be far preferable to a temporary ruler governing for a nation whose interests were opposite to theirs. His

\* Assemblée convoquée pour la guerre et pour la législation.  
— *Vulliemin*.

proposition was hailed with shouts of enthusiasm, and after a rude ceremonial, not unlike that which attended the election of the first kings of France, he set off without delay, at the head of the vassals and troops he had assembled for the purpose to St. Maurice, ever a place of great importance from its commanding the entrance of the Alps. He crossed the Pays-de-Vaud with almost incredible speed, and on reaching St. Maurice, found Theodoric, Archbishop of Besançon, Jerome, Bishop of Lausanne, Thierry, Bishop of Sion, and Optandus, Bishop of Geneva, awaiting him by a special order which he had previously transmitted to each separately. There, surrounded by nobles, prelates, warriors, and priests, already devoted to his interests, he caused himself to be crowned and anointed in the Abbatial Church, before the tomb of the Theban martyr, whose relics were in particular veneration in the country, and thus founded the dynasty of the Rudolphian race of Little Burgundy, in the year 888.

Conrad, father of Rudolph I., independent sovereign of the Transjurane, is generally believed to have been the son of Conrad, Count of Paris, and of Adelaide, daughter of Louis the *débonnaire*, son of Charlemagne; but at that very remote epoch historians were few, and dates and genealogies so confused, that little is known of him, with certainty, beyond his public appearance as a relation of Lothaire, in 866,

at the head of a numerous body of troops, sent by that monarch against Hubert, Abbot of St. Maurice, in the bloody wars occasioned by his domestic dissensions with the bishop's sister. He had, indeed, previously a considerable tract of country in the Swiss Romande, but the ancient original family residence was in German Helvetia, where he usually dwelt, till his success as a general was crowned by the defeat of Hughbert, when, having been rewarded by the duchy of the slain abbot, he came to reside habitually at Orbe. This title, with the government of the Transjurane, he transmitted not long afterwards to his son, commonly called Rudolph of Strätlingen, from a château on the lake of Thun, where he was probably born. In its origin this little state comprehended only the four bishoprics of Sion, Lausanne, Geneva, and Besançon; the coast of Savoy, bordering lake Lemman, the Pays-de-Vaud, a part of German Helvetia, and the province long called Franche-Comté. It was denominated Little Burgundy, or Burgundy-Transjurane, to distinguish it from the province of the same name already existing beyond the Jura mountains, which separated the two kingdoms from each other. The population of that portion of German Helvetia belonging to the empire, showed themselves not more averse from the new order of things than the others had done; and after having received an oath of fidelity from the

states assembled at Soleure, Rudolph repaired to Ratisbon, where the emperor Arnolph was then sojourning, hoping to reconcile the imperial mind to the change by promises of warm friendship and feudal support. Taken by surprise, and at war with Italy, the emperor dissembled till better prepared for punishing this usurpation. Rudolph could not obtain the royal recognition, but he was suffered to depart unmolested; and by a sort of tacit acquiescence in his new dignity, he exercised the prerogatives and functions of a monarch for some time, when Arnolph, alarmed at the number of fresh kingdoms withdrawing from the sceptre of Charlemagne to take other masters, determined to select one as an example of terror to the rest. The free passage of the Alps, so necessary to enable him to reach, at will, his Italian domains, was also a great object to him, and Rudolph was finally fixed upon to become the scape-goat of this herd of royal poachers on the preserves of the empire. The slight truce of convenience was easily broken, and a war almost ruinous to the nascent kingdom ensued. The passage of the Alps, important to the emperor, was to him of vital moment: those terrible passes so numerous, and so steep, covered in many parts with eternal snow, intersected by dangerous torrents, and the deep marshes of the Rhone might bid defiance to any enemy if in the possession of a united people; and

Rudolph, sensible of his obligations to Thierry, Bishop of Sion, whose prompt recognition of his title had prepared the minds of others for the same, bestowed upon him the whole country, as a royal fief, at the commencement of the struggle. The bishop proved a most powerful assistant to this cause by the skill and energy he displayed in defending his new possession; and, strong in the general attachment of the country, Rudolph did not despair. He tried to procure useful allies by making treaties with Gui, Marquis of Spoletta, who had assumed the title of emperor in Italy; and with Richard, Duke of Burgundy, to whom he gave his sister Adelaide, a princess of great beauty and merit. Notwithstanding however the temporary aid he derived from these princes, and the love of his people, in 892 his affairs were so desperate that he was not considered in safety even at Lausanne: for having come there to support the election of Boson to the vacant bishopric, he was obliged to fly precipitately at the news of the approach of the imperial troops; and the bishop elect, not being able to effect his consecration in a country threatened by war, departed for Soleure, and did not there receive his episcopal mitre before the expiration of some months.

Seven miserable years from 892 to 899, Little Burgundy was desolated many times by German armies; for in 893, the emperor having defeated Gui

Marquis of Spoletta, and received the crown of Italy at Pavia, flushed with his Italian victory, determined to crush the obstinate rebel to his authority in Helvetia. He crossed the Great St. Bernard with much difficulty, surrounded by a formidable force, carrying fire and sword from the Pennine Alps to the Jura. Martigny and St. Maurice were devastated, Bex, Montreux, and all the smiling villages bordering lake Lemman were burnt, and at the same time that this torrent descended from the high Alps, Arnolph's natural son, Zwentibold, on whom he had just bestowed the kingdom of Lorraine, advanced northwards with a host of armed men from the Rhine and the Meuse. Too feeble to carry on the campaign against so many enemies, Rudolph withdrew his slender force into the fastnesses of the rocky gorges and mountain fortresses of the Valais; and thus escaped from a foe who dared not pursue him into these retreats, then considered inaccessible to all but those habituated to their wild and dangerous solitudes.\* Here, protected by the enthusiastic and unwearied affection of his new subjects, whom neither violence nor re-

\* The woody esplanade of Kubli, above Montreux, conceals one of those antique towers of refuge, built either at the time of the Saracens, by Bertha, or Rudolph I. during his war with the empire; most probably the latter, from its small circumference.

wards could tempt to his betrayal, he lived the major part of many years, descending into the plains and towns only when the imperial forces had been compelled to abandon the country, either from climate or lack of resources. During this disastrous period of his reign it is not therefore surprising that he had no fixed habitation. Sometimes he lived at Orbe, for which he had a decided predilection, then at Payerne, or St. Maurice, or Lausanne, or Soleure, as in his precarious position might seem best adapted for directing the government of his faithful realm; but far oftener he was under the frail protection of a tent in summer, or sheltered from the winds and snows of winter, in some strong tower perched on the steepest rocks of the Jura, whose narrow and perilous paths were known but to those whose life was regarded as of less value than his. But wherever placed he never remained idle; carrying off convoys, intercepting messengers, and turning to profit every favourable occasion of wearying out his enemy by a war of *postes*, which he conducted with much skillfulness, and by fighting him in detail.

The death of the emperor Arnolph, which occurred in 899, gave him at length time to breathe; and from that moment he reigned peaceably over his little conquest, occupied only in repairing the evils that war had brought on his states — evils so frightful that the land lay almost wholly uncultivated; whilst the few

inhabitants, who remained in divisions desolated by famine, were reduced to feed on the slain. By degrees, however, the parental care of Rudolph alleviated these terrible sufferings: the towns arose from their ashes, the villagers gained strength and courage to resume the labours of the field; and Rudolph (the virtues of whose character shone forth with additional lustre in the calmness of peace) then showed himself not less great as a legislator, than he had been as a warrior,—dictating new laws or reforming obsolete ones—now granting or confirming privileges to towns, convents, and corporations—holding courts of justice, and signing charters, some of which have descended to posterity after a lapse of nine hundred years. If he did not preside in person at the *plaids*\*, he sent there counts, palatines, or the great officers of his court; and such was his known love of justice, that more than once a cause was pronounced against himself. According to the jurisprudence of this barbarous age, he permitted the judgments of God (*jugements de Dieu*), and a document, signed in 908, is in existence by which he ordered a trial of hot iron (*l'épreuve du fer chaud*). to legitimatise a reclamation of the church of Lausanne. Rodolph loved the chase, agriculture, and the simple innocent life of the country. He enlarged

\* Courts of law.



and embellished the château of Chavornay in the Pays-de-Vaud, of which some relics exist near Orbe; and generally passed there a part of every summer: some charters dated from this castle have been preserved to posterity. A chronicler has traced the character of this prince in these words — “ he was beloved by his own people, and respected by strangers because he was good and just.”

It appears that the neighbouring princes did not seek to disturb him in his new kingdom; and although the emperor, before his death, had given its investiture to Louis, king of Provence, the latter did not attempt to establish his dangerous rights. After a reign of twenty-three years, of which the half was consumed in the painful labours and privations of war, and the other consecrated to the arts and blessings of peace, Rudolph died in November, 911, and was buried at St. Maurice, in the abbey: he left estates not considerable in extent, but by their situation very important to his son, Rudolph II., the offspring of a wife whose name has not been transmitted to her husband's subjects—in this respect, as in many others, wholly unlike his son and successor, whose queen, Bertha, conferred on his name a celebrity which has made it stand prominently forth in the annals of history.

Rudolph II. was not more than seventeen when his father bequeathed to him a yet unsettled kingdom,

but he had known none of those horrors and privations with which it was obtained. When he became alive to outward circumstances, the war his father had so long waged against the empire was ceasing, and although nothing certain exists as to his education, or the counsellors who directed him in the government of his kingdom, during his minority, every thing seems to warrant the conclusion that Rudolph had provided him both with able instructors and prudent advisers. He was considered one of the handsomest and most gallant princes of the period, and the exceeding goodness of his natural character rendered him still popular with his people, when his acts were occasionally far otherwise. He was ambitious, fond of pleasure, and of war — and vehement in all he undertook; but these were apparently trivial faults in a monarch so young and so gifted, and Bertha doubtless commenced her conjugal career without a fear for the future. As lake Lemán in all its wondrous beauty burst on her delighted eye, and she felt the soft breezes of its gentle climate blow on her young cheek, how that heart, so prone to piety and gratitude, and awake to all the charms both of the inanimate objects of creation, and those of a higher grade, must have rejoiced that her lot had fallen on so “fair a ground.”


The canton-de-Vaud, thenceforth the seat of

Bertha's principal labours, and hallowed by being the chosen scene for their termination, is perhaps the richest and most lovely portion of the Swiss confederation. It does not offer the majestic grandeur of the Bernese Oberland, or the sublime horrors of the Valais, but in the picturesque variety of its landscapes—the blue waters of lake Lemman on the one side, bordered by the wild yet noble Alps of Savoy, and on the other by the chain of the Jura mountains, rising gracefully from its crystal waves, covered to their high romantic summits with vineyards and villages, and rocks and woods, while antique cities and feudal towers, in almost pristine strength, repose at their feet, or crown their hoary heads—in its salubrious climate and profusion of fruits and flowers—in its romantic poesy, and the generous spirit of its sons and daughters, it stands unrivalled.

To the eye of Bertha, indeed, the scene wore a different aspect. Many of the towns and villages bordering the Lemman rose under her fostering hand; and the vineyards which now, perhaps too profusely for pictorial beauty, clothe its mountains, sprung from the liberal encouragement she gave to cultivation: but the grand outlines of nature were ever there and ever fair. The variegated foliage of the pine and the chestnut—the walnut and the wild cherry—the clear

blue waters of the lake—its lovely bays and mountains—the flocks of curious birds peculiar to its shores—the myriads of painted butterflies, and bright insects glancing in the sun-beams, and filling the pure air with their hum of gladness, and flowers of every form and hue and odour, were there to charm the sight and the heart even as now.

The numerous charters she signed, as contracting party or witness, and the many monuments she reared, still subsist to prove her beneficent and active reign; but the barren chronicles of the obscure age in which she shone have registered few historical memorials of her *private* life; and it is from traditions collected and preserved by the descendants of those whom she governed, that they are principally drawn. Nor must the word tradition alarm the fastidious lover of truth, or shake the faith of those who seek in these sketches, not the heroine of a cunningly devised fable, but one who was born like ourselves inheritor of all the trials to which life is destined, and died after having performed her appointed part in life's real drama. In the earliest ages of the world oral communications necessarily preceded written testimonials. "The traditions of our fathers," says Müller, "came down to us as faithfully as the chaunts of Homer were transmitted to the cities of Greece." And the accurate Gibbon has given his suffrage to the purity of *this*, then the only, source



of conveying to the future the events of the past. "When Tacitus surveyed the primitive simplicity of the Germans, he discovered some permanent maxims, or customs of public and private life, which were preserved by faithful tradition, till the introduction of the art of writing and of the Latin tongue."

Every thing relative to Bertha was so important and so dear, that it assumed a sacred character. She never died for the people she had so much loved. Ages ran their course, but the dominion of Savoy—the heavier sway of Berne, anxious to efface all remembrance of any other—made no change as to her in Swiss Romande. She never ceased to be the protector of the peasantry, the encourager of the good, the punisher of the wicked: and the inhabitants of the places where she tarried, though but for a brief season, still pride themselves on the circumstance, and point out the ruins of the house, or its site, which had received the glorious guest: occasionally, in their unwillingness to lose the honour of the visit, the very chamber of some antique edifice built, perchance, four centuries afterwards, is shown as the one where she "certainly slept," by some aged crone or pretty *paysanne*, undisturbed by fears of chronological inaccuracy.\*

\* Nous ne ferons pas l'énumération des lieux qui se glorifient

Let us then not fear to walk with Bertha in the night of past ages, by the vacillating rays of tradition, though sometimes intercepted and wavering, as a guide often far less deceitful than the clouded light faintly beaming from the mouldering parchments of some learned scribe. The honey preserved in the hive of antiquity, brought there by many a winged wanderer, was collected from the same source, and it may sometimes be questioned whether the sage chemists, in their desire to free it from suspected impurities, have not occasionally robbed it of the strength, raciness, and originality of the pure substance.

It appears that Bertha soon evinced the energy of her mind, and the goodness of her heart, in her new characters of queen and wife. Rudolph, habituated from infancy to his father's erratic court, pursued the same course; and Bertha was ever his companion. She rode by his side, and without any fixed capital the youthful pair thus dispensed their blessings, turn in turn, over all the great cities of their kingdom. Bertha does not seem to have had that sympathy for intellectual pursuits which led her

d'avoir été visités par elle; nous ne dirons pas le nombre des hôtelleries où l'on montre encore "la chambre de la reine;" nous ne ferons pas mention du pèlerinage des populations vers son tombeau, &c. &c.—*Vulliemin*.

step-mother Hedwige to open her castle to all who had any pretension to literature; but she evinced great respect for learning in general, and multiplied its sanctuaries by founding and preserving monasteries and chapters. She was herself lettered for her age and sex; she knew Latin, and a portion of each day was solemnly and conscientiously set apart for the perusal of the Holy Scriptures. She endeavoured to prevail on the stern barons to bring their wives and daughters to these ambulatory courts, and, amongst those who composed her suite, strove to infuse a portion of her own unwearied industry, and a taste for the refinements which adorn and give a charm to life. Chavorny, where her beloved husband first saw the light of Heaven, became her favourite abode; and there, within twelve months, the young queen gave birth to a son, destined to strengthen but not succeed to his paternal throne.\*

It was at this moment, when Rudolph's domestic happiness was increased, and his kingdom consolidated by posterity, that he rashly hazarded the loss of both; and plunged into a war alike perilous and uncertain, the issue of which, even if fortunate, offered little to atone for the immense risk he incurred in its prosecution.

\* This son must have died in boyhood, since Rudolph's successor, Conrad, was only ten years of age in 937.

For many ages the barbarians of Northern Europe had made Italy expiate the conquests of Rome. Their descendants, in Lombardy especially, at the commencement of the tenth century, actuated by a spirit of restless insubordination, appeared equally incapable of supporting the domination of royalty, or the simplicity of a republican form of government. At this epoch the crown was worn by Berenger I., of all the princes elevated on the wreck of the Carlovingian throne, the most worthy of the respect and love of his subjects. He had awakened a military spirit among the effeminate peasantry and citizens of his kingdom, and displayed equal talents as a legislator and a general; whilst his personal virtues, his generosity, frankness and confidence in the loyalty of others, springing from his own honourable uprightness of mind, roused responsive sentiments in the breasts of all around him, excepting, unhappily, the great feudal barons of the kingdom. Always turbulent, always jealous of the royal authority, always fearing to lose some of their exclusive privileges, if they might be called upon to defend them against a sovereign so popular with the people, they conspired to find a prince more devoted to their interests, or at least less capable of defending himself from their ambitious encroachments on his prerogative; and with this design they sought for a rival to Berenger among the princes of France, or



the bordering countries.\* Rudolph stood high in the estimation of his peers, and in the public voice; he was already connected with Italy by the unions of his aunt and sister, who had severally espoused Italian princes; and, after some little delay, when their treasonable plot was ripe for execution, they drove away the unsuspecting Berenger by a sudden *coup-d'état*, and offered the vacant throne to the husband of Bertha.

Rudolph, still too young to conceive that there would be more glory and advantage in dictating laws to the sovereigns of Italy, as their arbitrator, than in usurping their thrones, followed the ordinary march of inexperienced princes, and accepted the dangerous gift.

Ambition is the strongest passion of the human heart: it is in our erring nature to desire more than we have: our first progenitors — so happy — surrounded by the charms of Eden, wished to add to their peaceful dignity, “monarchs of all they surveyed,” the fatal gift of wisdom — the single thing

\* Mais les seigneurs turbulens de l'Italie, toujours jaloux de de l'autorité royale, craignèrent de perdre tous leurs privilèges s'ils devoient les défendre contre un roi que le peuple commençoit à chérir. Ils lui cherchèrent des rivaux parmi les princes francs; ils offrirent leur couronne à Rudolphe II., roi de la Bourgogne transjurane, qui pendant trois ans environ, 923—926, réunit le gouvernement de l'Italie à celui de la Suisse. \* \* \*  
—*Sismondi*.

withheld from them. Bertha, indeed, was adverse to this new honour. It would seem that, to atone for want of strength to resist evils, woman is endowed with more prudence to avoid them. On this, however, as on many other similar occasions in domestic discussions, Bertha's caution was probably ascribed to female timidity, or the narrowness of female understanding; and her twice royal lord, after evincing his respect for her judgment generally, by appointing her sole regent in his absence, assembled numerous troops at Geneva, and from thence departed early in the spring of 923 to take possession of his kingdom in the land of marble and of gold, of painting, of music and of song—of gentle breezes bearing the perfumed breath of millions of flowers, where all harmonizes with the clear blue sky, the limpid waters of its lakes and silver streams, its orange groves and pendant vines, its myrtle bowers, and forests of chestnuts and palms, of olives and of almonds.

Berenger, in the mean time, had not sunk under the treachery and ingratitude of his lawless nobility. He appealed to the hearts of the most numerous body in his realm, and powerfully aided by some Hungarian mercenaries, to whom war was a trade, and never more successfully exercised than on the plains of Lombardy, he had just defeated the rebels before Rudolph arrived. But Rudolph was strong in

the friendship of Boniface, Marquis of Spoletta, the husband of his sister Adelaide. The marquis advanced to his support, and the rival sovereigns met in great force near Fierenzuola. A fierce, obstinate, and bloody engagement ensued: there was valour on both sides, though the right lay only on one, and to that one would victory perhaps have been awarded had not the Marquis of Spoletta, who held himself in ambuscade with a picked corps of veterans, thrown the weight of their bravery and skill into the wavering balance, just as it appeared to swerve against Rudolph. "A stratagem," says an old writer, "which also gave victory to Hannibal in the same country eleven centuries before." The Burgundians and their partisans thus succeeded. Berenger was obliged to fly once more, and Rudolph was solemnly crowned at Monza by the Archbishop of Milan, one of the deadly enemies of Berenger, who had, in conjunction with the other conspirators, invited him to invade the country.

It was now that Bertha began to display the extraordinary powers of an understanding singularly strong, and a nature as gentle, compassionate, and generous, as her mind was enlarged and comprehensive. Left to herself in the government of a considerable kingdom, she seems to have comprehended, at a glance, the importance of her

position; and she thenceforth became the nursing mother of the nation she was appointed to feed and guide. She commenced a journey of inspection to all the principal towns of the Transjurane, resting at Soleure, Payerne, St. Maurice, Lausanne, Geneva, and Orbe, holding at each a court, to which she invited all whose situation could, in the smallest degree, entitle them to appear as guests in the royal presence; and these little levees were said to be conducted with great pomp and circumstance; for Bertha well knew the mighty power of outward and visible signs over a rude generation.\* Every morning she sat for some hours to receive petitions or petitioners, for none were excluded from admission; and she then sallied forth, attended by her ministers and nobles, to suggest and direct plans for the improvement of the country, in an agricultural point of view, or the amelioration of the people in a moral one. The castle of Chavorny continued her chosen residence, and many existing documents prove that the canton de Vaud was almost the first object of her affectionate attention. She greatly aggrandized and embellished Orbe; and could the spirit of the hapless Theodolinde have hovered over this monument of her earthly course, she would have rejoiced to see that one so worthy to occupy her halls was now

\* Conservateur Suisse.

treading in her steps. Morges, a small and picturesque town on the lake of Geneva, was just emerging from a mere assemblage of scattered fishermens' huts into a hamlet; and, although it received its charter of incorporation more recently, Bertha's hand first raised it into importance. So anxious was she to act with impartiality towards all parts of her dominions, that she occasionally resided in the castles, as well as towns: having held several courts at Chavorny and at Strätlingen, on the lake of Thun, the cradle of the Rudolphian race. In honour of that circumstance one of her first architectural efforts was the foundation of the church of Amsoldingen, in its immediate vicinity, conferring on the new edifice many estates for its future conservation and the support of a priest. It was dedicated to St. Maurice, and this endowment, in an especial manner, was beneficial to a wild desert country, gifted, however, with a lake full of fish and with land that only required the hand of labour to yield abundant produce. At her desire a list of the churches that had been desecrated or destroyed during the wars between Rudolph I. and the empire, not yet repaired, was made out, and many of these were restored to their original destination. Soleure was also at a later period indebted to her beneficence for a chapel dedicated to their titular Saint Urs; and for the reparation of the ancient walls reduced to ashes by the Huns. The town and

church of Moutiers-Grandville, nearly devastated by the same terrible foes, were also built up by her munificence. Had Bertha lived some centuries before, or after, she might (like Theodolinde and other friends to humanity) have laboured under the suspicion of *Radicalism* ; for she, too, was a warm advocate of the enfranchisement of serfs, many of whom were manumitted on the sole condition of cultivating a given quantity of barren or woody land ; and showed herself, whilst she repressed brigandage with a strong hand, ever favourable to liberty. Many colonists, protected by a special exemption from taxation, brought into cultivation the barren hills of Yverden, and those extending under the antique towers of Orbe, not already turned to profit by Theodolinde.

It is universally acknowledged, that at this epoch monasteries were almost the only means of softening the rude manners, and cultivating the wild wastes of a half civilized, half barren country ; and, from the very commencement of her reign to the close of a long life, Bertha showed herself favourable to conventual institutions. She knew they were the sole asylums of prayer, of liberty, and of learning. The maiden fleeing from a lawless pursuer, whose rank precluded punishment or denial, — the serf from a cruel master, there found refuge till the arrival of other aid. The sick sought health — the hungry

food ; and the pale boy, whose physical weakness incapacitated him from labouring to obtain a scanty subsistence by the sweat of his brow, there often had the energies of a strong mind developed, which must have lain dormant but for the learning and piety still habiting their sacred walls. The cartulaire of the bishopric of Lausanne, of the abbeys of St. Maurice in the Valais ; of St. Victor, at Geneva ; of St. Ursanne in the Doubs of Romain-môtier, not far from Gruyères, and many other monasteries, present proofs of Bertha's great liberality in the shape of houses, exemptions from taxation, grants of privileges, and lands — the latter generally uncultivated, to be worked by the arms of the peasants, encouraged to labour by the example of the monks ; and each monastery built or endowed by her had always its school for children, its hospital for travellers, and its infirmary for the sick. The almost innumerable endowments of this nature that she either founded, or fostered, were therefore not the result of superstition, but in pursuance of the wisest policy. Many charters still extant attest her anxiety that they should all be under a good rule of conduct, and tend to the welfare of society. Some run that, "they must every day exercise works of mercy, with all honest intention towards the poor, strangers, travellers, and the sick." The motto of the Benedictines was labour

and prayer. Convents were then in all the freshness of their original purity and utility; and the traveller, who views with admiration the vine-clad sides of the Jura, rising terrace upon terrace till the eye can scarcely distinguish the limit between the work of man and the rock of ages which still crowns the summit, boldly defined on the blue horizon, will probably learn with surprise that the mind which directed the beginnings of these stupendous labours — the hand which held out recompence and honours, and freedom, as the price of so much patient industry, was a woman's—Bertha's! Nothing indeed, but the enduring soul of the monk devoted to toil and privation, or the ardent spirit of the shackled slave, looking forward, the one in meek hope to a heavenly, the other to an earthly reward, could have overcome the difficulties which attended the first cultivators of these mountains. Sometimes under a burning sun, at others exposed to the bitter blasts of the *glacial bise*, climbing slowly and painfully by rocky ledges or crevices along dangerous slopes, and beetling cliffs, whence trees were to be hewn down, briars plucked up, exposed to the bite or stings of the many venomous insects and serpents, with which the wildernesses of the Transjurane abounded — raising by manual efforts alone, the heavy materials necessary for the construction of the flights of steps and walls rising above each other; and the deep wide



tunnels for the passage of the mountain torrents, now concealed by earth and vegetation.\*

As all Bertha's journeys were performed on horse-back, her attention was necessarily directed, in an especial manner, to the roads which intersected the country; and to the honour of Scotland, it must be recorded, that she was faithfully and efficiently assisted in this branch of her enlightened legislation, by a corps of pioneers, under the management of a Scotch engineer named Mackenbri or Mackenbren, who had found his adventurous way in the eleventh century into the Transjurane, with little more than his head and hands to raise him to the favour of royalty. It is pleasing to add, that the gratitude

\* A nursery ballad, adapted to three persons, demonstrates the commonness of these frightful occupants of the wood and brakes of Helvetia :

“ Et n'allons pas au bois, ma mie !

Le serpent nous y mordra,” &c. &c.

The monks of Romainmôtier, who founded, by the services which their early cultivation of the country rendered to the inhabitants, a sort of little spiritual empire in the Transjurane, are still believed to glide from the ruins of their monastery at midnight, by moonlight, on certain vigils in spring, summer, and autumn, clad in the white robes of the order, each bearing some implement of labour, as, during their earthly pilgrimage; and, after wandering till the dawn of morning, amid the scenes of their terrestrial labours, fade away sighing that they are wanted no more. — *Essay and Traditions upon the Monastery of Romainmôtier, the former by F. de Charrière.*

of Bertha laid the foundation of a fortune which rendered him the stock of the Lords of Tavannes, a sweet little town in the canton of Bâsle, some of whose branches are believed to have remained within the last hundred years. And well did the enterprising Scot deserve all he obtained from his royal mistress; for, among other works of great utility to the land of his adoption, he re-opened the celebrated pass called *Pierre Pertuis*, near the source of the Birs or Byrse, a singular and most picturesque archway, not far from Tavannes, formed in the solid rock — which, during the many ages that had swept over it since its Roman origin, had become blocked up, and thus closed one of the romantic and grand passages of Switzerland, in addition to the inconvenience to which the inhabitants were subjected by its destruction.

Bertha, like her great ancestor Charlemagne, had a taste for agriculture, and introduced several kinds of trees, fruits, and flowers, sent to her by Rudolph from Italy; and, ever indefatigable, she rode over the country in all directions, that she might herself choose the hills and rocks best calculated for the site of her fortresses and castles.

Whilst thus exercising the noblest attributes and avocations of royalty; when, with the monarch of Israel, she could say, “I made me great works; I builded me houses; I planted me vineyards; I made

me gardens and orchards, and I planted trees in them of all kind of fruits : " whilst thus sowing the germs of a new state of society — of a better future — she was suddenly called upon to defend herself and her dominions from that scourge of the tenth and eleventh centuries, known under the common term of Saracens, Hungarians or Madschares. At first, these visitants appeared in small predatory bands, confining their attacks to the mere plunder of the defenceless, carrying off the spoils of the people without exercising much violence towards their persons ; but on each succeeding visit they showed themselves stronger and fiercer. At their dreaded approach, the terrified peasantry crowded to the towns, which, in turn, became the prey of the numerous troops that ere long descended into the country by the Pennine Alps and the Rhone.

At this fearful juncture Bertha's courage and sagacity were equally conspicuous ; and, the strong sense of a woman, simply seeking to protect her people, gave rise, perhaps, to the first idea of the modern telegraph. On a prolonged line from the Alps to the Jura, may yet be seen many little solid fortresses, called " the towers of Bertha or Bertholo ; " they are built at certain distances, permitting each to understand and reply to the signals of the other.\* All

\* Nous voyons encore s'élever sur les collines de vieilles tours,

were constructed for defence only, the walls very thick, the windows narrow and high up ; whilst the low arched doorway, ten or twelve feet from the ground, can be reached only by a ladder let down from above. The tower of Gourze, crowning a steep pinnacle of the Jorat, is at the summit of a pyramid of smooth turf, joining to the very edge of the circular walls. The tower of Bertholo, which has preserved her name in the *patois* romane, protected in an especial manner the royal vineyard at Lutry. The tower of Moudon commanded the course of the Broie; and that of Molière, surnamed "the eye of Helvetia," overlooked the river Broie on one side, and the lake, on which arose the tower of Neuchâtel, on the other. All these towers now dilapidated and crumbling, were constructed by the queen as a refuge to the population of their respective districts. At the first signal, lords and peasants collected together their most valuable articles, and carried them to the shelter of the same hospitable walls which received themselves and families. These little miniature castles had commonly only a dark, but dry kitchen stocked with wood, and a rude oven on the ground floor. A room for arms, and the missives then in use before the in-

que nous nommons du nom de la Reine Berthe : à Gourze, à Moudon, à la Molière, à Neuchâtel, sur une ligne prolongée des Alpes au Jura, à des distances qui permettaient de s'entre-répondre et de se donner des signaux.—*Vulliemin*.

vention of gunpowder, formed the first. The second was divided into three or four very tiny apartments, to separate, in some degree, the different classes thus thrown by a common calamity into collision; and the garret above was kept filled with grain, cheese, and provisions for the use of all the fugitives generally. When the little ladder was drawn up, the inmates were usually safe from these wandering robbers, and without a garrison, could keep even a powerful enemy at bay a considerable time.

In one of these primitive abodes, Bertha was herself obliged to seek security from a desperate body of Hungarians, who, in 927, after having burnt the convent of St. Gall nearly to its foundation, and carried fire and sword through Argovia, approached from the lake of Bienne. The king was in Italy, with a numerous force of the best Burgundian troops; and, in the utter impossibility of stemming the torrent, she fled with her children, her cousin Ulric, Bishop of Augsburg, who had been just driven from his diocese by the same foes, her ministers, and whole court, to the tower of Neuchâtel, where she had to mourn the death of the good bishop of Lausanne, Boson, murdered in his ninetieth year. He was the same excellent prelate whose consecration had been impeded by the arrival of the imperial troops against Rudolph I.; and, in the hope that his age and sacred character would impress the barbarians with some

awe, he approached them, dressed in his pontifical habits, with entreaties that they would spare the lives of his flock. Alas! as formerly, a bishop of Rome was massacred by the ruthless Attila, the cruel monsters, intoxicated with blood, felled him to the earth, while the words of peace and blessing yet lingered on his lips. When sated with booty and violence, they at length withdrew, she quitted her little prison; by new exemptions and new liberalities endeavouring to raise the spirits of her people; and by a wise administration, confidence soon replaced fear and despair. But with her usual judgment, anticipating fresh inroads, she provided against a recurrence of the same horrors, by increasing the number of her strong citadels. She founded, after this event, the castles of Champvent, near Yverden; and added materially to the castle of Vufflens. Amid these active employments and public cares, she had become twice again a mother, and every successive year proved, that toil and sorrow is ordinarily the lot of all—the common lot, from which the good and the gifted, the noble and the serf, are not — cannot, from the nature of man, be exempt. Yet let it not be thought that this world is either a dreary desert, or a garden filled with delicious fruits, forbidden to man's touch. Flowers are yet more numerous on the path of life than thorns; and, even where adversity rules the dark destiny of some one hapless

traveller, we are told that, "*if he* will go on his way bearing good seed," even he shall finally garner his sheaves in a land of everlasting happiness. Hope thus journeys with the saddest pilgrim of the vale of tears.

One of the trials of Bertha, and a bitter one indeed, was the precarious situation of her husband; and the moral snares, as well as personal dangers, which environed him on all sides. He had conquered Berenger; but, like his father, he was soon doomed to know that a crown won by fraud or violence, is seldom worn without care, or retained without having recourse to the same weapons. Many parts of his dominion pertinaciously held out for Berenger, and he was obliged to take the field two or three times before the cruel assassination of that unfortunate monarch at Verona, twelve months after his deposition, removed all anxiety as to his final restoration to the throne from whence he had been, so unjustly, expelled. But this very event, fortunate in appearance, must have struck a blow to his confidence in his new subjects; and to preserve his dangerous eminence he felt obliged to draw many troops and subsidies from Switzerland, which he was sensible the queen must spare with difficulty; especially after the last terrible irruption of the Barbarians into Helvetia, when it became necessary to erect and garrison many strong-holds for her own personal security, and that of the kingdom

he had entrusted to her keeping. The husband and father must, too, have had many anxieties for the young wife, and infant children, thus exposed without their natural protector to such foes. Nor were these the only sources of disquietude, that mingled their bitter waters with the honied draughts of victory.

The inhabitants of that portion of Italy forming the especial kingdom of Lombardy, were sprung from one of the numerous tribes bordering the Baltic, and were at first distinguished for their wild appearance and warlike propensities; but so rapid was the influence of climate and example, that the Lombards of the fourth generation surveyed with curiosity and afright the portraits of their savage forefathers. Their heads were shaven behind, but shaggy locks hung low over their eyes and mouth, and a long beard represented the name and character of the nation.\* Their dress consisted of coarse linen garments after the fashion of the Anglo-Saxons, decorated with broad stripes of variegated colours. The legs and feet were clothed in long hose and open sandals; and even in the security of peace a trusty sword was constantly girt at their side. Yet this strange

\* Lombards, originally *Langobards*, from the peculiar length and fashion of their beards. Gibbon says, that the portraits of the old Lombards might still be seen in his time, in the old palace of Monza, founded or restored by Queen Theodolinde, the Bertha of Lombardy.



apparel and horrid aspect often concealed a gentle and generous disposition. And it was to this pliant conciliatory spirit that their early civilization doubtless owed its origin. The Burgundians, as his Transjuran followers were indiscriminately termed, ere long rendered themselves excessively displeasing to these, their more refined fellow subjects, by the coarseness of their manners, and the intemperance of their habits. Whether they spoke the German language, or employed the *patois* romane, born indeed of Latin, but full of the guttural sounds of the dialect on which they engrafted it, the delicacy of Italian ears, accustomed to the corrupt Latin or Italian idiom then usurping the place of the original language of Rome, was equally shocked. They professed themselves “stunned” by the harshness of their voices, which they compared to the sound of thunder, or “the crash of their native avalanches.”\* They were disgusted with the voracious appetites of these sons of the Alps—with their love of wine—their gormandizing in fruits, as yet unknown or exceedingly scarce in their native lands †: and the spiritual fastidious Roman,

\* Liutprand mentions the raileries of the Italians on the hoarse and loud voices of Rudolph and his companions.

† The fruits of the south ever excited the ardent desires of the Northerners—it was the boast of their flavour that attracted the Varangians from the bottom of Scandinavia to Constantinople, to form the guard of the emperor. And in the Irish language, spoken formerly by the Scandinavians, they still say

with his flowing toga, polished address, and elegant costume, was not less annoyed by his intercourse with the stalwart heroes of the Rhine and Helvetia, arrayed in the strong, stiff, and coarse apparel of their more homely frigid country. There was, besides, a continual difficulty in finding them proper shelter in winter, because all classes of society were reluctant to receive them as guests under their roofs; whilst the lower range of apartments surrounding the courts or quadrangles attached to feudal castle, or palace, usually appropriated to the soldiery, became greatly inadequate for the accommodation of the troops he deemed necessary for his safety; and tents in the somewhat cold and damp winter climate of Lombardy, were found injurious to the health of men habituated to enormous pine fires, in the small close dwellings of their native country.

These were however minor annoyances—teasing rather than dangerous—others silently advanced from a more alarming quarter. The dukes and marquisses of Italy who had had recourse to a foreign prince, not to strengthen their country, but to weaken the royal power; and because a distant monarch was less liable to check their tyranny and ambition, had no desire that Rudolph should reside habitually amongst them, nor were by any means admirers of the loyal spirit

*figiakasta*, to desire figs—an idiom expressive of an earnest longing for something.—*Gibbon*.

which led him from the beginning of his reign to exercise justice and impartiality towards all his subjects: their attendance at his court grew less frequent—their demeanour far from respectful; and Rudolph, little aware of all the causes of this evident dissatisfaction, thought the presence of Bertha, by rallying her sex around his throne, might strengthen its wavering pillars. He had already gone twice into Helvetia since his Italian conquest to raise troops; and Bertha, ever fondly attached to him, at length tore herself from her own throne, to partake for a season of the cares congregating around his. She returned with him after his third visit, and resided during her brief sojourn at Monza.\*


This inauspicious journey took place about the close of 926, and a veil hangs over it, which the hand of conjugal love and duty never lifted up: but it is believed that Bertha detected, soon after her arrival, a growing admiration of the king for one of the

\* When the writer visited Monza, the royal family occupied the quite modern palace, and it was of course closed to strangers. Nor could she learn much traditionally of Bertha, for her guide, a young man, eager to communicate all he knew of Queen Theodolinde, and her chickens, and the iron crown, listened somewhat impatiently to inquiries about Bertha. He knew of her little more than that "she was a great spinner, and a very good woman;" but in his eyes, evidently, far below her predecessor, the glorious Queen of Autharis. At Milan Bertha was better remembered.

noble ladies who came to offer their homage to her as Queen of Italy—Ermenegilda or Ermengarde, widow of the Marquis of Ivée. Whether Bertha was too gentle to reproach, or too proud to complain, or whether she had done both uselessly—for she was a woman and a wife—all is unknown, excepting that she re-crossed the Alps so precipitately that her return was unexpected in Helvetia, from which, indeed, her absence was so short that it has escaped the observation of nearly every Swiss annalist.

Whatever might be the cause of Bertha's disgust, or displeasure, she was not one to sink hopelessly under present evils or mortifications. From that perversion of mind, by which, neglecting the good or the happiness that lies within our grasp, we centre all our energies to compass some distant enjoyment, or consume our weary days in pining for what is past, she was utterly free; and bending her thoughts back into their proper channel, she pursued the "even tenor of her way," governing her kingdom as before this supposed blow to her domestic peace, with vigilance and benignity.

The object of Bertha's journey thus defeated, Rudolph remained alone to stem the torrent of opposition which advanced with rapid strides. So blind also is prejudice, that the lovely young Queen, then in the prime of womanly beauty, awakened little or no admiration in a people prepared to dislike her because



she was German. Her accent, however softened by feminine tones, was still guttural; and, remembering that Bertha, the mother of Charlemagne, was termed by the uncourtly chroniclers of the day, "Bertha with the large foot," they most unceremoniously (and as all Swiss historians indignantly notice with a flat denial of the fact) applied to her the same injurious cognomen! whilst *Testa Tedesca* (German head) became a familiar phrase, applied to the perpetrator of any act of uncommon slowness, awkwardness, or stupidity, by Rudolph's vivacious subjects of the sunny South, in allusion to their new compatriots, of certainly heavier calibre, who had followed him from the North. A Swiss author says, that the sons of Helvetia have seldom obtained from their victories in the plains of Italy the usual results of conquest; and the complaint or observation is singularly applicable to the imagined success of Rudolph. Notwithstanding the many good qualities of the Burgundians, and the really attractive character of the king, they were soon compelled to relinquish every hope of obtaining over the affections of the Italian people generally, that influence which could alone support his power against the machinations of the nobility. It was in vain that the iron crown of Charlemagne

\* On a confondu notre humble reine avec Berthe, au grand pied, mère de Charlemagne. — *Vulliemin*.

rested on his brows; one by one the ever-restless, never-satisfied nobles deserted his banner; and he soon saw himself obliged to raise his standard, and march to quell an insurrection, excited by a few princes, once his staunchest adherents.

Pavia, the richest and most populous city in his realm, formerly the capital of the Lombard kings, following the example of some other minor towns, threw off her allegiance; and Rudolph, never deficient in personal bravery, exasperated at this defection, resolved to punish the treacherous city. He assembled a numerous force; and, finding on his arrival, the gates shut at his approach, he encamped on the banks of the Ticino, which partly encircles its walls, and made preparations for an assault. But the thoughtless monarch brought with him, in his own breast, a more dangerous foe to his peace and power than any enclosed within the battlemented towers of Pavia. "It was at this time," says an old Italian author, "that the king of Burgundy received a message by a trusty agent, sent to him from the Marchioness of Ivree, inviting him to repair to a castle of her own on the opposite side of the Ticino. She told him the hearts of all the great princes of Italy were in *her* keeping—that it was to *her* he might look for security on the throne—that *her* influence over them should be exerted in his favour, and thus terminate amicably the differences now

existing between him and them." Rudolph had already been captivated by the consummate loveliness of this most beautiful, but artful, woman; whose refined coquetry had indeed, "as by enchantment, chained to her chariot wheels many noble adorers." The widow of the Marquis of Ivrée administered, during the minority of an infant son, his extensive possessions.

The frail credulous monarch, the secret recesses of whose inconstant spirit had been probed by another far more subtle than his own, distrusted not the power of which she boasted. He felt but too well her control over himself, and, intoxicated by hopes of all kinds, he hastened to obey the flattering summons. Such was his confidence in her personal attachment and political importance, that, regardless of the prayers of his principal officers, to whom he was obliged to confide his intention, he crossed the Ticino, a dangerous river, by night nearly alone, and the next day saw him a member of her luxurious court.

From this moment the reign of Rudolph, in Italy, was virtually at an end. He suffered his troops to remain without making any hostile demonstration, awaiting the wonders she was to perform in attaching "all hearts to his cause;" and, his senses steeped in voluptuousness, he lost, for the first time, the inherent goodness of his very nature. The soil and

climate favourable to vegetable beauty is often found adverse to the human constitution. The position of Pavia is delightful, from the luxuriance of its waving crops and general fertility ; but the water of the Ticino is bad, the land marshy, and even now, when so much has been effected for its improvement, the neighbourhood is not considered healthy. The soldiers, confined to tents, began to suffer ; the marchioness had, however, inspired him with such distrust for all excepting herself, that he turned a deaf ear to the remonstrances of his generals, threw off the nobles who were his first and truest friends, and would not permit a hint to her dishonour to be breathed in his presence. The Transjurane and Italian nobility, whose sagacity enabled them to foresee some part, at least, of the impending catastrophe which was to end and punish this disgraceful connexion, were consequently unable to avert it. Thus blinded by the seductions of a shameful passion, he remained ignorant of the plots of the marchioness in favour of *her own brother*, till, the conspiracy being complete, the *denoûement* ready for development, the Syren threw off the mask ; and he found himself a prisoner in her castle, and in the absolute power of a most formidable and unscrupulous rival ! \*

\* Bientôt après, Rudolphe II. fut abandonné par ceux qui l'avoient appelé. Hugues, comte de Provence, fut élevé, à sa place, sur le trône, en 926. — *Sismondi*.



Hugh, Count of Provence, and his sister, were the grandchildren of Lothaire II. by their mother, a daughter born from his illegitimate union with Valdrada, married when very young to the Count of Arles. They both inherited the personal graces of their too celebrated grandmother, for Hugh was accounted the handsomest man in Europe. He was bold and enterprising, risking everything in his insatiable thirst for dominion and pleasure. He possessed, like his sister, the rare and sometimes dangerous art of bending men's minds to his will and views: he had long felt himself cramped by his narrow sovereignty of Arles; and turning to profit the wavering character of the Italians, and the infatuation of their young monarch, he determined, by the aid of his sister, to wrest from him the Italian crown, — and thus obtained it.

As Rudolph's death, under such circumstances, must have overwhelmed them with ignominy; and would not have prevented the other confederate nobles from offering the vacant crown, if so disposed, to a fresh candidate, he was permitted to depart, after signing a most disastrous convention, by which he agreed to draw off all his troops from Pavia. Burning with shame, resentment, and mortification, he made his way back to Monza, which always remained faithful to his interests; and when his feelings, both as a monarch and a man, had recovered this shock, he

wrote to his father-in-law, the Duke of Swabia, exploring his assistance to recover the elevation from which treachery and folly had so abruptly hurled him.

The behaviour of Burcard to the Agilolfingers, some years before, had proved that he was not indifferent to the pomps and vanities of this world; his prompt determination to support his son-in-law, with even his personal aid, evinced that this sentiment had experienced no diminution from age. He raised a large army in his own domains and in those of Rudolph, and with these he marched intrepidly upon Milan by Ivree, to punish, not only the rival of Rudolph, but the perfidious beauty whose meretricious arts had triumphed over his pure, lovely daughter. Milan, once the most strongly in Rudolph's interests, was now in possession of the opposite faction, and sheltered within its walls the two objects of his especial wrath. He encamped at a short distance from the city, intending to starve it into capitulation; and, the conspirators not having had much time to prepare for a siege, he might have been successful, had not his career been suddenly and frightfully terminated. Whilst one day riding round the walls to reconnoitre, accompanied by some of his staff, he exclaimed, in the elation of his heart, "The gates of this city shall soon be opened, and,

as truly as I am Duke Burcard, I will make the Italians mount on horseback with a single spur." \*

The vain boast was heard and understood by a German beggar, possibly sent there as a spy on the words of the invaders. On learning this menace, which applied all the degradation to which they would be subject if he succeeded, the proud Italians felt their antipathy sharpened by fear. A small band bound themselves to effect his death. He was surprised and murdered.

On learning the fatal tidings, Rudolph, overwhelmed with grief and remorse, abandoned the country to his rival; and returned, in 929, into Burgundy, to soothe the sorrow of the queen, as well as take effective measures for the prosecution of a war, which was now become one of vengeance. His departure was followed by the immediate recognition of the pretensions of the Count of Provence by all the nobles of Italy; nor did his coronation experience any obstacles from the court of Rome, the Popes, during the many changes of dynasty which marked this epoch, showing little repugnance to legitimatise any candidate for a throne who arrived at the head of an army.

\* "Aussi certainement que je suis le duc Burcard, ajouta-t-il, je ferai monter les Italiens à cheval avec un seul óperon." He had also said he would make them ride *haridelles* (sorry horses). — *Müller*.

A tyrant was, perhaps, necessary to make the Italians feel the consequences of that wavering spirit, now prompting a wish for one mode of government and one line of kings, then seeking their antipodes in another form and another family; and that tyrant was Hugh, to whom they had decreed their crown after having deprived Rudolph of it, in 926. He soon displayed the metal of his mind; and the Italian nobles contrasting Rudolph's always gracious generous rule with that of his stern, haughty, ambitious successor, united almost unanimously in wishing his recal. Hugh, also, was a Burgundian, and this circumstance increased their dislike, in some degree certainly unjust, since they had called both Rudolph and himself to their throne. Hugh, too keen-sighted not to penetrate into their ill-concealed sentiments, made some dreadful examples of those he deemed the most inimical to him; and then, to take away from Rudolph the temptation to return, opened a treaty, by which he ceded to him the sovereignty of Arles, a kingdom possessing the advantage of increased contiguity to the Transjurane, and betrothed his only son, Lothaire, to Rudolph's daughter, Adelaide.

When this overture reached Rudolph, he was in a state of great anxiety and considerable embarrassment. Right worthily had his sceptre been wielded in his absence by the fond and faithful wife, to

whose heart he had given so cruel a blow by his infatuated attachment to the Marchioness of Ivrée ; but the resources of the country were becoming exhausted by his long Italian wars, and the exertions still absolutely necessary to keep the swarms of barbarians, continually haunting his borders, from ravaging the entire country. It does not appear that Bertha received any very important increase of territory or riches from the death of her father, since the Duchess of Swabia from that period governed the whole of the country belonging to him, and stood, thenceforth, prominently forward as one of its most distinguished rulers.\* “ To swear by the days of Hedwige,” says an old writer, “ was considered as common and solemn as formerly, at Rome, by the head of the emperors. These were sufficient reasons for inducing Rudolph to listen to a truce ; it is possible, also, that the experience he had had of the fickleness of popular favour—the disgraceful episode of the Marchioness of Ivrée, and the certainty of a long, wearisome, and expensive contest with such a competitor, determined him at length to accede to the terms offered. They were, undoubtedly, extremely advantageous to him, and had not the death of the Duke of Swabia, and the treachery which

\* Bâle was ceded to Rudolph by treaty as part of Bertha's dowry.

planted so bitter a sting in his heart, whilst it robbed him of a crown, intervened to keep up resentful feelings towards both Hugh and his sister, they would doubtless have been sooner accepted. In 930, he finally relinquished all his pretensions to the throne of Italy, accepting in exchange that of the kingdom of Arles or Provence. This beautiful country, united to the heritage of his fathers, rendered his kingdom one of considerable magnitude and great riches, extending from the borders of the Rhine to the Mediterranean Sea, and commanding the passages of the Alps and the Jura.\*

A great and happy change in the affairs of the Transjurane followed this convention. The too-long separated couple again seated themselves upon the same throne, "Rudolph, near Bertha, as Heroism accompanied Virtue and the Graces." From this moment, the erring monarch and inconstant hus-

\* Two kingdoms, afterwards united, were formed by usurpers, out of what was then called Burgundy, and comprised the provinces between the Rhone and the Alps, with Franche Comté, and great part of Switzerland. \* \* \* \*

These kingdoms were denominated Provence and Transjurane Burgundy. The latter was very small, comprising only part of Switzerland; but its second sovereign, Rudolph II., acquired by treaty almost the whole of the former; and the two united were called the kingdom of Arles. — *Hallam*.

Les deux royaumes de Bourgogne (transjurane et cisjurane) sont réunis par Rudolphe II.—*Manuel Chronologique par Jean Humbert*.

band became all that his fond wife and legal country could desire. He had found the Transjurane, notwithstanding the disastrous incursions of the Barbarians, in so healthy, if not prosperous, a state, that nothing was wanting but a few years of peace to raise it, in conjunction with the kingdom now its appendage, to great wealth and importance.

Provence, the beautiful region which subsequently became so celebrated as the land of the Troubadours, and the seat of the ecclesiastical kingdom of the French popes, was even then, though fallen from its primitive glory, of great weight in a political point of view from its proximity to Italy and its choice productions. The Romans, so quick to perceive the respective local advantages of the many countries they conquered and colonized, had early made Arles and Nismes important stations. Both abound with remains of the noblest monuments of their genius and skill. Amphitheatres, theatres, aqueducts, triumphal arches, temples, sewers, spacious forums, and all those other works of beauty and utility which attest the existence of a noble Roman city. Arles was the favourite residence of Julius Cæsar, who built the arena, and of Constantine the Great, two of whose sons, Constantine II. and another named Arles, were born there. It was in marching from thence to his last battle against Maxentius, that Constantine saw (as he announced to the Christian world) the heavenly

symbol of his conquest, and read the solemn words, "By this sign thou shalt conquer."

On the right side of the Rhone, opposite to the amphitheatre, in the once thickly populated, but now melancholy deserted, faubourg of Trinquetaille, may be traced a few dark dismal brick walls, all that time and the Saracens have left of the splendid palace called *La Truille*, inhabited by Roman emperors, French monarchs, and their successors, the independent counts and kings of Arles. The site of their very abode is conjectural, and the local guides of the place point out two noble columns of granite, supporting the half of a Corinthian pediment, built into the *façade* of the *Hôtel-du-Nord*, as a proof that Constantine held there his court. But the remembrance of Bertha's humble industry has better outlived the obliterating power of nine centuries, and at Arles, as at Monza and Milan, the stranger is told, "the time is no more when good queen Bertha spun." Arles had lost much of its imperial splendour when Bertha became its queen, still a vast number of Roman antiquities, remaining *even yet*, must have struck such a mind as hers with wonder and delight, as she rode through this rich classical city of bygone ages.\* The majestic arena was then a citadel, shel-

\* Mons. Estrangin, advocate of Arles, in his description of his native city just published, says, that almost within the memory of man, Arles presented a museum of Roman antiquities, broken



tering three thousand of the poorest of her subjects, who had fled to its thick walls for protection from the Saracens a century before. The busy hum of man engaged in his daily travail — the gleeful sound of infant voices shouting in their play, had succeeded to the roaring of savage animals, and the agonized shrieks of their victims — to the clashing arms of the miserable gladiators fighting, even unto death, for the amusement of the cruel, though refined, population

statues, columns, and other *debris* of the reigns of Julius Cæsar, Augustus, and the Constantines, dispersed without order in the streets, and built into the houses. Some of the most perfect have since been collected, and are now in the rich museum held in the old church of St. Anne, opposite the cathedral — many others were sent to embellish various museums in France; and a vessel, freighted with several of great value, on its way to Paris as a present, at her desire, to Catherine of Medicis, when with Charles IX. she visited Arles, was lost in the difficult navigation of the Rhone near Vienne. In the time of Bertha, therefore, Arles must have been still a Roman city, though "its glory had departed." Twice has the writer of this sketch lingered with delight in Arles, and saw during each sojourn by the clear light of a bright southern moon that stupendous monument of Roman power, the Amphitheatre, hallowed by the modern shades of Goethe, Byron, Madame de Stæel, and Chateaubriand, left so entire, that it was soon afterwards the scene of a bull-fight, given by a popular member of the city to his constituents, who to the amount of ten thousand persons there witnessed a renewal of the ferocious pastimes of antiquity. With grief the writer learnt *this* appropriation of the arena. A railroad will, it is said, soon annihilate all vestige of the Roman burial ground immortalised (in verse at least) by Dante and Ariosto.

of heathen Rome ; and to the wild shout of applause, echoing in prolonged thunder, when the victims fell ; but the stern grandeur of that wondrous pile remained in all its majesty of form and solidity of construction\* — the Egyptian obelisk telling of the earliest ages of the world, of Moses and of the Pharaohs, as the *Aliscamps* or Elysian fields of the Greeks and Romans (so spake they of the last resting place of man!) spared by the awe-struck Barbarians of the north, were there as now ; and the solemn cemetery was still crowded with magnificent sarcophagi, graceful pillars, breathing statues, and monumental tablets, funereal urns, and votive altars † — the beautiful

\* — “ Here, where murder breathed her bloody steam ;  
 And here, where buzzing nations choked the ways,  
 And roar'd or murmur'd like a mountain stream  
 Dashing or winding as its torrent strays ;  
 Here, where the Roman million's blame or praise  
 Was death or life, the playthings of a crowd,  
 My voice sounds much — and fall the stars' faint rays  
 On the arena void — seats crush'd — walls bow'd —  
 And galleries, where my steps seem echoes strangely loud.

\* \* \* \* \*

“ A ruin — yet what ruin ! from its mass  
 Walls, palaces, half-cities, have been rear'd ;  
 Yet oft the enormous skeleton ye pass  
 And marvel where the spoil could have appear'd.”

*Lord Byron. Pilgrimage of Childe Harold.*

† Les Aliscamps or les Champs-Élysées of Arles, the Rome of Gaul, have excited the admiration of the two most celebrated poets of Italy, familiar with the far-famed Campo

cathedral in all the freshness of its first completion and perfection of finish — the theatre with its two majestic marble columns standing in lonely sublimity amid the ruins of its circular terraces, its buried stage, its half-developed orchestra — the profusely scattered wrecks of sculptured friezes, cornices, and façades — of marble porticoes, twisted pillars, and slender pilasters, pedestals, and inscriptions built

Santo of their native land at Pisa — Dante and Ariosto. Ariosto makes the paladin Roland, (Orlando) that nephew of Charlemagne so celebrated in all the chronicles of the middle ages, fight under the walls of Arles, whose Champs Elysées received, according to the poet, the mortal spoils of the chevaliers who fell on each side :—

“Della gran multitudure ch’uccisa,  
Fu d’ogni parte in questa ultima guerra . . .  
Se ne veda encor segno in quella terra,  
Ché presso ad Arli, ove il Rodano stagna  
Piena di sepolture è la campagna.”

*Orlando Furioso.*

Before him a yet nobler poet had made allusion in the *Divina Commedia* to the tombs of the Elysian fields on the borders of the Rhone :—

“Si come ad Arli ov’d Rodano stagna,  
Fanno i sepoleri tutto’l loco varo.”

So celebrated was this Elysium, even before the Christian era, that neighbouring cities, when willing to do especial honour to the dead, brought them by the navigation of the Rhone, taking care to place under the tongue a small sum of money, usually an obole, to satisfy the demand of Charon, that stern avaricious boatman of the dead, who suffered none to cross the gulf, separating this world from the next, without duly paying the tributary fee.—*Ville d’Arles, par J. J. Estrangin.*

into, and incrusting the walls of every domicile — the bright striped or checkered awnings spread across the streets, and projecting from each door and window — the rich vegetation of mural foliage of every kind, springing from the grey time-stained walls — the olive, the mulberry, and the palm trees, around which the vine threw her green branches and purple clusters; and at whose feet bloomed and ripened myriads of flowers and fruits — and, above all, the strange but picturesque costumes of the people — the brilliant colours of the flowing robes — the long dark flashing southern eye, shaded by lashes and tresses shining and black as polished ebony, and, the soft pale olive of the speaking physiognomy of mingled origin Roman and Saracenic. How strange! yet how exciting and delightful, must all this have been to the German queen, whose eloquent blood spoke through the pure red and white of her father land; and whose life, save a brief interval, had been spent in the primitive cities of Swabia, or in wandering over the primeval Alps and half-cultivated lands of Helvetia.

Anxious to secure the attachment of his new subjects, the good monarch went many times every year into Provence, where, as in other parts of his dominions, he would frequently seat himself under a great tree, on the border of the high road, to administer justice, like the judges of Israel, to all his

people.\* Relinquishing on this point his feudal and royal rights, he allowed them to elect their own parish priest, at the same time that he was vigilant in watching over the conduct of those thus appointed.† Bertha accompanied him once or twice in these royal progresses, but she seems to have resided habitually in the Transjurane, and did not cease to direct its government, as principal, rather than subordinate.

\* Leur empire s'étendait des bords du Rhin, près de Schaffhouse, à ceux de la Saône, et, le long du Rhône, jusqu'à la mer. Le roi parcourut mainte fois ces contrées, s'asseyant sous un grand arbre au bord du chemin, pour rendre, come autrefois les Juges d'Israël, la justice à tout venant. — *Conservateur Suisse*.

One of those majestic oak-trees for which Switzerland is so remarkable, has been pointed out at Montpreveyres, as often honoured by sheltering Rudolph whilst presiding at these simple courts of justice; and at Arles, by the side of a spacious arcade, almost the sole remnant of the ancient palace of the court royal (now a prison) is an elevated bench of mouldering discoloured marble, supported by stone steps, on which, according to tradition, justice was publicly administered by the king.

† Il respectait le droit du peuple, d'élire son conducteur spirituel, en même temps qu'il veillait à ce que les charges de l'Eglise ne fussent remplies que par des hommes irréprochables.

\* \* \* \* \*

Libon, évêque de Lausanne, fut élu par la communauté, puis interrogé, dans le château de Chavornay, sur ses dogmes et sa morale, par le roi, les ducs et les évêques. Là se trouvaient les évêques de Genève, Elisagor de Belley, le margrave Hugues, &c. — *Chron. Chartul.* 927.

From 927, when Bertha was forced to take refuge in the town of Neuchâtel, which formed the nucleus of the present romantic town, the Saracens and Hungarians, either imagining there was not much more to gain in a land so devastated, or unwilling to test their strength with that of so potent a monarch as Rudolph was become, and withal of such warlike reputation, returned no more for several years into Switzerland, though they still kept possession of many of the defiles of the Alps, whence they made pillaging excursions into other countries; and Bertha, thus without alarm or molestation, could continue her customary vocations. As the acute queen knew that example is a far more efficient assistant in the guidance of others, than even that, "line upon line, and precept upon precept," enjoined to all in authority, she had soon after Rudolph's first departure for Italy adopted a custom, which she seems never to have relinquished through her whole life, the habit of spinning as she rode on her little palfrey. The distaff, then the sole instrument by which thread could be spun for the use of the loom, admitted of being placed on her saddle, and thus as she travelled from castle to castle, and town to town, the gentle queen realized one of the most beautiful descriptions of industry in Sacred Writ, so full of exquisite imagery:—"She seeketh wool and flax, and worketh willingly with her hands. She layeth her hands to

the spindle, and her hands hold the distaff. She maketh herself coverings of tapestry; her clothing is silk and purple." Nor must the fair netter of purses, embroiderer in German wool, or manufacturer of the thousand ingenious and elegant trifles that so well become her sex, regard this occupation as below the dignity of a great queen. So important did the invention of the loom and the distaff appear in the early ages of civilization, that it was piously ascribed to the gods; and in every succeeding century a variety of animal and vegetable productions have been skilfully manufactured through their medium, to protect or adorn the noble but defenceless form of humanity. Each country, and each epoch, has its own separate arts and embellishments. The empress Irene, wife of Leo IV., when banished to Lesbos, gained her bread by spinning, and rejoiced in her possession of the power to do so; and Charlemagne had all his daughters taught both to spin and work wool, that idleness might not corrupt their morals. Bertha seems to have half lived in the open air, and this was clearly the only mode she could, under such circumstances, adopt for the employment of her fingers — one of the most graceful and most useful of all the multiplied acquirements of woman.\*

\* Although the delicacy of modern times places Bertha on her palfrey in the same attitude and with the same grace as the youthful Victoria now appears on her charger, it is certain *she*

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rode *en cavalier*. A seal appended to several charters in existence shows her thus seated, spinning with her distaff, and under her effigy is her motto—*Bertha humilis regina*—Bertha humble queen. Her saddle also, carefully treasured up in the church of Payerne, is masculine, with a place on the pommel for the admission of the distaff. From the length and folds of the drapery she probably wore something like the full petticoat still used by females in the Pyrenees, open before and behind, and thus removing every idea of coarseness by entirely concealing the feet on each side. This seal, or a duplicate, was found under the abbatial church of Payerne, her last monastic foundation, when the building was in part pulled down to be converted into a school.

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\* Filant tout en cheminant pas monts et par vaux, bâtissant châteaux et couvens, et mettant en iceux châtelains, prêtres et nones.

to inspire a love of industry: her quick perception and her generous yet shrewd character, is shown in a little anecdote related by many chroniclers.\* Being one day on her palfrey, crossing some retired pasturages, she came unexpectedly upon a young girl seated quite alone, spinning like herself whilst she watched her flock of sheep; and the good queen, all pleased to find her so careful not to lose time, rode up to her and gave her a very handsome present with much commendation. The next day several noble ladies, hearing of this from their lords, appeared before her in like manner with a *fuseau*, in the hope of some recompense; but Bertha, knowing their industry was only assumed for a purpose, contented herself with saying, making allusion to the Holy Scriptures, which she daily read, “the peasant girl came first, and like Jacob, she has carried away my blessing, leaving nothing for Esau.”

It is said that Bertha, to whom the whole of that

\* This pleasing anecdote is variously recorded by several writers. Berthe rencontra un jour près d'Orbe, une jeune fille qui filoit, en gardant quelques brebis, et lui envoya un riche cadeau, pour récompenser sa diligence. Le lendemain, plusieurs nobles Dames parurent à la cour avec un fuseau; mais la Reine ne leur fit aucun présent, et se contenta de dire: la paysanne est venue la première, et comme Jacob, elle a emporté ma bénédiction.—*Conservateur Suisse, Feuille du Jour de le An, Lausanne*, 1843. *M. L. Vulliemin; Ollivier, &c.*

noble portrait of womanly worth in the thirty-first chapter of Proverbs might, in the spirit of prophecy, have been applied, looked more narrowly into the ways of her household, and took more effectual care that none should eat the bread of idleness than was, at times, quite agreeable to its members. The versatility of her genius, which could descend to the merest trifles, and then soar back again to the high duties of her exalted station, is displayed in some anecdotes of her private career not a little amusing. With her great ancestor, Charlemagne, she knew, it seems, the very number of the pigs on her farms, and the eggs in her poultry-yard; and, the sworn enemy of laziness, whether in her court or kitchen, she quickened by her vigilant *surveillance* the rather heavy step of her Burgundians; spurring on their activity by occasional reproofs, and not fearing to lay upon their broad shoulders the taxes necessary for the well-being and prosperity of the country at large. Without having learnt the science of political economy in any academy of philosophy, she knew that imposts are not an evil, excepting when they exceed the finances of a people, or are exacted, without due regard to their interests or feelings, to be lavished in vain expenses. The villagers of the Mont near Lausanne relate still, and not without some expression of dissatisfaction, unextinguished after nine centuries, that Bertha, always coming and

going, one day inquired in a little hostelry, where she alighted to take some repose and refreshment, whether they had given oats or wheat to her palfrey and the horses of her suite, in order to lay a tax upon the most abundant produce of their fields. Without, indeed, recourse to this method of raising money, it must have been impossible to carry on the government of the kingdom, or meet the heavy outlays to which she was subjected by her various public works and charities.

About this period several important undertakings, commenced in the earlier part of her reign, but interrupted by the incursions of the Saracens, were completed; amongst them was a bridge over the Birse, near Bâsle; and she was projecting many others alike beneficial to the country, when the happiness she had experienced since Rudolph's abandonment of the crown of Italy was converted into intense misery by the death of that amiable monarch, after scarcely six years of public repose, prosperity, and domestic harmony, so entire that the royal pair, in all their acts, opinions, and pursuits, appeared guided by the same spirit. Rudolph expired at Orbe, about the end of 936, so beloved and regretted by all his subjects that, in their gratitude for his parental goodness, they would, without scruple, have placed him in the list of saints.

Rudolph II. died in middle age, though after a reign of twenty-five years. The manner of his death is not authentically recorded; it is simply said that "the end of his reign was tranquil and glorious;" and that if, at its commencement, he might be reproached with pride, ambition, and pomp, he showed himself, at its close, affable, benevolent, and just. He brought the kingdom of little Burgundy to the highest point of splendour and prosperity it ever attained, and his subjects in the kingdom of Provence were scarcely less afflicted at his premature demise than those belonging to his paternal heritage. He left five children—Conrad, who succeeded him in both his thrones; Burcard, subsequently bishop of Lausanne and archbishop of Lyons; Adelaide, then only six years of age, affianced to Lothaire, son of the king of Italy; Gisélée, still younger; and a posthumous son named Rudolph.\*

Although this blow must have fallen more heavily on his sorrowing queen, because it appears to have resulted from a sudden attack of disease, she evinced on this, as on every occasion of her adventurous life, the utmost wisdom, fortitude, and energy. She immediately called together the chiefs of the kingdom, and within a few days after his father's

\* Conservateur Suisse.

death, the young monarch was solemnly crowned in the church of St. Maire, at Lausanne, by the bishop, with all the pomp and magnificence that could be displayed under such circumstances, to add every possible publicity and importance to the rite. Conrad was, at his accession, only ten years of age. He had been named from his great-grandfather, in accordance with an ancient custom which prevailed in Burgundy and Helvetia, and perhaps other northern nations, before the science of blazonry enabled each member of a family to trace himself distinctly up to a common founder. Adelaide, the inheritor of all her mother's graces of mind and person, whose history, still more eventful and singular than hers, has been written by several contemporary authors, was then little more than six\*, Burcard and Giselée, infants, and Rudolph, born some months afterwards. The affliction of Bertha, for the loss of the lover of her girlhood, the father of her children, and the beloved sharer of all her views and pleasures, with whom she might, without presumption, have hoped to pass many years of sweet companionship, noble as his mind, matured by age and chastened by wholesome adversity, had become, was soon destined to many cruel aggravations. Counting on long days of health and life,

\* Vie d'Adélaïde, par Odillon.— *Liutprand*.

Rudolph appears to have left no written will, and although Bertha's glorious regency might well have authorized her to continue to guide the state, a demur arose on this subject between the people and the ministers of the crown, the cause of which is variously and most contradictorily stated. By some it is said that the great vassals of France and Burgundy, considering themselves at this epoch independent of the royal power, wished to profit by it to extend their frontiers ; and that one of them, having commenced a campaign with that intention, the emperor Otho the Great took the field at the request of some of the nobles, and forced him to retire into his fief ; that afterwards, fearing the country might become the prey of anarchy or powerful neighbours, he then declared himself the protector of the mother and tutor of the children, and in that character took possession of the person of the young king. Other writers, also contemporary, declare that the alleged rebellion of the Count Hugh of Maçon was a subterfuge ; that the country had nothing to fear from him, and had never solicited the emperor's interference ; that he had not been designated by the will or wishes of the late king, Rudolph, on the contrary, having appointed Bertha, whom he greatly loved and respected (*que grandement il amoit et consideroit*), to govern during the minority of her son ; that his sudden appearance at the court of the Transjurane was

equally unexpected and undesired, and that his separating the child from his mother, by taking him into Germany, on the plea of giving him a proper education, was a most cruel, arbitrary, and unjust act.

To increase the mortification of Bertha, the emperor further declared that the education of Conrad had been neglected, and would be more so if he remained in female hands. This assertion was considered a mere pretence to colour his own intention to retain as a hostage an infant prince whose subjects he wished to control; and as, for fifteen years Conrad was never suffered to return into the Transjurane, there appears much *vraisemblance* in this impression. From this period a thick cloud hangs over Swiss Romande, for scarcely any charter signed during that epoch has descended to posterity.\* It would seem that the government had in some measure ceased; that the great feudal vassals considered themselves independent; and that Bertha, thus robbed of her son and of her rights, had sought, by keeping up her friendship with the princes of Italy, to oppose some barrier to the almost overwhelming power of the emperor. This is probable: the bereaved mother and injured queen would naturally endeavour to

\* A document preserved in the convent of St. Maurice in the canton of the Valais, proves that charters were, nevertheless, expedited in the name of Conrad.—*Vulliemin*.



retain the alliances of her late husband for the sake of her children, and the young Lothaire, on learning the surpassing beauty of his betrothed bride, was doubtless equally willing to continue his engagement. Adelaide was scarcely twelve months old when her father, sacrificing her to political interests, had plighted her hand as soon as she should have completed her sixteenth year; and a few weeks afterwards the punctual bridegroom crossed the mountains to redeem her pledge and his own. He was accompanied by a gallant train of Italian nobles, and the king, his father, the wily, bellipotent rival of Rodolph, whose single virtue appears to have been paternal attachment to this son, his sole legitimate child. Although the prestige of queenly power did not attend Bertha, as in the days of her husband's life, she had been permitted to enjoy her own private fortune; and she possibly continued to exercise considerable sway in the Transjurane, for she is reported never to have ceased from works of mercy, though on a less extended scale, or to have been regarded by the people in any other light than their queen; and her reception of the young prince, her future son-in-law, and his party, was truly royal. She was then occupying the antique castle of Vufflens, still perfect in all its strangely beautiful exterior; and at the church of the adjacent village of Colombier\*,

\* Tradition has fixed the royal farm at Colombier as the

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quantities of the finest thread, afterwards woven for the use of the royal family. She does not appear to have aspired, like her step-mother, to literary renown. Nor is it recorded that she imitated Hedwige in the embroidery of priests' garments, or altar coverings, then the fashionable "ladies' work" of the day, for which the duchess was almost as distinguished as for her erudition. Bertha was eminently *utilitarian* in all her proceedings, and her capacious mind displaying to her the vast power of majesty for effecting great objects, seems to have rendered her, to a certain degree, indifferent to minor pursuits; and without the smallest affectation or pretence of any kind, from which she was singularly free, her sole feminine amusement, when not actively engaged in governing her kingdom or superintending her household, seems to have been her ever-ready distaff, the employment of which rendered her besides a striking model for the female subjects of her realm. Her incessant activity, and the fearless energy of her character, are thus strongly painted by a very old writer: — "She went spinning along, over mountains and valleys; building castles and convents, and putting into them châtelains and monks, and nuns, on her way."\* How truly anxious Bertha was

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somewhat from the matronly dignity of her past carriage; contrasting too, very strongly, with that of her step-mother the Duchess of Swabia, still her father's widow. But between them there was no resemblance, excepting in their mutual widowhood. Hedwige sat at ease in her immense possessions, which comprehended a great part of Northern Helvetia: she had none to fear and none to conciliate. Her attention had been early turned to study and literature, by the necessity of applying herself to the Greek language, as a preparative for becoming Empress of Constantinople; her union with the Duke of Swabia had brought small interruption to her classical pursuits; and, after his death, announcing her intention never to barter her independence in exchange for any future lord, she was suffered to enjoy it and her love of science together in unmolested tranquillity, or, at least, she was not subject to the tender importunities of lovers, sighing either after herself or her enormous wealth; for Hedwige, nine hundred years ago, was not exempt from the sneers, or suspicions, or witticisms, that occasionally follow the footsteps of a learned lady.

Bertha's very essence was love,—her being existed in that of others,—her husband, her children, her people formed a portion of herself: all these ties were either broken or vanishing, and in the very desolation of her heart, she could not seemingly refuse the

offer which gave back to her maternal arms the lovely and gifted daughter, from whom she was on the point of being separated for ever, and promised a renewal of the protection she felt she so much needed for herself and other children. No newspapers then existed to blazon forth the frailties of sovereigns as well as their subjects; and individuals would be fearful of circulating, too openly, the misdemeanours of such a delinquent. Hugh's character darkened after his assumption of the crown of Italy; and its worst features had, most probably, never been presented to her eyes. He was a man of extraordinary abilities, and cultivated education for the age, and fully shared with his sister Ermengarde, Marchioness of Ivrée, in those personal graces, accomplishments, and blandishments, which had overcome the dazzled senses of her beloved husband, Rudolph. Too juvenile to be married to Rudolph in 919, she might now not be more than forty — and a painful history attached to a young page is a too strong proof that she yet retained many of the personal charms which distinguished the spring of her life, whilst a natural consciousness of her claims to the love and respect of all around her, might, without vanity, induce the flattering persuasion, that she could affect a favourable change in whatever she found displeasing in the temper or habits of the King of Italy.

Every precaution that a fond mother's anxious heart could suggest under such circumstances — every evil that might occur to the country in her apparent desertion, she anticipated and provided for. Her youngest son, Rudolph, was sent to the protecting walls of St. Gall, where he joined his elder brother, Burcard. She appointed to all places of trust in her jurisdiction men of eminence and worth; and gave (say two chroniclers) many châteaux to her nobles, to engage them to preserve their fidelity towards her absent son, Conrad, whose interests she ever protected with maternal love and loyal solicitude.

It was at this period that she most probably bestowed the castle of Vufflens on an Italian nobleman, simply termed by the old writers Duke Azzoni, who had followed the fortunes of Rudolph into Switzerland, perhaps, compromised by his attachment to Rudolph's cause in his native land; and a melancholy tradition hovers over one of the four towers surrounding the great centre citadel. A young brother of the duke's, page to Bertha, in his admiration of her personal charms and goodness, forgot, it is said, the gulf between the queen and the woman. If he did not aspire to the hand of his royal mistress, he at least permitted a misplaced attachment to rob him of his reason, and died insane, after many years of captivity, in this singular specimen of half Saracenic architecture.

There is a sort of corroboration of this sad tale, in the fact, that after Bertha's return to Switzerland, she never more inhabited this castle, residing principally at the château of Baldern, which she received from her father, the Duke of Swabia. As a portion of his hereditary property, and built by Bertha's cousin, the Princess Hildgarde, abbess of Zurich, he, perhaps, could not alienate it from her, in favour of Hedwige, to whose interests he sacrificed some of the usual pride of a father; "For at his death," says an old chronicler, "Hedwige inherited his vast domains, which comprehended a great part of Northern Helvetia, and his power as vicar-general of the empire, which gave her, in these countries, the right of judging, without appeal, all crimes, excepting those of leze-majesty."

In tracing the history of Bertha, and whilst glancing over that of the Duchess of Swabia, one rather painful testimonial to the commonly accredited opinion that amity seldom exists between those so connected, has presented itself; and it would seem the relation of step-mother and step-daughter, too often (for many bright exceptions are found), rears a sort of invisible barrier between the hearts of the parties thus united by a conspicuous bond. No evidence, either chronological or traditional, points to their meeting as visitors in their respective dominions, or that during Bertha's solitary widowhood, when clouds and dark-

ness hung on her horizon, Hedwige sent succour or lent the splendour of her name and power to strengthen Bertha's diminishing importance; and at her death, in very advanced age, for she is believed to have long outlived the queen of Italy, all her immense possessions passed away from the grand-children of her husband; yet she had apparently no kindred of her own to clash with them—the usual source of dissension. Even the castle of Hohentweil, dearly obtained by the extinction of the blood of the Agilolfingers, went to the emperor in default of legal heirs, although the children of Rudolph were collaterally descended from that hapless line; and after being transferred to the Abbey of Stein on the Rhine, was, with it and the rest of her domains, given to the bishopric of Bamberg, just founded by the emperor. She had previously transformed Hohentweil into a monastery, partly, perhaps, as an expiation of the manner of their death, already avenged on earth, in the eye of man, by the frightful fate of the Duke of Swabia (which, on the presumption that there was something unfair

\* It should be rather male posterity of the duke, for Otho II was his great grandson by Adelaide, Rudolph's daughter. From the wording it seems however to have reverted to the crown as an escheat, and was immediately appropriated to a public purpose.



in their execution, certainly offered a striking instance of moral retribution), for it did not escape the observation of his contemporaries, too prone however to see supernatural judgments in remarkable events—that it was this stain on his reputation which brought him in contact with their champion Rudolph, and that, in fighting for a son-in-law, obtained under such circumstances, he fell himself by the treacherous hand of an assassin near the gates of Milan. Despite, however, this estrangement between Bertha and the duchess, reflecting, as such estrangements necessarily do, principally on the stronger or maternal side, the latter was a good as well as a distinguished woman; and their alienation (if it ever existed, for there is absence of all proof excepting, in legal phrase, circumstantial evidence, to establish that they were not friendly,) might be owing more to the wide difference in their habits than to any deficiency of kindly feeling in either. Hedwige continued to the end of her days the strong-minded, keen-sighted, woman, whose prudence made her reject the glittering shadows of an imperial court in the far East, for the solid honour of presiding as undisputed mistress over her own broad and fair heritage in her father land.\*

\* Hedwige, Duchess of Swabia, is sometimes mistaken for another German princess, Saint Hedwige, daughter of the Duke of Carinthia, and wife of Henry, Duke of Silesia and

“From her high eminence at Hohentweil,” says an old writer, “the Duchess of Swabia looked down upon a rich and prosperous country submitted to her will, and ruled many a mile on either side, all the rich provinces bathed by the fertilizing waters of Lake Constance. She judged her subjects “even unto death by the counts, her gentle vassals,” and acquired by her strict impartiality, still more than by her beauty and her learning, a reputation that eight (now nine) centuries have never effaced in Swabia, in Thurgovia, and the district which forms the canton of Zurich. Even in the Alps of the Tyrol, and of Rhetia, they swore by the days of Hedwige, as formerly at Rome they invoked the head of the emperor.” The cultivation of the *Belles Lettres* formed still the amusement of her leisure hours; and, on this subject, the chronicles of St. Gall afford some very amusing proofs of the reluctance of the lords of the creation to admit the claims of a feminine rival, to erudition — their scepticism as to its existence — or distrustfulness of the motives which lead to its prosecution. Hedwige, it seems, not yet disgusted with grammars and lexicons, wished to

Poland, who flourished two centuries later. She quitted her husband and six children, three of whom were daughters, to retire into a convent of Cistercian nuns at Trebnitz, where she died, in the odour of sanctity, and was canonized by Pope Clement IV., in 1267. “Le serment le plus sacre en Souabe étoit, par les jours d’Hedwige.” — *Müller*.

improve herself in Latin—a certainly far more useful acquirement in her present situation than the Greek learnt to qualify herself for Oriental sway—and soon, by the force of genius and intense application, Virgil and Horace became her favourite authors. Like all, however, who drink deeply of the Castalian spring, she became only more thirsty, and, although thus advanced, she felt the want of a learned man always near her to direct and assist her studies. St. Gall was then in the zenith of its scholastic glory, and for this purpose she went to the convent under the “*pretence* of devotion at the shrine of its founder.” The Abbot Burcard, to whom she was nearly related through the Duke of Swabia, received her with all the respect due to her rank and sex, and when her prayers were duly recited conducted her into his abbatial apartments, where, after a sumptuous repast, he offered her some rich presents, which she however declined.

“I want nothing, good father,” said she, “but one single thing—it is to lend to me for some time Eccard, that he may give me lessons at Hohentweil.” Now Eccard, the most learned and spiritual of all the monks of St. Gall, more known without doubt to the duchess by his pointed epigrams than his theological writings, was extremely necessary to the schools of the monastery, of which he had long been the chief director, though still quite a young man.

It was therefore with great unwillingness that the abbot complied with this petition, though but for a season; and the same day the talented Eccard exchanged his cell for the palace of Hohentweil. "When they arrived," says the minute chronicler, "his beautiful pupil took him by the hand, and introduced him into her apartment, where they thenceforth passed the day, and sometimes part of the night, together, in reading and commenting upon Greek and Latin authors, the door of the study being constantly open, and one of the ladies of her suite always in attendance to bring them volumes for consultation, trim their often exhausted lamp, and intervene between them and the suspicions of the ill-minded." There is, however, such a tendency to distrust—such a proneness to slander in human nature, that notwithstanding these sage precautions, many evils sprung from this immoderate love of learning on the part of the duchess. The young monk forgetting, in the propinquity of the woman and the pupil, her high station and rigid virtue, ventured upon some trifling liberty; but he soon discovered his error; and had the fair Hedwige's history reached the not less fair, but frailer Heloïse, who flourished two centuries later, it might have proved a lesson beyond all price to her. Hedwige caused her youthful instructor to be bound to one of the massive pillars of the monaster bed which received her royal limbs at night, for

in Swabia, at that distant era, the bed of greatness was not as now fastidiously hidden from vulgar sight—it might not occupy the throne-room or council-room, but its giant proportions and gorgeous magnificence, surrounded by a gilt balustrade, often threw a degree of awful splendor over “my lady’s chamber,” into which, at proper hours, even mailed knights and surpliced priests might enter without scandal or indelicacy. There the offended dignity of Hedwige kept him many doleful hours, a piteous spectacle, no doubt, to the sedate matrons and demure damsels who formed her suit; but, it may be, a rather ludicrous one to the discreet or scornful knights and saucy varlets, for whose edification and example he was, perhaps, mainly thus publicly exposed. A threat of severer chastisement was announced in case of a second transgression. But there was no need of this precautionary admonition. She had so effectually “whipped the offending Adam out of Eccard, that he pined for nothing more but to get back to St. Gall.”

Whilst Hedwige thus punished, *en Reine*, the venial offence into which her juvenile master had been betrayed, in a moment of idleness or luxury, she could not, nevertheless, ward off the suspicions, sneers, and sarcasms of the abbot of Reichnau, a sharp-witted man, at the head of a rich monastery, situate on the lake of Constance, always in open or secret

rivalry with St. Gall, who had the impertinence to indulge in many pleasantries at her expense, amongst others, that, "although the young cenobite certainly limped a little on one leg, he had a marvellously sweet distinct voice with which to communicate his lessons, besides a pair of the finest eyes he ever saw in human head;" "and *certes*," adds the loquacious, thoughtless annalist, stamping with his unnecessary testimony, as he registered the tale, the spiteful abbot's base inuendoes, "*le docte* (learned) Eccard had an excellent understanding, insinuating manners, and a seducing voice, with most sparkling and piercing eyes."\* These scandalous insinuations did not fail in due time to reach Hedwige, for there will always be found as many to convey unpleasant speeches as to make them, and the indignant duchess, whose quick perception fully comprehended the entire meaning of these personal compliments to her tutor, soon made the scurrilous abbot repent of his unseemly jesting. As his *suzeraine*, she speedily taught him, by imposing a heavy fine, that such witticisms were not to be indulged in with impunity, and at her command he received a very smart reprimand from his diocesan, the bishop of Constance, a wise prudent prelate, not

\* Le docte Echard. Ce moine avait du savoir vivre des manières douces, une voix séduisante, des yeux vifs et percans. Il lui arrivait fréquemment de passer des journées entières seul auprès d'Hedwige, occupé à la lecture des anciens. — *Müller*.

given to the same licentious use of his tongue. Altogether this leaf in the book of the intellectual duchess's history, might have been torn out without loss to the worth or gravity of the volume, for the young monk, at length weary, either of his confinement night and day in her apartments, conning hexameters and Latin measures of all feet with so stern a scholar, or resenting his past punishment and humiliation,—or ashamed of the cynical laughter of the abbot of Reichnau, one day made his escape and returned to his beloved monastery, where he was exposed to no further temptations from the duchess or her ladies. And when Hedwige, displeased by the disrespectful manner of his exit from her castle, went in state to redemand him, the good-natured Abbot Burcard, entering with paternal tenderness into Eccard's feelings, would not force him to resume a situation which circumstances had rendered so irksome and unpleasant.\*

\* Burcard, then abbot of St. Gall, was the son of the hapless pair whose second union, under circumstances alike affecting and romantic, had been dissolved for ever by his birth, Vindelgarde and Adalrick, count and countess of Lintzgau. Always of a most feeble constitution, he reached to very nearly one hundred years, and although he abdicated before his death in favour of the celebrated Nölker (who survived him only six months), it was rather to enjoy more leisure for personal piety, than from unfitness to discharge his arduous duties. When quite a youth he had displayed extraordinary heroism, energy, and wisdom, during a fearful attack of Hungarians,—although several of the monks were killed, and the building in great

Hedwige, little accustomed to opposition, was extremely affronted by this peremptory refusal: she had made many magnificent gifts to the convent, as a remuneration for his services, one of which was a stole of her own embroidery. Pearls and fine coral beads were, as well as gold and silver, then very usually worked into the elaborate embroidery of altar coverings and ecclesiastical garments, as in Germany small coloured beads are now employed to adorn the pictorial designs of the artist, and Hedwige was determined that this notable specimen of her practical skill in the science of stitchery, should no longer adorn the shoulders of the abbots of St. Gall. Under the plea of further enriching the precious donation, she readily got back the stole from the gentle and unsuspecting abbot, and would never more return it.

What casuistry the learned duchess employed to bring her conscience to this spoliation of St. Gall is not recorded, or it might afford a curious specimen of

measure burnt, after being sacked, he contrived to rescue many MSS. from the flames, and secreted several valuables belonging to the church, at the peril of his life. His learning equalled his piety, and at the early age of twenty-two he was unanimously elected abbot of that illustrious community. "He was so good and so meek," says an old writer, "that too great gentleness was his single error." This excellent man, who bore so striking a resemblance to his cousin Bertha, died 997, having outlived Conrad four years. — *Conservateur Suisse*.



the sophistry which can pervert the soundest understanding, and dull the most scrupulous perception of justice, where our own personal interest intervenes. It was, doubtless, given under the impression that Eccard's instructions would not have terminated so soon nor so abruptly; but the way in which it was accomplished brings to remembrance the wide mouth and squinting eyes of the portrait sent to the Greek emperor, and conveys the idea coupled with the sinister, ambiguous expression of the artless or artful monkish chronicler, that, when seeking Eccard, she came to St. Gall under the *pretence* of praying at the shrine of its patron saint,—that the besetting sin of Hedwige's moral organization might be a certain tendency to something like *finesse*. Perhaps Bertha, equally shrewd, though guileless as a babe, gave her gifted step-mother credit for a little address in obtaining so large a portion of her paternal inheritance, for Bâle and Eglisau, which Rudolph received at his death, were merely a portion of Helvetia made over to him by the treaty between the duke and himself after their battle near Winterthur.

From the period of the unlucky termination of her course of reading with the gifted Eccard, the duchess wisely pursued her literary labours alone; but she was of “sterner stuff” than to permit the errors and caprices of a peevish resentful young monk, or the slanders of a venomous old one, to interrupt her habits.

She continued the liberal patroness of learned men, and was so justly esteemed for the general nobleness of her demeanour and grandeur of soul, that this untoward event and its teasing concomitants soon ceased to disturb her tranquillity. Invested with all that could charm or dignify life, her days glided peacefully away in literary pleasures, splendid pomp, and unlimited domination, whilst Bertha, risking once more the perils of a voyage on the uncertain ocean of marriage, ventured to embark again upon the Mediterranean with the former rival of Rudolph, to resume (as his wife) the rank and title he had wrested from the lover of her girlhood—the father of her children!

As has been already observed, individual notices of Bertha are scattered so scantily over the page of history, that her memoir must often be traced through that of others; and this remark applies especially to her second residence in Lombardy, where her very existence almost merges in that of a monarch, whose turbulent rule threw into obscurity those popular virtues which rendered her name, when governing alone, so distinguished. In her previous career she stood prominently forward as the unshackled regent of a rich and beautiful country—indebted to her wise and beneficent legislation for its happiness and prosperity—adored by her husband, and blessed by his people. Some clouds darkened her domestic and political hemisphere, but they were transient, rendering her

bright blissful course yet more glorious from these passing shadows. Even after Rudolph's death she was still regarded as a sovereign, though shorn of a portion of her external magnificence and no longer exercising absolute power in the state; she had never ceased to be queen in the eyes of the subjects of her son. Notwithstanding the tremendous lagune in the history of the Transjurane, from the death of Rudolph II. to the accession of Conrad, fifteen years afterwards, can only be supplied by conjecture and tradition,—from the latter it would appear the country was always governed during this interregnum by Bertha, but with diminished authority—and well—no terrible catastrophe is engraved in the memory of the inhabitants—no famine—no fighting beyond those occasional skirmishes with the Saracens that habit had rendered supportable. She was yet the queen-bee of the hive, murmuring her lessons of wisdom, and, like that winged sage, ever employed from day to day in providing for the present and future. Far different was the roll she enacted on the stage of life after her union with Hugh King of Italy; but though far different and far more difficult—for she had soon to learn the hard, strange lessons of submission, endurance, and humiliation—its performance was equally perfect.

Hugh, Count of Provence, the successful usurper of her beloved Rudolph's throne, was a scion springing

from the great Carlovingian stock, though not from its most honoured branches. His grandmother was Valdrada, second wife (as the French prelates obstinately maintained) of Lothaire King of Lorraine,—excommunicated by two popes for having married her, after he had repudiated Theutberga of Swabia; and his mother was Bertha, Marchioness of Tuscany, usually called the Great.\* Whatever surmises might be entertained as to the character of Valdrada, none ever existed respecting that of her daughter. Though one of the most celebrated princesses of Italy for rank, beauty, and abilities, she comes down to posterity sullied by stains which no gifts of nature, however splendid, no eminence however exalted, could conceal. She was successively wife of Theobald II. Sovereign-Count of Arles, and of the Marquis of Tuscany, by whom she had two children, Lambert, Marquis of Tuscany, and Ermangarde, Marchioness of Ivrée, whose charms triumphed over Rudolph at Pavia. The example of maternal dissoluteness was not lost on the marchioness's children: Hugh and Ermangarde were especially marked by her personal fascinations and lax morality; and the absence of all virtuous principle in Hugh was rendered more terrible by the great powers of his mind, his acute

\* Berta figlia di Lotario, re di Lorena, moglie di Teobaldo II., conte di Provenza, e quindi d'Adalberto II., madre d'Ugo re d'Italia e di Guido duca di Toscana.

penetration, cultivated education, inordinate ambition, and unscrupulous cruelty.

The beautiful kingdom of Provence, or Arles, had been erected into a monarchy about 878, by Boson, brother-in-law of the emperor Charles the Bald.\* He was the most illustrious nobleman in France, his sister, Richilde, being the wife of Charles, his daughter affianced to Carloman, and he himself the husband of Ermangarde, only daughter of the Emperor Louis II. Europe was then a vast chaos, from which the strongest ascended to power on the ruins of the feeble. There was in reality no great empire that could preserve a preponderating balance, and thus shed its constraining salutary influence over the rest. It is said by some annalists, though contradicted by others, that this new state was formed with the consent of the emperor, but whether Charles voluntarily dismembered his dominions, or Boson was a successful usurper, is uncertain: the crown was,

\* L'Empereur Charles décembra de ses états, la ville d'Arles, qu'il érigea en royaume, en faveur de son beau frère Boson, qui étoit déjà Gouverneur general de Provence et d'Italie. Cette ville, depuis cette époque, fut pendant longtems la capitale de ce nouveau royaume, qui contenoit un immensité de pays, savoir: la Provence, le Dauphiné, le Comtat Venaissin, la Principauté d'Orange, une partie du Lyonnais, du Piémont, et de la Savoye jusques à Genève, ainsi que la Franche-Comté et partie de la Bourgogne. — *Abrégé chronologique de l'Histoire d'Arles, par Monsieur de Noble Lalauzière.*

however, conferred on him by the council of Mantaille, near Vienne, with all the solemnities observed at the coronation of legitimate princes ; and after remaining some years in peaceable possession of this fair portion of earth, he transmitted it to his posterity.\* A short contest, indeed, arose between him and the successors of Charles the Bald, who resented his having offered homage to the emperor of Germany for Provence and Dauphiné, which they considered treason to them ; but he came triumphantly out of the struggle, and preserved his dominions by a treaty of peace with Charles the Simple. Hugh, the representative of this line of sovereign-counts, had already driven away from Arles his cousin Charles, son of king Louis, when his restless ambition presented to view the goodly kingdom of Italy as one not unattainable. It was distracted by intestine broils, and Rudolph, young, frank, inexperienced, and fond of pleasure, sat insecurely on his newly erected throne. He knew his abilities were immeasurably superior to those of the Burgundian monarch, and he had that entire self-confidence which arises from an innate consciousness of being capable of great enterprises and great crimes,

\* Un fait incontestable, c'est que la couronne lui fut déferée par le concile de Mantaille, près Vienne, avec les mêmes solennités que l'on observait alors pour les princes légitimes. — *Ville D'Arles, par J. J. Estrangin.*

if necessary to their prosecution. Skilled in the arts of diplomacy, and possessing that unsleeping perseverance which usually ensures success in any design, he pursued the object of his wishes, and succeeded, mainly, indeed, through the influence of his half-sister Ermangarde, over whose mind he exercised the most absolute and fatal sway.

Torrents of the noblest blood followed the first years of his accession. He was determined to change into despotic power a limited monarchy; the nobles proved rebellious to his wishes, but he had not, like his predecessors, to contend with the half-sovereign families of Spoleto or Friuli,—they were extinct, or had been despoiled of their principal fiefs at the time that Berenger lost his life and crown. By skilful artifices he excited the mutual jealousy of the inferior nobles, and when he had divided them by his intrigues, he crushed them, one after another, till no barriers remained between him and his despotism. Among the hecatombs of victims thus sacrificed were his half-brother the Marquis of Tuscany, and his nephew Anscar, Marquis of Ivree, the only son of that sister Ermangarde, whose attachment to him, triumphing over infamy and treachery, had encircled his brows with the diadem of Italy; for the ties of affinity, or friendship, or gratitude, were cobwebs when standing in opposition to his interests. Without a spark of religion he honoured the church, because,

with his customary tact, he knew the favour of the clergy strengthened him; and he gave encouragement to learning as a small, but potent, engine which enabled the lettered few to govern the great mass of the ignorant. But individually, every bishop and priest in his dominions was obliged to be an abject tool in his hands, or resign their preferments, whilst the first dignities in the hierarchy were filled by a numerous illegitimate progeny. Many abbeyes were conferred on his mistresses in recompence for the loss of reputation, and ecclesiastical patrimonies were objects of the most open and unblushing sale.

Italy still, at intervals, remained a prey to the predatory invasions of the barbarians, and to this period the beautiful lines of Gray might yet be applied with nearly all their truth and force of expression:—

“The prostrate South to the destroyer yields  
Her boasted titles, and her golden fields;  
With grim delight the brood of winter view  
A brighter day, and skies of azure hue;  
Scent the new fragrance of the opening rose,  
And quaff the pendant vintage as it grows.”

The reign of Berenger I., signalised by the civil wars of Italy, was also the disastrous epoch of the invasion of the wandering tribes of the North and the South; of the Hungarians and the Saracens,



who, during fifty years, continued their fearful visitations, till they changed the manners of the Italians by forcing them to adopt a new system of defence. And these savage hordes were so ferocious — so devastating, that they contributed to the growing idea of the approaching end of the world. Berenger and Rudolph had each endeavoured to master this terrible scourge. Hugh, on the contrary, whilst theologians were discussing whether they might not be the Gog and Magog of Scripture, ever guided by what he believed would promote his own plans, instead of chasing them away, took them to a certain degree under royal protection, permitting a very considerable body to occupy some fortresses they had taken, on condition of receiving recruits for the army, aware that he could count more implicitly on the fidelity of these wild, fierce, foreign allies than on that of his legitimate subjects.\* Thus, bold and enterprising, risking every thing in his insatiate thirst for dominion, his politics in Lombardy were crowned with complete success. At Rome, however, he was not so successful, though, to ensure his rule there, he had disgraced himself and his crown, by elevating to the throne one of those extraordinarily infamous women whose name tarnishes

\* These Saracens of Frassineto, supposed to be between Nice and Monaco, were extirpated by a count of Provence in 972. — *Hallam*.

her very sex. Strange fate, to have been the husband of the vilest and noblest of the species !

The immediate predecessor of Bertha was Marozia, widow of Guido, Marquis of Tuscany, a woman distinguished for her refined beauty, great talents, and greater voluptuousness. She was the daughter of Theodora, a noble Roman lady, not less remarkable for her personal charms and equal want of virtue, and whose power was so omnipotent at Rome that she resided in the castle of St. Angelo, and for many years governed the election of the popes without a shadow of resistance. Having, however, towards the decline of life, elevated to the papal throne John X. bishop of Ravenna, in opposition to a favourite candidate of her daughter (or, it is said, because he remained faithful to the mother), Marozia determined on his ruin ; and, after a not inglorious reign, during which he defeated the Saracens in several combats, John was deposed, and soon afterwards strangled in prison by her merciless order. Theodora, less wicked than herself, died subsequently of chagrin, and from this moment her absolute reign commenced. After murdering another pope, Leo VI., also in prison, that she might raise to the tiara a son, considered illegitimate, John XI., her power grew so unlimited that Hugh (whose towering ambition had not yet reached its altitude) resolved on adorning her brows with the crown of

Italy, that he might become master of the castle of St. Angelo. The kings of Italy elected in a diet of Lombard princes, and bishops at Roncaglia, had hitherto held small sway over the eternal city, and to extend his dominion there was then the supreme object of his desire. Marozia was no longer young, and the widow of two noblemen, Alberic Marquis of Camerino and Duke of Spoleto, and Guido Marquis of Tuscany, half-brother to his own uterine brother Lambert, whom he had executed as a traitor to himself. This family connection had brought them in frequent contact, and a similarity of views and feelings ultimately led to their union. In the eye of the world they were well matched, and apparently there was nothing to interpose as an obstacle to their future prosperity. Hugh was a widower, and desired no heir to interfere with his only son Lothaire, ever the object of his tenderest attachment, and it might have been supposed her two sons would not prove adverse to their mother's promotion to a throne. But such was not the case. The pope, indeed, still a very young man, scarcely twenty, was delighted with the additional prop given to the papal chair; but Alberic of Spoleto had conceived a personal dislike for a man whose domination in Lombardy was so ruthless and despotic. He had been, during his minority, deprived of many fiefs belonging to his family, as he believed unjustly, and perhaps apprehended Hugh's future in-

fluence over his mother might prove further injurious to his interests. Under the impression of these fears and feelings he became the guest of his younger brother John XI., invited to meet the king and queen of Italy, then sojourning at the castle of St. Angelo. Many grand entertainments were given to the Roman nobility to propitiate their favour on the occasion, and all betokened happiness and hilarity, when a sudden flame burst out in the royal circle, which ended in the destruction of its two principal members.\*

Whilst officiating in the honourable capacity of cup-bearer to the king, the young Marquis of Spoleto was called upon to present water in a silver ewer to his step-father after dinner; and either Hugh's manner in receiving this service was peculiarly offensive, or the marquis felt, from some secret cause, in unusual ill humour, for he contrived, in taking the ewer away, to spill at least half its contents over the king's hands. Hugh was not of a disposition to tolerate insults—he saw the act was premeditated, and, forgetful of all but

\* Dopo la morte di Alberico I., Marozia sposato avea Guido, marchese di Toscana; il primo de' suoi figli fu marchese di Camerino come il padre; il secondo venne papa nel 931 col nome di Giovanni XI. nel 932. Morto Guido, Marozia sposò Ugo di Provenza, re d'Italia. Nei conviti che succedettero a queste nozze, Ugo chiese al giovane Alberico di dargli la brocca per lavarsi le mani: al che avendo quegli ubbidito con poco garbo, ricevette dal re uno schiaffo.

rage, he asserted, too soon, his paternal prerogative, by bestowing a hearty slap on the cheek of the offender. The marquis, roused to madness, drew his sword; and but for the prompt interference of several noblemen, who instantly separated the exasperated pair, at personal peril to themselves, the haughty father and his newly made son would probably have fallen by each other's hands on the spot. The marquis fled from St. Angelo, and it was hoped that he had departed for his own domains, when, in the middle of the night, he returned with a numerous force, headed by several Italian nobles, to whom Hugh was as little agreeable as to himself. Alberic, besides his other titles, was lord of Rome, and the Romans and Italians, secretly disgusted at the insolent pride of the numerous provincial nobility always in Hugh's train, eagerly seized on the pretence that a national insult had been offered them by the blow given to the lord of Rome. The castle was invested — it was unprepared for resistance — Hugh unpopular — the young pope considered his creature had no weight over the panic-struck soldiery — Alberic forced the gates, and Hugh narrowly escaped by descending the outer walls, with the aid of a rope ladder, at the great risk of his life. He made good his return into Lombardy, and there soon learnt that Marozia was the inhabitant of a convent, to which she had been banished by her son. The fate of

John XI. was less deserved, and more terrible. Cruel in his triumph, Alberic caused his hapless brother, after a hard captivity of four years in prison, to be assassinated, and from that period governed the church of Rome for twenty years, as completely, and with as much caprice, as his mother and grandmother, Theodora and Marozia, had done before him.

Hugh's mercenary views in forming this scandalous alliance were thus not only defeated, but his power diminished, for he was never more permitted to visit Rome; and although he made some cold attempts, by way of negotiation, for the release of Marozia, during the two years she lingered in confinement, he was probably not sorry at their failure. Not, however, easily turned from his purpose, he subsequently led an army against Rome, and Alberic, though successful, was so unwilling to be exposed to the incessant hostility of such a relentless foe, that he finally received his illegitimate daughter, Alda, in marriage, with a large dowry, on the express condition that he should never more set foot in Rome, which was, in fact, the asylum of all Italians discontented with his government elsewhere.\* Lombardy consequently continued

\* Nel 933 resistette con valore al re Ugo, che venne ad assediare. Alberico si rappacificò poscia con esso e sposò la di lui figlia Alda, ma non volle permettere allo suocero di por piede in Roma, essendo allora quella città l'asilo di tutti gli Italiani malcontenti di quel re. — *Nuovo Dizionario Storico.*

the chief scene of his dominion, and when he offered his hand to Bertha he was not, perhaps, insensible to the possibility of re-uniting, through her co-operation, the dissevered kingdoms of Arles and Burgundy. Conrad had been estranged from her ten years, and might never be allowed to return into the Transjurane. Adelaide, justly the object of her pride and extreme affection, never separated from her for a single day, was united to his son; and the crafty, selfish, unprincipled man, relying on those persuasive arts which had so often bent the stubbornest wills to his own, perhaps hoped to prevail on Bertha to sacrifice the interests of Conrad to the aggrandisement of Adelaide. If a scheme so unjust, and so unnatural, ever floated through his brain, it was doomed to disappointment from the unswerving uprightness, and the unwavering rectitude of the woman, whose maternal love for the absent Conrad contributed, in the opinion of many writers, to make her his wife. Several subsequent donations began with, "In the reign of my lord and son Conrad," as if to mark, by every act of her life, the existence of his rights in Burgundy-Transjurane, and the unalienable nature of his claims as her own sovereign.

Whatever were Hugh's motives for the connection, — whether crooked policy, or transient attachment, — it soon ceased to afford him happiness. Nor is this surprising—he could have no sympathy in the tastes, habits,

opinions, or principles, of a woman whose whole life was one continued act — one unvaried example of virtue, justice, benevolence, and truth. The patron of the Saracens in Italy, was incapable of appreciating or applauding the energy which overthrew them in Burgundy. The chief of a harem knew nothing of feminine delicacy or cared for feminine intellect. Her matronly purity was shocked, and her piety alarmed by the existence of three rival mistresses, invested with the classical, but pagan, appellations of Venus, Juno, and Semele.\* His licentious carousals filled the palace with midnight orgies, and his fierce temper, ever leading him to punish the smallest offences with the severest chastisements, wounded to the quick a heart so compassionate and so forgiving. Her own personal cares and disappointments were not, however, those which the most afflicted the sorrowing Bertha, — Adelaide, considered the loveliest woman of the age, and endowed with every grace of mind and manner, proved also “a pearl of great price” unworthily bestowed on a depraved young man, who, after the first charm of novelty faded away, returned to the abandoned women who had corrupted his early youth. “Both he and his father,” says an old chronicler, “soon changed, by their irregularities and infidelities, the unions they had formed into a bitter bondage.” Lothaire did not,

\* Gibbon, vol. vii., p. 70.



however, treat his youthful bride with personal unkindness—he was proud of her beauty, and felt no jealousy at her superiority of mind; and the discreet princess, prematurely wise, controlling her conjugal chagrins, endeavoured to obtain future influence over him by enlisting in her favour the nobles who composed his court.

As the south of Italy was in great measure closed to Hugh by the adverse power of the Marquis of Spoleto, he fixed his residence principally at Pavia, the ancient capital of the Lombard kingdom, leaving to Lothaire the government of Milan; and, however otherwise miserable, the fond mother and her devoted daughter had at least the happiness of frequent intercourse during their brief sojourn in Italy, for neither there found a permanent home. One pang to Bertha's heart was spared her by the death of Ermangarde, a short time previous to her ill-starred alliance with Hugh—she thus never met her former rival. That miserable woman died broken-hearted, from the ruin brought on all her race by the half-brother whom her unworthy artifices and scandalous depravity had contributed to elevate to the throne of Italy. Her youngest brother Lambert, a man of kindlier character, with whom she had ever been on terms of friendly intercourse, was the first family victim sacrificed at the shrine of Hugh's fears of deposition—her only son was the

next. A daughter remained, betrothed to Berenger II., grandson of the emperor assassinated at Verona; and, from some sentiment of gratitude towards his sister, Hugh not only sanctioned their marriage, but allowed the young Berenger to enjoy the confiscated title and estates of Ivrée. His continual encroachments, however, on the privileges of the nobility rendered him so obnoxious that he was ever afraid of some sudden revolt, and, in a few years, alarmed at the growing popularity of Berenger, he determined to cut off at once the descendant of a sovereign whose virtues, unacknowledged whilst alive, had long been recognised with sorrow and remorse, lest he might be selected for a successor. Berenger and her daughter, with their young son, had only just time to escape into Germany, by crossing the St. Bernard in the midst of winter, from the fate of the young Marquis of Ivrée, and Ermangarde sunk under this last blow.\* Meanwhile Berenger found a hospitable asylum at the court of Otho the Great, and from thence carried on a secret correspondence with many of the disaffected nobility of Italy. But the dominion of Hugh was so established, that no part of Italy could begin a

\* Ermengarda, figliuola di Adalberto II., il Ricco, duca di Toscana, e pronipote di Carlo Magno, fu celebre nel sec. 10 per la sua bellezza, per l'ingegno, pel coraggio e massime per li maneggi che essa fomentò per turbare il fine del regno di Berengario I., ed accelerare la ruina di Rodolfo di Borgogna.

resistance without being soon suppressed — every responsible situation under his government was filled by natives of Burgundy or Provence; and as there was no decided character to overturn such a man by the weight of his personal influence and power, a foreign force was requisite to bring together and consolidate the parties who desired, but dared not attempt, his overthrow. The emperor at length yielded to the unanimous wishes of the Italians, and Berenger appeared in Italy at the head of a numerous and well-disciplined army. Thus supported, the Italian nobility avowed their hatred of the tyrant under whose oppression they had long groaned, and the troops he raised, on the spur of the moment, were soon defeated by the want of loyalty of their commanders. But although thus far aiding the views of Berenger, the Italians were by no means disposed to elect him for their sovereign. Lothaire, though stained by the vices of undisciplined youth, had shown some amiable and generous qualities, particularly since his union with the Swiss princess; and Adelaide was become so popular, that they bounded their wish of change to the mere deposition of his father. It was felt, however, that Berenger, who had procured their emancipation from the yoke of the latter, was deserving of some reward — he came too amongst them as the *protégé* of the emperor; and, after a long negotiation, it was decided

that Lothaire should reign as king, whilst to Berenger should be confided the general administration of the realm. The paternal affection of Hugh was strikingly displayed on this trying occasion, forgetting in that—the sole redeeming virtue of his character—pride, ambition, the love of dominion, and resentment, he yielded gracefully the crown obtained by so many sacrifices, and withdrew to Vienne on the Rhone. Here, in comparative adversity, the first glimpses of a better future—the first proofs of the benign influence of a virtuous woman began to appear. The bread thrown on the waters proved not wholly lost—as the good seed early sown in the heart of infancy by parental love, rises at some auspicious season from the load of earthly pleasures and earthly cares under which it had long lain buried, to show the blessed hand of former culture, and bring forth its fruit when all hope of harvest had disappeared.

Vienne, one of the most ancient cities of Southern France, then belonging to Conrad, Bertha's son, was formerly a part of his own patrimonial inheritance, relinquished to Rudolph II. by treaty, after he had torn from him that very kingdom whence he was now in turn expelled. Perhaps he felt more interest in its prosperity from this singular circumstance, for he immediately commenced many embellishments; and Bertha, whose love of monastic endowments

remained undiminished, incited him to begin building, under her auspices, the convent of St. Peter — a splendid institution for monks of the order of Clugny. Well might the trials and reverses of this world press from day to day with greater force on the always religious and reflective spirit of Bertha, suggesting thoughts of a more abiding home. Twice had she been queen of Italy, and twice had she been obliged to descend from its throne by the degradation of each successive husband. Adelaide sat on the precarious eminence from which she was chased away, destined perhaps, ere long, to the same fate; and Conrad, though now arrived at the age of twenty-one, was still prevented from wearing the legitimate crown of his fathers by the cautious or sinister policy of the Emperor.

Whilst the humbled Hugh, now neither count of Provence nor sovereign of Italy, thus filled up the unwelcome leisure bestowed on him by the expulsion he had long dreaded, the youthful pair, whose brows were encircled by the diadem which had fallen from his, were doomed to experience the too common lot of sovereigns raised by popular favour to a wavering throne, — “uneasy lies the head that wears a crown:” — vicissitudes and anxieties, far more than equivalent to its pomps and pleasures, environed them. The partition had ever been displeasing to Berenger. He considered his services underrated, and

remembering his descent from Berenger I., believed he had a better right to the throne than Lothaire. He was afraid also, that the warm attachment of all classes to Adelaide would in time suggest the propriety of Lothaire's governing alone; and he sought to strengthen his own position by rendering that of his colleague wearisome and difficult. At this epoch Lothaire died suddenly, poisoned, as it was said, by a nobleman whose jealousy had been excited, either by his own licentious pursuit of that nobleman's wife, or suspicions artfully infused into his breast by Berenger to bring about the catastrophe. He died, after a few hours of terrible suffering, in the arms of his young wife, who found herself at the same moment a widow and a prisoner! Berenger alarmed lest the nobles, in a sudden burst of sympathy and affection, might raise her to the vacant throne, immediately closed the gates of the palace, sent her under a strong escort to a distant citadel, and caused himself to be proclaimed king. When the fatal news reached Vienne, Bertha and her husband were inconsolable; but Hugh's grief speedily subsiding before the stronger passion of revenge, he rapidly raised, under its stimulus, a powerful army, and marched upon Milan determined to punish the treachery which had robbed him of all he held dear on earth. The miserable man, whose hands had been so often imbrued in blood, and whose soul

had been so often jeopardised by his desire to aggrandize this sole object, which his hard heart had even loved — for whose sake he had resigned without a struggle the crown won at the peril both of temporal and everlasting life, hurried on to Italy — laid siege to Milan — defeated Berenger in several engagements — forced him to fly, and compelled the astonished nobility, paralyzed by his furious energy, to acknowledge him again for their king. Adelaide, however, was still a prisoner in a distant castle built near the lake of Garda, whither she had been conveyed by Berenger, whose cunning policy it was to force her into a union with his son Adalbert, as a means of securing the crown through her extreme popularity. Adalbert was some few years her junior, but Adelaide's youth might well authorise her waiting till Adalbert attained to maturity, and her betrothal to him would prevent both her individual election, or her union with any other prince who might be raised to the throne as her husband. In the midst of this prosperous career, the fatigue and grief to which Hugh was continually subject brought on a severe attack of illness, and the personal safety of Adelaide being secured by the interest Berenger had in her life, Hugh returned to Vienne to recruit his health, and raise fresh troops ere he attempted her release. But to him might now be applied the warning words of that illustrious poet,

born and educated more than three centuries later, in the two kingdoms which had each once owned his dominion —

“ ————— thing of dust !

Man strives to climb the earth in his ambition,  
Till death, the monitor that flatters not,  
Points to the grave where all his hopes are laid.”

*Petrarch.*

that hour which reaches all, was come to him — he had hardly arrived at Vienne when his malady assumed a darker aspect, and he felt he must die. He commanded himself to be conveyed to the convent of St. Pierre (Peter), which Bertha's active superintendence had brought nearly to completion, and there, arrayed in the habit of the order, gave up the breath which had so often extinguished that of his fellow-men. The last will, as well as the hours of this extraordinary man, bear unequivocal testimony to the ascendancy which a virtuous and sensible woman may sometimes acquire over the most brutal and callous of tyrants, by a systematic course of goodness on her own side. The despiser of all religion died in a monastery founded by himself, attired in the religious habit which custom and the superstition of the times considered a proof of profound piety in the wearer, and the whole of his property, still very considerable, was bequeathed to the wife he had so neglected and insulted, with remainder to her son Conrad.\*

\* In the chronicle of Arles, by Monsieur Noble Lalauziere,



The watchfulness of a shrewd mind, and the unselfish love of a devoted mother, are alike displayed in the appointment of Conrad as his heir. He

Provence is said to have passed by Hugh's will to the Transjurane Kings; but they already possessed it. Perhaps Hugh retained some fiefs which he bequeathed with the rest of his private property to Bertha, and thus conferred the entire country on Conrad. The great increase of the Transjurane territory did not however add strength to the dynasty of its kings. The kingdom, so composed, was rather a grand magnificent passage, or high road leading to other realms, than a condensed monarchy standing alone in compressed security. The Rhone, and the Rhine, and Pennine Alps, brought, nearly every spring, their legions of foes to be fought, and fed, till they were overcome or expelled. Italy was soon lost, and Provence returned to join her lustre to the land of which she seemed an integral part.

In 1793, that epoch of barbarous demolition and bloody rule, the busts of the ancient counts of Provence, and two large medallions representing the first six kings, were destroyed. Thus all trace of the husbands of Bertha has been swept away from the seat of their former dominion.

Liutprand, Bishop of Cremona, who wrote the life of Adelaide, and has furnished many particulars for the history of Bertha, says *Ugo re d'Italia* died of the consequences of his dissoluteness; but a very different cause is assigned by the historians of Provence; and it must be borne in mind, as some apology for Hugh, that Liutprand, a Lombardian by birth, and once private secretary to Berenger II., might be a little prejudiced against him; for although he subsequently left Berenger, and entered into the service of Otho the Great, that change of situation would not diminish any previously formed antipathy to the Provencial monarch. Liutprand is also incorrect as to the period of Hugh's death.

had never seen him, and Adelaide, the exemplary wife and afflicted widow of the son whom he adored, had apparently a far greater claim to his possessions. It was, doubtless, the express wish of the anxious mother—who would never resign the image or pretensions of her absent son—who fondly hoped by this measure to confer on him importance in the eye of the emperor, and suggest the necessity of his return from Germany to receive this new heritage, with that so long unjustly withheld from him. As her return into Italy might have endangered her own liberty, and would not be of use to Adelaide, Bertha made immediate preparations for her departure from Vienne to the land of her adoption—the scene of her happiest hours; and about the spring or summer of 949, she arrived in Helvetia, and fixed her abode at the castle of Baldern. This once-magnificent feudal castle lay at the foot of the high chain of the Albis, between Zurich and Lucerne, and, when built by the royal abbess of Zurich, must have been situated in a region singularly wild and romantic—fit abode for recluses shunning the bustle of earthly pursuits—and it was, perhaps, on that account selected at this time by the widowed queen. Here she remained while a suitable residence was prepared for her in the pretty town of Payerne, where she finally ended her checkered, but ever-honoured, career; and till that period she held a

splendid court in this seat of her father's race. "In less than three years," says a Swiss historian, with one of those minute touches of affection that, springing from the heart, conveys volumes to the mind, "the dear queen was become aged from grief" (*vieillie par le chagrin*); but though the outward frame was so sadly altered, the inner and better part remained unchanged. She recommenced her little equestrian journeys, and appears to have made every effort to show that she was the mother of the monarch of the country, by resuming, in the middle of his people, her former beneficent course. Many churches were repaired by her at this time, and, soaring far above the pitiful ambition of wishing to appear what she was not, every charter or document carefully commences with the acknowledgment that she lived "in the reign of my lord Conrad." In the midst of all these outward demonstrations of entire security in his rights, how often must her heart have been chilled by the dread of his never being permitted to assume the functions of royalty, and how often must the fate of Adelaide, still a girl in the hands of Italian enemies, have hung on her spirits! Italy was now again the scene of civil war; many of the nobles were adverse to Berenger, fearing he might avenge the wrongs their ancestors had inflicted on his; others desired Adelaide should be appointed to the throne, as, in former


days, Theodolinde had been elected after the death of Authoris ; some deemed a fresh sovereign, unfettered by all previous bands, whether of friendship or of hate, essential to permanent tranquillity; whilst a not unnumerous body, weary of such incessant changes, thought it would be better to place the kingdom at the disposal, and consequently under the safe protection, of the emperor. The counsels of the latter party prevailed to a certain degree, for Otho was finally invited to come into Italy, and by his sovereign arbitration restore peace to the distracted country. To these prayers were added those of Bertha; she wrote from Helvetia, imploring the emperor to rescue from her perilous situation the daughter of Rudolph, of whom he had voluntarily constituted himself guardian at her father's death, or allow her brother and natural protector, Conrad, to quit Germany for that purpose.

The short-lived triumph of Hugh had restored him to sovereign rank, and the rich widow of the king of Italy was a petitioner not to be despised. Otho, called the Great, both from his prosperous career and many popular qualities, was not free from ambition—he saw in this solicited interference a precedent for the future; and in 951 he arrived at Milan. Berenger, who counted on his favour, not adverse to this settlement of the dispute, met him as a former friend, and at the emperor's request ac-

accompanied him to the castle of Canossa, where Adelaide, after encountering extreme perils and the most cruel privations, had at last found a secure shelter from his persecutions with an ally of Lothaire's. In the necessary absence of Berenger, whilst prosecuting his claims to the throne, Adelaide, abhorring the idea of the slightest connection with the possible assassin of her husband, had escaped from a dungeon in the castle of Garda by the aid of a benevolent priest, who concealed her for many days amongst the marshes, flags, and underwood surrounding the lake, till the heat of pursuit having relaxed, he ventured to conduct her disguised to the impregnable fortress of Canossa. During the whole of the period she passed near the lake, she had nothing to support life but a few fish, which her generous protector contrived to drop near her retreat; and the journey to Canossa was performed on foot, clad in the dress of a peasant, without shoes, stockings, or covering for her head, beyond the coarse handkerchief which cautiously veiled her exquisitely beautiful features and hair. The attachment of the Italians, the majority of whom desired to elevate her to the throne, with the report of the matchless charms of her person and understanding, excited the emperor's curiosity and, perhaps, compunctious pity. He knew that he held her sole legitimate protector, Conrad, in honourable

bondage, and, ere he would decide on any step, he determined to learn from her own mouth what were her wishes as to her future destiny. The barred gates of Canossa were thrown open to the Emperor of Germany, and Adelaide appeared before the sovereign who had so long held her brother in captivity. That interview decided her fate—the fate of Conrad—and of the Transjurane. Otho was a widower, and already in middle age, but of majestic presence, great abilities and insinuating address. The attachment he conceived for the young widow was permanent as sudden—he offered her his hand; and she who entered the walls of Canossa a barefooted desolate fugitive, flying from a foe who might yet prove too strong for repulsion, quitted them the bride of one of the greatest and noblest emperors that ever occupied the throne of Germany.

The affairs of Italy were soon arranged after this happy adjustment of Adelaide's. Berenger and his son were permitted to bear the title of king and prince of Italy, on condition of offering feudal homage to the emperor; and Otho returned into Germany, accompanied by the young wife, "whose counsels," says Müller, "rendered him in his latter years far superior as a sovereign both in wisdom and generosity to his foregoing career." "She was," adds Müller, "a woman of great mind like her mother;" and by other historians she is uniformly re-



presented as the most distinguished female of her age for beauty, talents, and that strong sense, which guided her actions through a long and glorious life. More illustrious by her virtues than even by her fortunes, and early taught by adversity to estimate the fleeting possessions of this world at their proper value, she lived so simply in her palace, "that it seemed," says an old chronicler, "a noble, well ordered religious institution, rather than the residence of the first princess in Europe—her luxury was to do good, and the influence of her magnanimous soul over the emperor was soon visible and soon salutary."

The road to Burgundy was thenceforth open to Conrad, and in 952 he returned to the arms of his mother, and the scarcely less impatient subjects, from whom he had been separated fifteen years. When Otho the Great tore Conrad from his weeping mother to educate him in Germany, he had given as one principal reason for the harsh step, that he feared the young monarch would be improperly neglected, or injudiciously spoiled by feminine guardianship—there was, however, nothing in Conrad's mind or education to sanction the idea that he might not have been equally well trained in his native land. He had, indeed, learnt the refinements of a luxurious court, and early displayed a fondness for that lavish expenditure which was later developed; but the ex-

ample of active energy presented by Otho to all around him had failed to make impression on the senses of his young pupil. Perhaps, it was not desired by this subtle guardian that he should so profit by a residence at the German court. His manners were, however, gentle and pleasing, and the first years of his reign were of happy augury. He went over his two kingdoms of Burgundy and Arles—visited all the principal cities, and bestowed the important offices of his government on upright and enlightened men. A fresh irruption of Hungarians and Saracens, who had for many years confined their ravages to other countries, excepting occasional short predatory descents from the Pennine Alps, soon presented him with the opportunity of showing that, despite of a temper inclined to idleness and peace, he was not deficient in personal courage, nor the shrewdness necessary for a contest with such foes. Two bands of this plague of Christendom, arrived at the same time from the north and the south. Whilst the Saracens descended the St. Bernard, the Hungarians under the guidance of three well-known intrepid chiefs, named Botund, Irchund, and Zobulsu, had followed the banks of the Rhine, massacred the Bishop of Bâle, and advanced by rapid strides towards Lake Leman. All ranks and all ages fled before them. Bertha quitted Payerne to take refuge again in her old tower of Neuchâtel; and



Conrad, assembling his troops, advanced towards them with a resolute bearing that inspired some awe even into their breasts. When, however, within a short distance he stopped, and "employing," says Eccard, a monk of St. Gall (instructor of Hedwige), "a noble cunning\*," he sent messengers secretly to each camp. His envoys addressed themselves in these terms to the Saracens:—

"The Hungarians, those wandering robbers now

\* *Nobili astuciâ usus.* — *Ekkhardt.*

Eccard, or Ekkerard, the indiscreet tutor of the duchess Hedwige of Swabia, became a very distinguished member of St. Gall, with a reputation for occasional miracles, and was the most esteemed of its many annalists. His chronicle of the abbey dates from 890 to 980. He wrote also a memoir of the very learned abbot Notker, who succeeded Burcard. Eccard ranks among his contemporaries as a great *modern* linguist, and possessed a thorough knowledge of the beautiful Swiss Romande, or national language of the Transjurane, like those of Italy, France, and the Spanish peninsula, springing from the Latin, but enriched by many graceful idioms, and delicate turns of expression, engrafted on the original stem from the Spanish, Italian, French, German, and Arabic tongues. A brother monk records his adroit detection of the imposition of a Swabian beggar, who sought to excite compassion at St. Gall as a wanderer from the, then considered, distant country of the Transjurane, by employing some words he had casually learnt from another mendicant really a native, as a proof of his miraculous gift of looking into the heart; but the misapplication of *kalt*, German for *cold*, instead of *caldo*, Italian for *hot*, would have enabled many a less accomplished scholar, ten centuries later, to make the same discovery without being supernaturally enlightened.

encamped near us, weary me with messengers entreating me to make peace with them, and then unite in driving you from this fertile land. If you are men you will fly to their attack, and whilst you fall on their front I will assist you by advancing with troops in their rear: thus I am persuaded we shall exterminate them all, and let their spoils be your recompence."

The Hungarians, whose fierceness distinguished them above all other tribes, were beguiled by a compliment to their ferocity:—

"Why, O most valiant of warriors! why do you wish to fight with me? is it not better for brave men to live in peace? Follow me—drive from the face of this country these swarms of vagrants—these swarthy dark-eyed Saracens—these mutual enemies, and take your place in my kingdom, well-beloved subjects, as your reward."

These propositions proved equally acceptable to both parties. The Saracens advanced first to the place Conrad had indicated as the best fitted for the display of their valour—they bore the arms of the West—the cuirass, buckler, and lance. A heavy club supported by their war horses hung at the side, a scarlet tunic floated over their slight shoulders, and a light graceful cap replaced the turban of their race. The Hungarians, leaving their women and children on their heavy chariots, advanced next to the encounter. Like the wandering tribes of their country

they were mounted on small fleet horses, and lightly armed with arrows, against which the swords and lances of European nations could not avail. Each confided in the assistance of Conrad, and felt no fear of the other. Meanwhile the astute King of Burgundy occupied with his men-at-arms a secure position, whence he commanded a view of the bloody battle which soon ensued between the deluded strangers; and when he saw they were become mutually exhausted, he gave the order to his troops to fall indiscriminately on both.

“To-day, my brave fellows,” he cried, “let the polished lance and sharp sword perform their duty. To us it is of no moment which of these demon hosts may triumph; let the arms in your hands know no difference between the Saracen and Hungarian!” The sons of the land comprehended the order of their king. Unworn by previous fatigue, they rushed to the scene of action, not to succour either, but overwhelm all.

The astonished barbarians, confounded and panic-struck, lost for a time self-possession; then seeing, too late, the stratagem, multitudes fled, whilst a desperate band, in their agony, shame, and despair, endeavoured to turn on their deceiver. But Conrad’s position was well chosen; the country aided her own children; they intercepted each pass, each rocky defile; cut off all access to the heights; and,

after a short, terrified, vain struggle, Saracens and Hungarians fell alike an easy prey to the fresh, vigorous troops appointed for their slaughter. Conrad's success was complete.

Public thanksgivings were offered up at St. Maurice; many of the captives were sent to Arles\* to be sold, others perished by the sword of the executioner; and during the next ensuing three or four years Conrad gradually swept away from the caverns and fastnesses of the adjacent Alps all the stragglers who yet came or lingered there.† Such was the vic-

\* The intercourse subsisting between the two kingdoms at this period was naturally very close. Both the Roman and Transjurane monarchs had extensive trains of pine wood brought from the Valais by the Rhone, and Lake Lemane, and from thence floated to Arles and Marseilles; the Rhone not being then obstructed by the fortress of the Ecluse, and on the lake was (at that time) a company to conduct these rafts, as is now practised on the Rhine. To the long residence of the Saracens at Arles, and the vast number of female captives sent after Conrad's victory, is attributed the distinct physiognomy often to be remarked at Arles in the lower classes of society — the flashing eye — the dark glossy hair, and oriental *tournure* of the head and features. The Hungarian women, fewer in number, with prouder hearts, and habits of yet wilder liberty, could less brook slavery — they sunk gradually under the sudden blow, leaving little trace of their Northern line.

† "The St. Bernard, a sacred mountain which these sons of Mahomet," says an old writer, "had made the dwelling of Belial, was now reconquered for Christ." St. Bernard de Menthon, a monk of noble race in Savoy, was the first who ascended to the summit. On reaching it, he solemnly exorcised the Devil,

tory which obtained for Conrad the title of *Pacifique*, and renown of having freed his country from a scourge which had kept it during long years in terrified suspense. There is not, however, much to admire in this notable conquest, but the conquest itself. It has indeed been the received but Machiavellian opinion, that all stratagems are fair in war; and if ever this pernicious maxim can be admitted, Conrad is entitled to its full benefit. Still the mind recoils instinctively from deliberate falsehood, from ensnaring by words of friendship to its ruin the heart that

and then threw him, bound hand and foot, a prisoner, into the flinty bottom of the rocks. A new monastery arose on the old foundation of one long desecrated and destroyed, of which he became the abbot; and although his success over the enemy of mankind proved not so decisive as imagined, for his convent was many times afterwards devastated, it yet exists a monument of his merciful spirit and true piety. The Saracens long lingered in the Swiss Romande, and their memorial is yet fresh. At Avenches, at Vully, at Payerne, and many other villages, the stranger is shown the "tower, the hollow, the foss," or burial ground of the Saracens; and the name is still gratuitously bestowed on all that wandering tribe, skilful in music, still more expert in telling the fortunes of those whose purses they conjure away without appearing to touch them. Nor is Bertha less remembered by rural *ciceroni*. "*Voici les champs aimés de Berthe*" (Here are the fields Bertha loved,) "*Voilà l'Eglise bâtie par Berthe*." (There is the church Bertha built), are exclamations which attest her hold over the hearts and memories of the people. — *Olivier, le Canton de Vaud. 2. Conservateur Suisse. Feuille du Jour de l'An. 1843, par M. L. Vulliemin, &c. &c.*

has confided in our sincerity, whether in the bosom of brother or barbarian. After this exploit, more useful than glorious, Conrad had the wisdom to prefer peace, on all occasions, to the chances of hazardous war. He married Matilda, sister of Lothaire king of France, and niece of the emperor Otho, by his sister Gerberge of Saxony, and their union was celebrated at Chavorny with right royal splendour. From this time the details of his reign are little known, and, perhaps, deserve to be buried in oblivion. All contemporary chroniclers bound themselves to the melancholy declaration, that he availed himself of the long peace, which succeeded so many storms, to become prodigal and profligate; lavishing on favourites, mistresses, and illegitimate offspring, the finances of his kingdoms; that, to meet these boundless extravagances, he alienated many of the rights and domains of the crown, and thus prepared for the fall of the throne of his fathers. He was, notwithstanding these monstrous faults, popular with his people; he inherited the sweet disposition of his mother; and, though he ever wisely preferred peace to war, he showed on several occasions something of the valorous, chivalrous spirit of the two gallant Rudolphs, his father and grandfather. His vices were evidently those of education; and had the generous heart of Bertha been capable of such a meanness, she might have smiled at this proof of the

emperor's self-conceit and arrogance in withdrawing Conrad from the same hands which had formed the mind of the distinguished woman who, whilst young enough to be his daughter, directed his counsels, and threw a lustre over his last and best years.

Burcard, Bertha's second son, did great honour to the guardianship of his mother. Although raised to the episcopal bench of Lausanne at the early age of nineteen, his conduct was the reverse of his brother's; grave, dignified, and benevolent, on his removal to the archbishopric of Lyons he was mourned as a lost friend, and is considered as one of the best prelates that ever occupied that see. Of Rudolph, her posthumous son, so little is known beyond two casual historic notices that he must either have died unmarried, or retired into a convent. It is certain that he filled no official appointment in the two kingdoms; and as there is a tradition that a member of the royal Transjurane race ended his days at St. Gall, — thither, where he resided whilst Bertha was in Italy, he possibly withdrew after her death. He had not professed in his youth; for Conrad, the same year that he returned from Germany, bestowed upon him some considerable fiefs; and in the charter of endowment granted to Bertha's last foundation, the monastery of Payerne, in 962, the formula runs, that she bestowed such and such possessions with the consent of her sons Conrad, Burcard, and Rudolph. It may there-

fore be inferred, that Rudolph was another instance of the blessed results of maternal care in early age. Had he been profligate or profuse, like Conrad, these blemishes would have descended with his name to posterity, under some of those second patronymics so freely bestowed by the people in the middle ages, often better remembered than the first : and thus a "Rudolph the Proud," or "the Prodigal, Perverse, or Penniless," would have swelled the list of the Transjurane princes. A judicious author has observed, that one of the injurious features of monastic institutions was the withdrawal into their oblivious cloisters of the excellent of the earth, whose influence and example, on the busy stage of life, might have been salutary to their less virtuous fellow-men. The youngest son of Bertha is, probably, an illustration of this remark.

It has often been a question with the Christian philosopher and heathen sage, whether the morning or evening of life's eventful day is the happier portion ; whether the pressing solitudes and fallacious hopes, for ever recurring to be almost continually frustrated, do not neutralise the pleasures which wait on that otherwise brilliant season. The problem, as a general one, can never be solved ; because the tranquil happiness which is supposed to attend our decline must depend on the employment of the first hours of existence. No wealth, no honours, no suc-



cess, can stifle the voice of conscience, and sorrows not our own ; misfortunes, not merited, may throw a melancholy tinge over our setting sun. But, individually, Bertha would no doubt have decided that after the return of Conrad to his kingdom, and the splendid marriages of both her children, she experienced more unalloyed felicity than even during the existence of Rudolph, excepting the brief period between the resignation of his precarious rights to Italy, and his death, when the heart, chastened by adversity, and the judgment matured by age, he redeemed his early errors by a constant course of goodness and wisdom. The errors of Conrad might, indeed, sometimes awaken a sigh, but they were infinitely more marked as he descended into the vale of years, when she had gone to her rest ; and the fond mother, with hope maternal—the strongest of all delusions—ever anticipating good from a darling child, doubtless flattered herself that, as he became older, they would disappear, like the slight spots in his father's brilliant escutcheon, to render his last days more illustrious.

The dark opening of the tenth century \* was fol-

\* The tenth century, accounted that of the densest ignorance, and gloomiest, darkest superstition, was more enlightened in France and Germany than in England and Italy. In Germany especially, letters were cultivated with honourable industry by many learned men, and even ladies. Heroswitha, abbess of Gandersheim, a small town in Brunswick, about thirty mile

lowed by a meridian not less fearful to the natural terrors of man. An impression (the result of the many woes which crowded its annals) began to prevail ere the first half had waned away, that the weary

from the capital, was a much valued Latin poet at this period. She wrote several sacred comedies in imitation of Terence, and Hedwige of Swabia, besides her German translations into Greek, is reported to have used the purest Latinity both in speaking and writing: Bertha's familiarity with this then hardly dead language is not therefore surprising. History, however, was at its lowest possible ebb. Not one contemporary writer gave a continuous account of his times, even before the awful check given to all exertion by the delusion that the world drew to its end. But this proceeded rather from inability to learn what was passing amongst other nations than want of talent, so much were all communications interrupted by incessant wars, and the continual changes of dynasties which, offering no solidity — no unity to the recital — no great head to foster genius, or animate its hope of fame or of recompence, chilled or chained the pens of those who could have left monuments of their age.

Perhaps the princess Anna Comnena, daughter of the emperor Alexis I., may without impropriety be permitted to join this fair sisterhood of female *savans*; although the history of her father's reign from 1081 to 1118 is pronounced by modern critics drearily dull, and woefully wanting in accuracy. Still it was history in the tenth century — history too, that has met with learned translators, and been illustrated by learned notes: and well would it have been for the honourable fame of the royal scribe, had a partial and drowsy recital of her father's reign proved the worst thing her ambition prompted her to concoct; but Anna Comnena's soaring spirit lured her from the broad, open high-ways of knowledge to the dangerous, intricate, unworthy by-paths that lead to an unlawful crown. Her erudition is disgraced by an abortive attempt to seize on her brother's throne.

world would be brought to a final termination at its close. This awful idea strengthened as years rolled on, and the nearer the epoch which would complete one thousand years since the birth of Christ approached, the more affrighted grew the souls of all the living. It was, in part, this universal expectation of the speedy dissolution of the world that paralysed the pens of many contemporary historians, and rendered the annals of others so meagre of information: they naturally considered it useless to address a posterity never to be born. Three centuries before, Marius, bishop of Lausanne and Avenches, had composed a sort of abridged chronicle of the principal events of his turbulent age, and, subsequently, several lords took a generous pride in preserving with their rent-rolls many facts interesting to the millions destined to come after they were in the dust. But when the end of time became confidently predicted, there was no apparent use in recording what none would ever live to read. Why painfully engrave the remembrance of an unhappy generation for another that might probably, at least, never succeed it? Science was thus buried before the sick world died, and the more study was abandoned, the deeper ignorance and superstition took root in the land. The panic was greater because several prophets, with a politic prudent caution, which some of the enthusiasts of our own day would have done well to

imitate, left the exact date undetermined between two or three epochs—it might arrive before the end of the fatal thousand—certain only at its ultimate completion.

But this was not the worst consequence of the prevalent mania, however the literary may lament the loss of documents which would have thrown light on much that was useful and curious. Labour became gradually suspended: the thistle and briar again asserted their prior claims to the lands cultivated by the vigorous arm which, contemplating a distant future, had planted the exotic vine. Fervid piety or guilty terror opened the least liberal hands, and innumerable were the donations and bequests made to the clergy of property that the giver or testator took away without regret or remorse from relatives, who would hereafter have no need of it. Numerous chantries were founded for the souls of those who had yet made small spiritual provision for them; and as a counterpoise to much evil inflicted on individual interests, under the first impression of horror the niggard loosened his purse-strings—the tyrant let go his grasp—the oppressor ceased to persecute, and the slave went free; thousands of serfs were manumitted, because it was believed their services would soon cease to be necessary, and many towns obtained from their baronial ruler the important rights of citizenship for the sake of a loan to enable him to appoint a mass or build a chapel.

It is astonishing that more misrule and disorganisation did not arise from this chimera, when the unshackled slave revelled in the strange sudden delight of freedom, and the wand of power falling from the nerveless hand of fear seemed to authorise meagre want to seize upon the hoarded wealth of covetousness. Happily, however, some strong minds, and Bertha's was one, struggled against its dangerous consequences, and strove to avert them to the last hour by wise precautions, in case it should prove ungrounded. Although some charters actually assert the infallible and evident signs of the rapid dissolution of the world, from various changes in the seasons, the clergy under her control endeavoured to soothe the agitation and fortify the sinking courage of the people by remarking on the contrary, upon their order and regularity—on the continued productions of nature, and the known mercy of the Great Creator of all things. She tried to awaken a corresponding feeling of doubt on the awful prognostic, fostered, if not propagated, by mercenary men who reaped a golden harvest from the fears thus created, by sedulously pursuing her plans of improvement; and the power of habit, added to the hope thus suggested, conquered in many instances this malady of the imagination, which tended to the suspension of all human industry. To evince, perhaps, her confidence in the stability of the terrestrial globe, and acquire an

imperishable treasure by the religious employment of a further portion of the ample dowries she enjoyed as the widow of two kings, in the year of grace 962, eight years after Conrad's victory over the Saracens and Hungarians, she founded at Payerne a convent of Benedictine monks following the order of Clugny.

The almost innumerable institutions of this nature that Bertha had already founded or endowed, might well have authorized her to spend the residue of her days without incurring the fatigue of body and spirits, necessarily brought on by prosecuting this extensive undertaking; but she was a being of such incessant energy and continuous exertion, that whilst a field remained open for the scene of labour, there would she, like a faithful workwoman in God's great moral garden, be found. Payerne, where she had fixed her residence, was one of the many Roman colonies so profusely planted in Helvetia. After the Romans departed, Marius, bishop of Lausanne, (about 600), cultivated there a considerable estate upon which he erected, first, a church, and then a monastery—the latter, in the lapse of ages, filled with contending struggles for pre-eminence among the many rulers striving for the possession of sovereignty, had become dilapidated and deserted even before the arrival of the barbarians, and to the restoration of this desecrated establishment she now turned her attention. The peasantry and artisans who languished

without employment from the popular superstition, were thus roused to industry, and the beneficial results of this enterprise rendered it Bertha's favourite endowment. The antiquary will regret that the economical propensities of the queen prudent even in the profuseness of her charities, and perhaps her little love or respect for anything Italian, led her to the Vandal demolition of a part of the ruins of Avenches or Aventicum, the magnificent Roman capital of Helvetia, whose single majestic Corinthian column, a wreck yet standing in solemn loneliness, and the fate of its priestess, have been immortalised by the lines of a hand conferring fresh life on all it touched:—

“By a lone wall a lonelier column rears  
A gray and grief-worn aspect of old days :  
'Tis the last remnant of the wreck of years,  
And looks as with the wild-bewildered gaze  
Of one to stone converted by amaze,  
Yet still with consciousness ; and there it stands,  
Making a marvel that it not decays,  
When the coeval pride of human hands,  
Levell'd Aventicum, hath strew'd her subject lands.”

In the annals of Tacitus is recorded the history of a young Aventian priestess named Julia Alpinula, who, when her father, a noble Helvetian, had been condemned to death for an insurrection against the Romans seventy years after Christ, rushed from her sanctuary to the Roman general, Cecina, and, flinging

herself at his feet, implored him to spare her father's life. He proved inexorable to her prayers and tears: her youth, her innocence, and her filial piety were alike unavailing—the sentence was fulfilled, and the gentle spirit of the daughter fled away to join that of her father-- she died broken-hearted.

"... Oh! sweet and sacred be the name! —  
Julia — thy daughter, the devoted — gave  
Her youth to Heaven; her heart, beneath a claim  
Nearest to Heaven's, broke o'er a father's grave.  
Justice is sworn 'gainst tears, and her's would crave  
The life she liv'd in; but the judge was just,  
And then she died on him she could not save.  
Their tomb was simple, and without a bust,  
And held within one urn, one mind, one heart, one dust." \*

To the calm dispassionate eye of reason, it seems passing strange that death, whose natural approach is always hidden — yet always certain — always near in pleasure and in grief, — in youth and in age, — who lurks in every act and incident of life, — whose portal, *alike*, closing one world, and opening another,

\* Fifteen hundred years after this event the epitaph of Julia was found among the ruins of Avenches, with this inscription: (I, Julia Alpinula, lie here — unfortunate child of an unfortunate parent, priestess of the Goddess Aventia. I failed in averting by my prayers the death of my father: the Fates had decreed that he should die ignominiously. I lived to the age of 23." Lord Byron says — "I know of no human composition so affecting as this, nor a history of deeper interest. These are the names and actions which ought not to perish."



thus reveals *in a single moment* what man can never call forth from the chambers of mortal imagery, — is so little speculated upon, — so little feared, whilst a rumour, — a passing malady, — the prediction of the weak or the wicked, daring to penetrate into the secrets of the Most High, awakens the alarms of even the gifted and the good. At this awful season of national discouragement, even the masculine intellect of Hedwige bent before the breath of fanaticism; and she too deemed it expedient to do something for her soul, and that of the murdered Duke of Swabia. Hohentweil was now converted into a monastery, and richly endowed, or, rather, perhaps, a building adapted for the residence of a small community of nuns to serve a chantry appended to it, for she never quitted the walls of that lordly abode, nor did she take the veil. Notwithstanding her industry and skill in embroidering altar coverings and priest's robes, she was not considered so great a benefactress, or so staunch a friend at heart to the church as Bertha.

Each glimpse through the long vista of ages shows Bertha to be one deeply sensitive and imaginative, whose ardent spirit, soaring above the things of that world which yet held chained her mortal frame, sought communion with her God by every channel through which she was told, or hoped it might be obtained. Hedwige was cast in a colder,

severer mould. From her youth a hard student, and the constant associate of learned men, she appears to have been less under the influence of the times than even Bertha, and consequently no great favourite with churchmen. The monkish Chronicler of St. Gall slyly slips in, when recounting "her pretended" visit to the relics of their patron saint, that "she was doubtless better acquainted with Eccard's Latin Epigrams than his theological writings." The loss of the costly stole evidently sat heavy at his heart; and had Hedwige's reputation depended solely on the annalists of that convent, or its rival, Reichnau, would have come down to the nineteenth century robed in less eulogistical garments than other writers have bestowed upon it. Such is human frailty, that the purest history is often tinged or embroidered by the hand of prejudice. The existence of the invisible power that sets in motion the marvellous machinery of the mind, with all the tiny springs and wheels which work unseen its complicated movements, is often unknown to the possessor; and the material manufactured in the loom of this mysterious enigma wears quite a different colour in the eyes of the warm native artificer, from that which it wears in those of the cool unimpassioned beholder. Hedwige, deeming her lessons already amply remunerated by previous donations, offended at Eccard's unceremonious exit from her palace before the stipulated period had expired, and yet more with the

Abbot's espousal of the fugitive's cause by positively refusing to compel him to the fulfilment of the term, thought she had a right to repossess herself of her highly prized handiwork. Aware that all reclamation would be vain, (for where the sacred goods of the convent were in question, the meek Burcard, unselfish in all other things, grew a lion,) she resorted to stratagem, a mode not possibly repugnant to her nature, though, perhaps, unsuspected by herself, and the stole thus returned somewhat surreptitiously again into her own possession, without her strictly challenging the justice of this settlement of the point at issue. The monks, on the contrary, smarting under the loss, made no allowance for the extenuating circumstances that warped the Duchess's usually clear judgment, — they kept doggedly to the naked facts that it had been fairly given, and was unfairly resumed. In Hedwige's opinion they were unjust, — in theirs she was a grievous delinquent; and the story of the stolen stole is not only duly worked into her history, but sundry dark shades dexterously added to dim a little the gaudy colours of her other panegyrics. The unbiassed will all agree that the Duchess of Swabia, blinded by the false reasonings of self-love, forgot her natural dignity to gratify a foolish resentment; but will still accord her the rare merit due to a long life distinguished for the most munificent patronage of letters, — scrupulous purity,

boundless charity, and such a constant consistent course of impartiality in the government of the country, "that, if," says an old writer, "her severity made iniquity and the oppressor tremble, her active goodness caused her to be blessed by the feeble and unfortunate;" and thus like Deborah, the lawgiver of Israel, the children of Helvetia came up to her for judgment from all parts of her wide domain.

St. Maurice had hitherto been the sepulchre of the Transjurane dynasty, and was once a considerable governmental station, but its exposed position, truly and beautifully painted by a living poet, then rendered it scarcely tenable.\* The Transjurane had, indeed, the disadvantage of being placed at the con-

\* "I enter'd where a key unlocks a kingdom :  
The mountains closing, and the road, the river  
Filling the narrow space." — *Rogers*.

The bridge of St. Maurice which spans the rapid Rhone, "that there comes down a torrent from the Alps," with one bold beautiful arch seventy feet wide, of ancient architecture, leans for support on the bases of the majestic Dent de Midi and Dent de Morcle, varying in altitude from eight to ten thousand feet. It unites the smiling scenery — industrious neatness and proverbial wealth of the canton Vaud, with the terrific sublimity, squalid poverty, *goûtres*, and *cretins* of the Valais; and is now, as in former days, defended by its barred gate often won and lost by contending foes — no longer, alas! Saracens and Hungarians, but brothers.

fluence of all vagabond nations — the common bridge generally selected by those who went and returned from Italy, Gaul, and Spain, independent of the Saracens, who had so many years occupied the chain of the Pennine Alps; and Bertha determined to confer on her new edifice the honour of sheltering the royal dust of a house that promised to be so glorious if the world lasted. In pursuance of this idea, the monastery of Payerne became one of the most magnificent and richly endowed cloisteral institutions in the Transjurane, not indeed equal to that of St. Maurice, on which Sigismond, king of Burgundy, had bestowed nearly half the royal domains, besides incalculable gifts arising from other great princes, Charlemagne included, but still worthy of “the Queen its nursing mother;” and the abbatial church bore ample testimony to the improvement of her architectural taste by her recent residence in the classic land of Italy. It was constructed in the round or Byzantine style, so frequently seen in the earliest churches of Lombardy and Genoa, and “is a monument of an age,” says an historian, “which we may be authorized to term barbarous only, when we can display edifices which shall equal it in beauty.”—

Bertha's last favourite foundation, commenced in 962, was so far finished that its charter of endowment was drawn up at Lausanne, on the 8th of April, 963,

and from thence expedited to the castle of Chavornay for the signature of Conrad.\*


The cautious policy and exactitude which marked her career are strikingly visible on this occasion. Two distinct charters, the first written by herself, and the other despatched to Conrad the year afterwards, left no doubt as to the authenticity of the act of donation, and still further to confirm the rights of her abbey, the second was drawn up in the office of the chancery at Lausanne. But these were not the sole distinctive signs of that great mind, looking behind and before — remembering the past — anticipating the future, which identifies Bertha with her charter. This most curious document, the authenticity of which is admitted — the original act still subsisting in the archives of Berne, is yet more interesting, by the irrefragable proof it bears of being (as declared) Bertha's *own composition* — one of those original effusions, precious to posterity as affording glimpses into the heart of the writer and the

\* Du 8 Avril, 963. La charte est expédiée de Lausanne.

In a bas relief subsisting some time ago at Neuchâtel, Bertha on her knees before the Virgin Mary was offering to her the model of a temple, whilst a bishop in pontifical habits stood by her side; and an inscription perpetuated the foundation of a convent, and its church where Neuchâtel now stands. It is believed to have been built during Conrad's minority, in gratitude for her safety in the little tower, when after a most courageous attempt to drive out a sudden torrent of Barbarians in 924, she was finally constrained to take refuge there.

times, which the prescribed labour of the secretary or narrative history of the biographer could not furnish. It is animated throughout with the *personal* emotions, and recollections, and fears of the royal author, expressed in the colloquial style of one, whose heart dictated each sentence, too intent on making her meaning clear to attend to the ornaments of oratory, and still displaying a deep knowledge of the sacred lore and worldly usages then in fashion. Latin, the sacred and legal language employed by all writers in the tenth century, was the one Bertha necessarily used, and there is a tradition that at the dedication of her monastery she herself read it before a vast multitude assembled from all parts of the Transjurance to witness so imposing a ceremony. It is, however, probable that some of her chaplains, or the royal almoner, who constantly accompanied her in public, gave an immediate translation into the Romande, the vernacular tongue of the people, without which its awful terrors must have been hidden from them. Assuming, therefore, the charter of Payerne to have emanated from the royal donor, it is, perhaps, the oldest unadulterated feminine composition in the whole world, and might have added one more to the many instances cited by an erudite divine, to satisfy James I.'s scruples as to the antiquity or propriety of crowned heads descending to the humble avocation of a scribe, — if indeed James, who had little gal-

lantry in his temperament, would have deemed a woman's precedent good authority. On one point, however, the pedantic monarch might not, perhaps, have found so much to disapprove as some of Bertha's later commentators; the strange enlistment into her service of all her miscellaneous, as well as sacred, learning, could not have wounded the refinement or good taste of the royal author of the *Basilicon Doron*. The wording of this extraordinary production is, in truth, well calculated to provoke discussion and misconception; — it is not, therefore, surprising that it has been the subject of some little pleasantry even on the part of those of her children, whose elegant pens have yet, with true filial piety, removed the accumulated dust of ages that, hanging on her beloved name, dulled its lustre, and reared a monumental memorial over her mouldering remains nine hundred years after the one which first shrouded them had perished, as playful sons and daughters arrived at maturity will sometimes, without a spark of malice, permit themselves to jest with the aged, but adored, mother, whose habits and manner of expression seem to them obsolete or ludicrous. And yet, making allowance for that fervidness of character which marked Bertha as energetic in every thing, her charter was in conformity with the spirit and usages of the times, and but stamps an epoch in the history of the human mind.





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Each glimpse through the long vista of ages shows Bertha to be one deeply sensitive and imaginative, whose ardent spirit, soaring above the things of that world which yet held chained her mortal frame, sought communion with her God by every channel through which she was told, or hoped it might be obtained. Hedwige was cast in a colder,

severer mould. From her youth a hard student, and the constant associate of learned men, she appears to have been less under the influence of the times than even Bertha, and consequently no great favourite with churchmen. The monkish Chronicler of St. Gall slyly slips in, when recounting "her pretended" visit to the relics of their patron saint, that "she was doubtless better acquainted with Eccard's Latin Epigrams than his theological writings." The loss of the costly stole evidently sat heavy at his heart; and had Hedwige's reputation depended solely on the annalists of that convent, or its rival, Reichnau, would have come down to the nineteenth century robed in less eulogistical garments than other writers have bestowed upon it. Such is human frailty, that the purest history is often tinged or embroidered by the hand of prejudice. The existence of the invisible power that sets in motion the marvellous machinery of the mind, with all the tiny springs and wheels which work unseen its complicated movements, is often unknown to the possessor; and the material manufactured in the loom of this mysterious enigma wears quite a different colour in the eyes of the warm native artificer, from that which it wears in those of the cool unimpassioned beholder. Hedwige, deeming her lessons already amply remunerated by previous donations, offended at Eccard's uncereemonious exit from her palace before the stipulated period had expired, and yet more with the


Abbot's espousal of the fugitive's cause by positively refusing to compel him to the fulfilment of the term, thought she had a right to repossess herself of her highly prized handiwork. Aware that all reclamation would be vain, (for where the sacred goods of the convent were in question, the meek Burcard, unselfish in all other things, grew a lion,) she resorted to stratagem, a mode not possibly repugnant to her nature, though, perhaps, unsuspected by herself, and the stole thus returned somewhat surreptitiously again into her own possession, without her strictly challenging the justice of this settlement of the point at issue. The monks, on the contrary, smarting under the loss, made no allowance for the extenuating circumstances that warped the Duchess's usually clear judgment, — they kept doggedly to the naked facts that it had been fairly given, and was unfairly resumed. In Hedwige's opinion they were unjust, — in theirs she was a grievous delinquent; and the story of the stolen stole is not only duly worked into her history, but sundry dark shades dexterously added to dim a little the gaudy colours of her other panegyrists. The unbiassed will all agree that the Duchess of Swabia, blinded by the false reasonings of self-love, forgot her natural dignity to gratify a foolish resentment; but will still accord her the rare merit due to a long life distinguished for the most munificent patronage of letters, — scrupulous purity,

boundless charity, and such a constant consistent course of impartiality in the government of the country, "that, if," says an old writer, "her severity made iniquity and the oppressor tremble, her active goodness caused her to be blessed by the feeble and unfortunate;" and thus like Deborah, the lawgiver of Israel, the children of Helvetia came up to her for judgment from all parts of her wide domain.

St. Maurice had hitherto been the sepulchre of the Transjurane dynasty, and was once a considerable governmental station, but its exposed position, truly and beautifully painted by a living poet, then rendered it scarcely tenable.\* The Transjurane had indeed, the disadvantage of being placed at the con-

\* - I enter'd where a key unlocks a kingdom :  
The mountains closing, and the road, the river  
Filling the narrow space." — *Rogers*.

The bridge of St. Maurice which spans the rapid Rhone, "that there comes down a torrent from the Alps," with one bold beautiful arch seventy feet wide, of ancient architecture, leans for support on the bases of the majestic Dent de Midi and Dent de Morcle, varying in altitude from eight to ten thousand feet. It unites the smiling scenery — industrious neatness and proverbial wealth of the canton Vaud, with the terrific sublimity, squalid poverty, *goîtres*, and *cretins* of the Valais; and is now, as in former days, defended by its barred gate often won and lost by contending foes — no longer, alas! Saracens and Hungarians, but brothers.



fluence of all vagabond nations — the common bridge generally selected by those who went and returned from Italy, Gaul, and Spain, independent of the Saracens, who had so many years occupied the chain of the Pennine Alps; and Bertha determined to confer on her new edifice the honour of sheltering the royal dust of a house that promised to be so glorious if the world lasted. In pursuance of this idea, the monastery of Payerne became one of the most magnificent and richly endowed cloisteral institutions in the Transjurance, not indeed equal to that of St. Maurice, on which Sigismond, king of Burgundy, had bestowed nearly half the royal domains, besides incalculable gifts arising from other great princes, Charlemagne included, but still worthy of “the Queen its nursing mother;” and the abbatial church bore ample testimony to the improvement of her architectural taste by her recent residence in the classic land of Italy. It was constructed in the round or Byzantine style, so frequently seen in the earliest churches of Lombardy and Genoa, and “is a monument of an age,” says an historian, “which we may be authorized to term barbarous only, when we can display edifices which shall equal it in beauty.” —

Bertha's last favourite foundation, commenced in 962, was so far finished that its charter of endowment was drawn up at Lausanne, on the 8th of April, 963,

and from thence expedited to the castle of Chavornay for the signature of Conrad.\*

The cautious policy and exactitude which marked her career are strikingly visible on this occasion. Two distinct charters, the first written by herself, and the other despatched to Conrad the year afterwards, left no doubt as to the authenticity of the act of donation, and still further to confirm the rights of her abbey, the second was drawn up in the office of the chancery at Lausanne. But these were not the sole distinctive signs of that great mind, looking behind and before — remembering the past — anticipating the future, which identifies Bertha with her charter. This most curious document, the authenticity of which is admitted — the original act still subsisting in the archives of Berne, is yet more interesting, by the irrefragable proof it bears of being (as declared) Bertha's *own composition* — one of those original effusions, precious to posterity as affording glimpses into the heart of the writer and the


\* Du 8 Avril, 963. La charte est expédiée de Lausanne.

In a bas relief subsisting some time ago at Neuchâtel, Bertha on her knees before the Virgin Mary was offering to her the model of a temple, whilst a bishop in pontifical habits stood by her side; and an inscription perpetuated the foundation of a convent, and its church where Neuchâtel now stands. It is believed to have been built during Conrad's minority, in gratitude for her safety in the little tower, when after a most courageous attempt to drive out a sudden torrent of Barbarians in 924, she was finally constrained to take refuge there.



times, which the prescribed labour of the secretary or narrative history of the biographer could not furnish. It is animated throughout with the *personal* emotions, and recollections, and fears of the royal author, expressed in the colloquial style of one, whose heart dictated each sentence, too intent on making her meaning clear to attend to the ornaments of oratory, and still displaying a deep knowledge of the sacred lore and worldly usages then in fashion. Latin, the sacred and legal language employed by all writers in the tenth century, was the one Bertha necessarily used, and there is a tradition that at the dedication of her monastery she herself read it before a vast multitude assembled from all parts of the Transjurane to witness so imposing a ceremony. It is, however, probable that some of her chaplains, or the royal almoner, who constantly accompanied her in public, gave an immediate translation into the *Romande*, the vernacular tongue of the people, without which its awful terrors must have been hidden from them. Assuming, therefore, the charter of Payerne to have emanated from the royal donor, it is, perhaps, the oldest unadulterated feminine composition in the whole world, and might have added one more to the many instances cited by an erudite divine, to satisfy James I.'s scruples as to the antiquity or propriety of crowned heads descending to the humble avocation of a scribe, — if indeed James, who had little gal-

lantry in his temperament, would have deemed a woman's precedent good authority. On one point, however, the pedantic monarch might not, perhaps, have found so much to disapprove as some of Bertha's later commentators; the strange enlistment into her service of all her miscellaneous, as well as sacred, learning, could not have wounded the refinement or good taste of the royal author of the *Basilicon Doron*. The wording of this extraordinary production is, in truth, well calculated to provoke discussion and misconception; — it is not, therefore, surprising that it has been the subject of some little pleasantry even on the part of those of her children, whose elegant pens have yet, with true filial piety, removed the accumulated dust of ages that, hanging on her beloved name, dulled its lustre, and reared a monumental memorial over her mouldering remains nine hundred years after the one which first shrouded them had perished, as playful sons and daughters arrived at maturity will sometimes, without a spark of malice, permit themselves to jest with the aged, but adored, mother, whose habits and manner of expression seem to them obsolete or ludicrous. And yet, making allowance for that fervidness of character which marked Bertha as energetic in every thing, her charter was in conformity with the spirit and usages of the times, and but stamps an epoch in the history of the human mind.



“In the name of the holy and undivided Trinity, — Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, — Amen. As an atonement for my sins, and for the salvation of my soul,” &c. &c., was the general exordium, to which, at this awful period, was often subjoined, “the end of the world being approaching.” The commencement, therefore, of this relic of antiquity is not the least singular portion of the strange totality, for in its ambiguous phraseology the enlightened spirit of her, who made the scriptures “a daily study,” breaks through the Cimmerian darkness that environed her, — the doubt of salvation to be purchased at the price of money. — After the customary preamble, Bertha’s secret misgiving of her own power of making her “calling and election sure” by founding a monastery, is conveyed in the following cautious expressions: —

“*As it appears* that the riches of man *may contribute* to the redemption of his soul, I Bertha, queen by the grace of God, make known to all living in the unity of Christ, that with the consent of my son the most glorious king Conrad, I give of my substance *for the love of God* to St. Peter, to St. John, and to St. Maurice, as well as to all the saints abiding in a place named Payerne — I give to them the town of Payerne, with all its serfs, the fields, the meadows, the forests, the waters, the running streams, mills, rights of going and coming, lands, cultivated and waste — a church at Chiètres, another

at Pully, and a third at Pibersin.\* I give these things for the love of God, and for the love of my lord Rudolph, of my sons, of Otho the very-glorious king, of my daughter Adelaide, and finally for myself, and for the salvation of the souls of all those who shall hereafter endow this temple of the Lord. I *make this donation*, that the pious brothers may be enabled to seek, with ardent souls, *celestial communion*, and *exercise charity* towards the *poor, strangers, and travellers*. The monks shall elect their own abbot, and their own advocate. It has pleased us also to decree by this solemn testament, that from this day the friars who may there unite themselves shall neither be subject to our dominion, nor to that of our family, nor to any terrestrial yoke of authority whatever. I adjure them by, and in the name of

\* Puis elle écrivit l'Acte de fondation qui se lit dans nos archives, et que nous connaissons sous le nom de Testament de la reine Berthe.

“Comme il paraît (dit-elle) que les richesses de l'homme peuvent servir au rachat de son âme, moi, Berthe, reine par la grâce de Dieu, je donne à connaître à tous ceux qui vivent dans l'unité de Christ, que, pour l'amour de Dieu, je donne de mes biens à St. Pierre, à St. Jean, à St. Maurice, ainsi qu'à tous les Saints qui demeurent dans un lieu nommé Payerne; et cela du consentement de mon fils, le très-glorieux roi Conrad. Je leur donne le bourg de Payerne avec tous ses serfs, les champs, les prés, les forêts, eaux, courans d'eaux, moulins, entrées et sorties, terres cultivées et en friche; une église à Chiètres, une à Pully, une troisième à Pibersin,” &c. &c.

God — by all the saints, and by the awful day of the last judgment, every secular prince, every count, every bishop, and *even the sovereign pontiff* on the throne of Rome already named, to *beware* of invading, dividing, diminishing, subtracting, changing, or alienating the possessions of these servants of God, or *obliging any other to do so*, and not to attempt to establish over them any superior contrary to their will. And that such crimes may be still more impossible to any rich or wicked man, I conjure you, Peter and Paul, holy apostles, and glorious princes upon earth, and thou pontiff of pontiffs, occupying the seat of the apostles, that by the apostolic and canonical authority you have received from the Lord, you will declare deprived of communion with the holy church, and lost to everlasting life, all those who shall by robbery, or invasion, or craft, seize on the property which I give expressly, and with hearty good will to the holy Virgin Mary, and to the saints before named ; and that you prove the protector and defender of the servants of God, who shall abide in the said town of Payerne, and of all their possessions, for the sake of the charity, mercy, and goodness of our blessed Saviour. If by chance (which God forbid, and I hope from Divine goodness, and the protection of the apostles, will never happen), any either amongst our neighbours, or strangers, of whatever condition or authority, using subtlety against

this my testament, shall attempt to infringe or encroach upon what I have thus sanctified for the love of Almighty God, and through veneration for the holy Mary, mother of the Lord, and the saints before named, may he draw upon himself first the wrath of Almighty God — may God take away from him his portion in the land of the living — may his lot be with those who have said to the Lord God, Depart from us — with Korah, Dathan, and Abiram, that the earth swallowed up in an abyss opened to engulf them alive, and may he be damned for ever: — may he become the companion of Judas, who betrayed his Lord, and be devoured by eternal torments. And that even in this present life he may not appear to remain unpunished in the eyes of men, may he experience a foretaste in his own body of the sufferings of future damnation, enduring a double chastisement with Heliodorus\* and Antio-

\* Heliodorus, a courtier of Seleucus Philopator, King of Syria, was commanded by that prince to go to Jerusalem to bring away the treasures belonging to the Temple. On his arrival the high priest Onias remonstrated with him, and pointed out that these sums were destined to the relief of widows and orphans. Regardless, however, of this sacred appropriation, Heliodorus came with his guards to the door of the treasury chamber determined to force it open; but, at the instant he gave the sacrilegious order, he was miraculously struck by two angels with sticks, driven from the Temple, and left for dead. Then some of his friends went weeping to

thus, of whom the one beaten by angels with many cruel stripes escaped only half dead, and the other struck by a superior power perished miserably, eaten by worms and rotten in all his members. May the like be awarded to him as to other sacrilegious wretches who dare to touch the treasures of the house of God, and that he may have (if he return not to amendment of life) the chief of all ecclesiastical monarchy, as well as St. Paul and St. Peter, for adversaries! and may they close to him the holy entrance to Paradise, instead of having them, as they

the high priest to supplicate his interest with the Almighty in favour of the wretched man; and whilst Onias was in prayer, behold! the two angels presented themselves to Heliodorus, and said, 'Return thanks to the high priest Onias, — it is in answer to his intercessions, and for his sake, the Lord has granted you life. Having now been chastised by the Almighty, go and tell to all the world His wonders and goodness.' Then they disappeared, and Heliodorus, rising from the ground, offered his vows and thanksgivings to God, — presented some valuable gifts to the high priest, in acknowledgment of his gratitude, and departed to announce to the king and every living creature the wonderful works of the Almighty which he had witnessed with his own eyes. This passed 176 years before Christ."—*Dictionnaire Historique, par Monsieur l'Abbé Ladvocat.*

"Antiochus Epiphanes usurped the throne of Syria. He deposed the high priest Onias, besieged and took Jerusalem 170 years before Christ. He profaned the Temple, sacrificed to Jupiter, and carried away the sacred vessels. Finally defeated by Judas Maccabeus he was obliged to return to Babylon, where he was struck with a horrible disease, and died of despair."—*Abbé Ladvocat.*

would otherwise have been but for his wickedness, pious intercessors for him with God !” \*

After having thus strengthened her work by this remarkable collection of terrific maledictions, she evinced her innate sagacity, and her deep knowledge of human nature, by imposing the heavy penalty of one hundred livres of gold on those transgressors against her will who might not be terrified by her curses ; and limiting the sum of two sols (not one penny of our current money) *a year*, as the pecuniary obligation owing, or at least usual, from every monastery to the court of Rome. This sum bore then a far different value, but it must ever have been a mere trifle, expressly affixed by long-sighted policy to ward off the possibility of any future extortionate demand, and that claim to the nomination of abbot which so frequently ended in bloody quarrels between the head of the papal church and its dependents. Having by these precautions endeavoured to provide for every contingency, Bertha expresses her anxious wish that any opposition to her testament may prove abortive, and that both in spirit and letter it will remain inviolate for ever. Her seal and signature with the words “ Here are the seal and signature of Bertha, lady, and queen, &c., &c., &c.,”

\* Ce document se trouve dans le Conservateur Suisse, iii. ; dans Bouquet, ix. 667. ; et dans Guichenon (Sebusian), page 1.



the names of her sons, and many members of the royal family follow; and the whole closes by the testimony of the secretary, thus couched — “ I Sunfhard have written this charter, instead of the chancellor Ponchon: given Tuesday, the Kalends of April, in the twenty-fourth year of Conrad. Made in the city of Lausone: ” “ *Moi Sunfhard, j’ai écrit cette chartre, &c., &c., &c. Fait dans la cité de Lausone.* ” \* The seal appended to the charter bears her legend, *Bertha humilis Regina*, (Humble queen Bertha,) and represents her spinning with a distaff.

Those in whose eyes Bertha has hitherto appeared a ministring angel will have perused with amazement the fearful denunciations contained in this last authentic record of her earthly course, so foreign to the spirit which guided her preceding years, and the tenor of her whole life. It is consequently a simple act of justice to the memory of so good a woman, to remind the reader that imprecations were not peculiar to her taste: for their employment she had the precedent of universal

\* La chartre est signée par Berthe, Dame et Reine, par plusieurs Princes de la maison royale, etc.; et le sceau qui y est attaché porte pour légende: *Bertha humilis Regina*, et représente cette princesse filant au fuseau; car, elle donnait l'exemple du travail et aimait à le récompenser; et jusqu'à nos jours, il est resté dans la *Suisse Romande* le souvenir proverbial de bon temps où *Berthe* filoit. L'authenticité de cette chartre est reconnue, et l'acte original subsiste encore dans les archives de Berne.

custom; they were legitimatised by the usages of society, and consecrated by erring piety. It would have been gratifying to modern feelings and ideas, if Bertha had abstained from the use of this mighty engine of fear; but so complete an emancipation from prevalent prejudices could not reasonably be expected even from her. She was a moral phenomenon, but superstition sometimes holds at intervals its mastery over the strongest intellect; and the permanent grandeur of her character is not tarnished by this transient cloud; although the strangely frightful images of present and future suffering, culled from her intimate acquaintance with scriptural and traditional history, to give force to her intense desire to preserve intact all that she had so munificently bestowed, has produced a charter "richer," says an old writer, "in maledictions (it must be owned) than was common at the period." Nevertheless two charters, dating from the years 878 and 879, contain the horrible wish, though differently expressed, "that whoever should read them with malevolent dispositions, or evil intentions, might be struck with blindness\*,—a far greater punishment for a small offence. The charter, which emanated from the counts of Gruyères at the foundation of the priory of Rougemont, in the

\* Une chartre de 879, dans Herrgott, renferme le vœu qui celui la lira dans des dispositions malveillantes soit frappé de cécité.

Romande, anathematizes all who shall withdraw any thing from the aforesaid donations, even to the value of four sols, or who may disturb these servants of God in that place, *unless* they repent and give satisfaction.\* The paternal, benevolent spirit, by which that noble, generous race of pastoral princes was ever instinct, breathes in this Christian clause — “unless they shall repent;” and Bertha’s native goodness peeps, in like manner, out of the cumbrous clothing of superstitious policy, in the merciful reservation (*s’il ne revient à résipiscence*; “if he shall not amend his life”).

Bertha was in truth the child of glowing feelings, lively imagination, and reflective mind: nothing that might prove prejudicial to the establishment in which she took so deep an interest escaped her keen perception or memory. † She

\* The charter of the counts of Gruyères anathematizes “tous ceux qui soustrairoient quelque chose des susdites donations, même pour la valeur de 4 sols, ou qui inquiéteroient les serviteurs de Dieu en ce lieu-là, à moins qu’ils ne viennent à se repentir et à donner satisfaction.”

† “When Bertha wrote her charter, the reigning pontiff, John XII., was the grandson of Marozia, and also of her second husband, Hugh, king of Italy, by his illegitimate daughter, Alda, married to Alberic, marquis of Spoleto. He succeeded to his father’s rank and influence in Rome at eighteen, took priest’s orders, and mounted by his own power to the throne of St. Peter. He had bestowed the imperial crown on Otho the Great, but his monstrous vices at length induced the emperor to depose him in a council held in his

wrote not merely for Saracens or Hungarians, undisciplined armies, or petty domestic freebooters: she lived in half lawless times when the right of the strongest proved often the best. The nobles of the earth were frequently little noble but in title. She had been twice chased away from her throne in the Transjurane by barbarian hosts into her little tower of refuge on the lake of Neuchâtel, and twice driven from the throne of Italy by the machinations and violence of turbulent, ambitious, rebellious princes.

presence in 963, after writing to him a letter of admonition which paints in lively colours the reputation of this papal descendant (rare genealogy) of Theodora, Marozia, Hugh, and Alberic. — 'You are accused of drinking the health of the Devil, as the friend and patron of the church by the fears he inspires: of bestowing the government of towns on your numerous mistresses, and of giving them, as mere ornaments of jewellery, the sacred crosses and chalices belonging to the church, &c., &c.' After the emperor's departure John returned in triumph to Rome, and signalised his cruelty, as well as depravity of nature, by tearing out the tongues, and cutting off the noses and fingers of the principal instigators of his deposition. He was assassinated the year afterwards by a nobleman whose wife he had seduced, and was succeeded by Leo VIII., and Benet V., both of whom, branded with the stigma of anti-pope by their respective opponents, made way in two years for John XIII. He owed his election to the authority of the emperor, which rendered him unpopular with the Roman nobility, and he was in turn driven from Rome in Bertha's lifetime. With such a near insight into the affairs of Rome, her fears of spoliation, her little confidence in the head of the church may well be accounted for." — *M. l'Abbé Ladvocat.*

Her marriage with Hugh made her but too well acquainted with the papal court, and threw unwelcome light upon the moral nakedness of the splendid pageant there enacted. The step-grandmother of Pope John XII. had been behind the scenes at Rome; and the genuineness of this document is strikingly attested by the minuteness of its deprecatory details. None but Bertha herself could have guarded against the lands of the abbey being either *changed, divided, diminished, or alienated*, — none but Bertha have nullified all papal pretensions by a *legal* legacy of two sols a year, — none but Bertha herself, penetrating with the keen eye of profound thought and apprehensive fear into the many secret folds of man's treacherous heart, anticipated and guarded against the clerkly casuistry which might hope to elude the requisitions of her diploma, by employing subordinates to do that which was not effected in person. The country was then quiet, but she who had so many times journeyed over its unprotected passes, and was acquainted with all its internal weaknesses, its formidable adversaries, knew not how long Conrad's subjects might each yet sit under his fig tree, and eat the labour of his hands; and she wished to protect the institution, through whatever trials it might be destined to encounter, by the highest of all authority, — analogies drawn from sources no one could dispute. It was her object that

the goods of her convent should be considered as sacred things, like the ark and the shewbread of the Israelites, to be touched by no profane hand, nor eaten but by those for whom it was appointed. Influenced by these feelings she appears to have thought it impossible to throw too many barriers, erect too many safeguards, around the holy sacrifice she had set apart for the use of the Levites of her temple at Payerne. Most assiduously had she searched, and most thoughtfully had she weighed all that might injure or defend them; and that this creation of her old age might outlive any sinister attack from foes foreign or indigenous, she hedged it in with all the examples of sacred vengeance her reading supplied, that the awful terrors of the next world, added to the penalties of this, might render it invulnerable, without her kind heart uniting in a single wish thus registered. There is, however, in the total omission of the name of her second husband Hugh, king of Italy that which has exposed her to the half-sportive half-caustic reflection of having forgotten what she owed to him. "The good queen did not consider it one of her duties to pray for his soul:!"—"Bertha in

\* "Veuve de son premier mari, Berthe donna sa main à Hugues, roi d'Italie; mais il paroît qu'elle ne mettoit pas au nombre de ses devoirs de prier pour l'âme de ce second epoux, dont les fréquentes infidélités avoient rempli sa vie d'amertume, puisqu'elle n'en fait ici nulle mention."—"Berthe ne

this endowment overlooked her second husband, king Hugh, because his dissoluteness had rendered him more than once unfaithful:—"Hugh, king of Italy, had no share in her prayers:"—these are observations detracting in some slight degree from the magnanimity of her real nature, and if Bertha had deliberately refused, whatever benefit she believed might accrue to his guilty soul by abstaining from all mention of him, she would have deserved yet severer animadversion; but Bertha's character, like that of every genuine Christian, progressively improving as she ripened for heaven, is unsullied by this single reproach. The foundation of the monastery of St. Peter at Vienne by Hugh himself, two years before his death, expressly for the repose of his own soul and that of his son Lothaire, is at once a reason and apology for this ominous silence. So many centuries have elapsed since the two kingdoms of Provence and Little Burgundy were separated, that this fact may well have escaped the memory of Bertha's Swiss historians, or perhaps never been known to them. It belongs, indeed, rather to the annals of Provence, from whence it was derived.\*

songea point au roi Hugues, qu'elle avoit épousé en secondes nocés, parceque le goût des voluptés lui avoit fait commettre plus d'un adultère."—"Hugues, roi d'Italie, son second époux, n'eût point de part à ses vœux."

\* "Hugues, après avoir chassé Bérenger, parvint à se faire reconnoître de nouveau roi d'Italie; mais étant bientôt tombé

The unions that Bertha and Adelaide had contracted with Hugh and Lothaire could have left no pleasing reminiscences in their hearts, and were doubly dissolved by the death of both: the subsequent marriage of Adelaide might render her unwilling to perpetuate her miserable reign and Lothaire's frightful death in a charter uniting their names once more; for Hugh could scarcely have appeared in the family circle without his son, and as the eternal happiness of the two kings was already amply provided for, in the opinion of the church, by the erection of a magnificent monastery in their native land with the same design, no sense of necessity or even propriety would require the restamping of so painful a page in the history of either the mother or daughter in the annals of Helvetia. But other reasons of a political rather than a private nature probably led to this seeming dereliction of duty in the widowed queen. A traditional remembrance that Bertha entertained with royal hospitality the Em-

malade, il fut obligé de retourner à Vienne, où il mourut dans le monastère de St. Pierre qu'il avoit fondé: Berthe, son épouse, fut héritière de tous ses états par son testament, avec substitution en faveur de Conrad, fils de Rodolphe II., roi de Bourgogne, et de Berthe. Par sa mort la Provence sortit de la maison des princes issus de Lothaire, fils de Louis le Débonnaire, empereur et roi de France, et entra dans celle des nouveaux rois de la maison de Bourgogne Transjurane." — *Abrégé Chronologique de l'Histoire d'Arles, par Monsieur de Noble Lalanziere.*



peror Otho and her daughter at Payerne is confirmed by the chronicle of St. Maurice, which has recorded the royal visit of that emperor and his party to honour the relics of the Theban legion in 962.\* The emperor was then on his return from Rome, where he had with Adelaide received the iron crown of Lombardy, once more vacant by the final expulsion of Berenger II. and his son Adalbert. The profound, unworn attachment of the Italians for Adelaide, even more than the emperor's merits, is believed to have united all suffrages on this great national question. Yet Otho is accused of wishing to wear the crown rather as the reward of conquest than the award of a free people, or at least of being indebted for it to his own wise policy and power, not to Adelaide's virtues. The right of election, perpetuated by the assumption that affection for the widow of Lothaire influenced the decision of the Italians, the long-sighted emperor was desirous should merge in the safer opinion that he had been irrevocably called to a vacant, but henceforth hereditary throne, from a sense of his own fitness. If such were the sentiments of the emperor he would naturally be averse from any future recognition of Adelaide as the former wife of Lothaire; and when it is remembered that Bertha

\* "L'empereur Othon vint en 962 honorer les martyrs Thébéens, &c. &c, St. Maurice et sa célèbre Abbaye." — *Eugène Duffoug-Favre*.

commenced her convent in 962, the *very year* in which she received the imperial couple as her guests, it may be presumed that her son-in-law's opinion had been consulted and abided by on this point.

As the love of the Lombards for Adelaide resembled that which the nation evinced some centuries earlier towards Theodolinde, it will not perhaps be deemed irrelevant to give a slight sketch of this celebrated princess, the predecessor of Bertha, and who probably by her illustrious example shadowed out, or at least confirmed, her young resolves to benefit mankind. Theodolinde, like Bertha, was a German, daughter of Garibold king of Bavaria, and her memory is little less cherished in Lombardy than that of her successor in Switzerland. She is said to have been extremely beautiful, and possessed a capacity for wise and generous government. She had refused many royal alliances, when Autharis, the young and spirited sovereign of Lombardy, prepossessed in her favour by public fame and the report of some wandering minstrels, sent an embassy to her father's court with proposals for a union; but the cautious monarch, unwilling to be deceived on so important a point, accompanied the bearers of his overture; and habited in the simple costume of a man of rank attached to the mission, was admitted into the presence of the king. Autharis had previously been disappointed by the failure

of a negotiation for a Merovingian princess, and he was now determined that no impediments should arise from the mistakes of diplomatists, or the delays of office. At the public audience granted to the Lombard embassy, he abandoned so far the privacy of his position as to announce that he was the friend of Autharis, and by him intrusted with the delicate commission of giving a special representation of the manners and person of the intended bride. As the accredited minister of Autharis did not refute this bold statement, the princess was summoned to undergo the painful ordeal; and, her beauty heightened by her confusion, she appeared before this important member of the suite, whose opinion was to decide her fate.

Enchanted by her charms, after a pause of ecstasy, Autharis stepped forward, and hailed her queen of Italy. He then humbly requested that, in pursuance of the ancient custom of the nation, she would present a cup of wine to the first of her new subjects. At the command of her father she obeyed: he received it on his knees, but in restoring the jewelled pledge to the princess, he secretly contrived to touch her hand, and then drew his finger over his lips. Theodolinde, although much struck and pleased by the gallant bearing of the handsome stranger, still with German *hauteur* considered this familiarity indiscreet, if not disrespectful, and in the evening

imparted these sentiments to her nurse (that ever important personage in noble German or Italian households), from whom she received the consolatory and agreeable assurance that such presumption and audacity could only emanate from the king himself. Without confirming this sagacious prediction by an open declaration of his royal rank, Autharis departed with his ambassador, accompanied by several Bavarian nobles, who were to return with the king of Italy's formal recognition of the princess as his wife; and he preserved his incognito till they reached the confines of Italy, when, delightedly raising himself on his charger, he darted his battle-axe against a tree with incomparable strength and dexterity, exclaiming to the astonished Bavarians, "Such are the strokes of the king of the Lombards." The necessary preliminaries for the union were incomplete when the sudden approach of a French army drove Garibaldi from his throne: he fled with his daughter to the court of his ally, and the marriage was celebrated at Verona, 588.

Autharis, a boy at the time of his father's death, had been elected, on obtaining his majority, by the free suffrages of the nation, weary of a ducal aristocracy of thirty tyrants during his minority. He was a prince of great promise, and his death, after a year of uninterrupted happiness with Theodolinde, was deplored as a national calamity. The virtues of his widow

had, however, endeared her to his people; and she was permitted to bestow with her hand the sceptre of the Italian kingdom on the duke of Turin.\* Agelulph proved worthy of her choice; and for a long period the annals of the Lombard monarchs bear favourable testimony to their ability and uprightness. Theodolinde was the friend of Pope Gregory the Great; and, by her wisely-exerted influence over Agelulph, prevented some ambitious designs on Rome, in which city the Lombard kings were always anxious to acquire more power than they possessed by the nominal title king of Italy; and to the pontiff's gratitude are to be ascribed the most esteemed objects of the saintly *reliquaire* or *Tesora*, at Monza, his authenticated gifts to her. The iron crown, so called from a thin plate of iron which lines the golden diadem, is held in profound reverence from the tradition that the iron was hammered out of two nails employed at the crucifixion. They are said to have been collected by the Empress Helen at Jerusalem, and sent as a present to her son Constantine, from whom (through the mediation of the Pope) they reached Theodolinde in the form of

\* "Gannone has justly censured the impertinence of Boccaccio, who without right, or truth, or pretence, has given the pious queen Theodolinda to the arms of a muleteer." — *Gibbon*, vol. v. page 321. *Edition of H. H. Milman.*

this very crown.\* Rudolph and Hugh, the husbands of Bertha, were alike ambitious of wearing this

\* Many singular articles of personal use once belonging to this excellent queen are to be seen at Monza, about ten miles from Milan; now reached in twenty minutes by a delightful railroad. Her comb of gold filagree, and fan of painted leather, her book of Hours or Prayers, the binding of silver-gilt, and her crown of pure gold, all richly set with unpolished but costly gems, are interesting and instructive memorials of a very distant epoch. And better protected after death than Bertha, her rude huge sarcophagus of thick stone still rests unpolluted by the hands of sacrilegious invaders, in the cathedral church she founded, under a fine old gothic baldachin. Little of the original building remains; but a chapel covered with fresco paintings, executed about 1400, testifies the respect of the Italians for this early patroness. They represent the principal events of her life, and there is a striking resemblance in her features, probably painted from tradition or some ancient portrait long lost, to those of Bertha, as described by Müller. Both indeed were Germans, and the fair red and white, blond tresses and national physiognomy of the two lovely queens may be a key to the fancied similarity. A silver tray, with a hen and chickens pecking with all the industry of their tribe, elaborately and beautifully wrought, their eyes of rubies, is believed to have been a sort of ornamental *plateau* for the royal table, symbolical of the seven provinces of the ancient Lombard kingdom, and speaks much for the refinement of Italy in the sixth century. Theodolinde's cross, given her by Pope Gregory on the baptism of her eldest child, containing a portion of the true cross, is now worn by the archpriest or chief ecclesiastic of the cathedral on high days and holidays, and was with many other valuables given or bequeathed by her to the cathedral. With what interest must Bertha have contemplated these relics of her predecessor and compatriot! A very singular and well-executed *basso-rilievo*

insignia of the Lombard kingdom; and till 1254, with two exceptions of brief duration, the brows of her descendants were encircled by its sacred glory.

Amply as Bertha had endowed the favoured monastery of Payerne in her original charter, her increasing attachment soon afterwards induced her to add many fresh and most valuable gifts: the royal vineyards at La Vaux and Vully, celebrated for the quality of the wine produced from them, even now; the tithes, forest, and canal, which joined the lakes of Morat and Neuchâtel: the rich farm at Grandcour, comprising the ground on which Berthold of Zœringen afterwards built Friburg, with the important rights of holding a fair, and coining money. Payerne, in consequence of these extraordinary privileges, soon became a very important town, and was occasionally the seat of Conrad's government, as it had been, when far more insignificant, of his grandfather's, the first Rudolph. Majolus, abbot of Clugny, was the first abbot; he came from his own monastery to establish the discipline of this new addition to his order; and during the life of Bertha

in high preservation, of white marble, in the chapel of San Stefano, is believed to represent the coronation of one of the early emperors descended from Bertha, as it is proved, from the historical internal evidence of its details, to have taken place before 1290: tradition says Otho III.

she had the happiness of seeing everything prosper under his auspices.

The blessing of Heaven rested on the pious labours of the first Benedictines and their successors; but when the boundless liberality of such patrons as Bertha began to create around them a little temporal kingdom, the severe code of rules drawn up at Mount Cassin gradually relaxed in practice; and the meek, humble, self-denying, industrious monk was transformed into the proud, lazy, luxurious priest. Not a single celebrated writer proceeded from the abbeys of Payerne, of Neuchâtel, of Romaine-môtier, or of St. Maurice; and the numerous monasteries of Burgundy contributed so little to the progress of letters, that it became sufficient to say of a man, he was "a Burgundian," to mark him as destitute of learning. Berenger of Tours could never persuade himself, that "a ray of mind ever irradiated, even at intervals, its Egyptian darkness;" as Nathaniel would not believe "any good thing could come out of Nazareth." "Had the monks of Payerne," says a modern historian, "proved faithful to their vocation — had they been the advocates of the oppressed, and consecrated their leisure hours to literature and prayer—the abbey might still have been standing a blessing to our populations; but the monasteries of the Swiss Romande, having acquired



more renown for the appetites of the friars than their learning, were one by one mown down by the scythe of Time.”\* Bertha, however, was happily ignorant of this deterioration in the members of her community ; nor did it wholly neutralise her benevolent intentions. For many, many years, the abbey shed a beneficent influence over the adjacent country, the artisan found employment, and the needy were relieved. Thus Bertha’s object was, in part, accomplished ; and, six centuries later, when Berne, (a name in her days not still pronounced,) by the right of conquest, came into the possession of the monastery, her original designs were more fully carried out in their spirit, if not letter, than they could have been, circumscribed within the narrow boundaries of a monastic institution ; for, although the building was secularised, the senate, with praiseworthy regard to the intention of so distinguished a queen, made it a duty to apply a portion, at least, of the existing revenues to the formation of a stipen-

\* “Three religious orders, scions from the Benedictine stock planted on Mount Cassin by St. Benet in the sixth century, those of Clugny, the Carthusians, and Cistercians, all propagated classical learning, copying and illuminating MSS. ; but in rugged, wild, half-cultivated districts they employed the yet more useful arts of agriculture to scatter the germs of civilisation. Béranger de Tours ne put jamais se persuader qu’une lueur d’esprit brillât par fois dans cette Bétie moderne.” —*Lanfranc*.

diary clergy and charitable purposes. Strangely changed in form and manner was this appropriation! but the republic had embraced the doctrine of the reformers; the voice of Faral had resounded from the pulpits of Berne and Geneva, and the government felt no dread of incurring any of the multifarious maledictions, so liberally bestowed on any who should rashly deviate "one jot or tittle" from her fearful charter of denunciations.

The precise period when Bertha ceased from her labours, and entered into the land of her rest, has not, from the loss of chronicles or the negligence of chroniclers, reached posterity; but she is believed to have been interred about the year 970 or 971, in the royal abbey of Payerne, by the side of Rudolph, whose remains she had, with affectionate solicitude and pious pomp, removed from St. Maurice as soon as her church was finished; and if this date is correct, she escaped the anguish she would have experienced, had she survived till 972, when a fresh army of Saracens, suddenly entering the Transjurane, advanced upon Payerne; and after committing many ravages in the vicinity, burst open the abbey, plundered it of all that the friars had been unable to hide, and then (disappointed, perhaps, at the small amount of their booty), seized on the sacred person of the abbot Majolus himself, and carried him off to Osières, in the mountains, a small town within a few hours' distance

of the convent of St. Bernard, where, despite of the holy exorcisms of St. Bernard de Menton some years before, they had still a stronghold. Here, heedless of his sanctity and poor Bertha's imprecations, they kept him in sore imprisonment till the monks had despatched a deputation, who brought out of the already pillaged convent treasury one thousand pounds weight of silver, and twelve ounces of gold, which being duly counted over, they released the terrified captive, and suffered him to depart in peace with the welcome bearers of his timely ransom. This was their last appearance in the Transjurane, in consequence of a signal defeat experienced the ensuing year, at Arles.\* Happy, indeed, was it for the Transjurane, that they were thus conquered in the sister kingdom, for Conrad the Peaceful, gradually sinking into indolence, luxury, and licentiousness, made rapid downward strides from honourable renown to sad contempt, after the eye of Bertha was no longer upon him to observe his ways and reprove them. He survived her twenty or twenty-one years, having reigned for the long period of fifty-six years, including the fifteen passed in Germany. He had many illegitimate children, all of

\* "Cette année encore Mayol, abbé de Payerne, fut pris par les Sarrazins, qui ne le relâchèrent qu'après qu'il leur eût fait compter, à Orsières, mille livres d'argent, au poids de 12 onces d'or. Mais défaits, l'année suivante, près d'Arles, les Sarrazins ne reparèrent plus."—*Olivier, Le Canton de Vaud.*

whom he gave in marriage to his nobles, and portioned with the property of the crown, besides the offspring of his union with the French princess, Matilda: \* — Rudolph III., his successor; Boson, lieutenant of Arles; and three daughters, the eldest, Gisélé, married to Henry, duke of Bavaria, from whom descended the emperor Henry II., commonly called the “Lame or Saint;” Bertha, married to Eudes, count of Champagne, and secondly, to Robert, king of France, from whom she was obliged to separate by Pope Gregory V., on the ground of consanguinity; and Gerberge, married to Herman II., duke of Swabia.† Towards the termination of a life so unworthily spent, he thought to expiate his sins by wearing a monk’s frock under the royal mantle, and making great largesses to convents, especially those situate in the Romande, for which portion of his dominions he evidently felt the strong affection that makes us in age cling to the scenes of our youth as to old friends. He died 993, and was inhumed by the side of his mother, so much the object of his attachment and confidence, that she signed for him some public instruments the very year of her reputed demise. He left impoverished revenues

\* From the archives of the abbey of St. Maurice, it appears that Conrad’s illegitimate son Burcard was archbishop of Lyons. No mention is any where made of Boson or his posterity.

† Hist. du Dauphiné; Chron. du Pays-de-Vaud; D’Elbene, de Regne Burgundiæ Transjuranae.

and weakened authority to his son, Rudolph III., justly called the *Fainéant* or Idle.

The long reign of Conrad was signalised by the utter extinction of the Carlovingian line of French monarchs, from whom he derived his being both paternally and maternally,—the elevation of the third house of Capet to their throne, and the rapid rise of a power, till then subordinate, destined to crush his own family, of which his second daughter Bertha was the first victim, and Conradin of Swabia the last. After the early death of Eudes, count of Champagne, Bertha married a distant cousin, Robert son of Hugh Capet, whose successful usurpation had placed him on the throne of the *fainéant* kings of Charlemagne's degenerate descendants. Robert was an excellent and learned man, and the composer of some beautiful church music yet used, but the spirit of superstition benumbed his faculties; and at the command of Gregory V. (who laid the solid foundation of that ecclesiastical tyranny which his successors, especially Gregory VII., built up to so towering a pinnacle that emperors and kings knelt in silent awe and terror before it,) he put away his beloved wife Bertha. Nearer relations had been permitted to marry before with impunity: the reason for this innovation was therefore stated to be that, Robert having stood godfather to her son by the deceased count of Champagne, there was a

*spiritual parental* connexion between them! In ignorance, or thoughtlessness, or fearlessness, it seems they had omitted to ask for a dispensation to enable them to marry—her grandmother's *name* and *charter* probably bore hard upon her—concessions were unavailing. Robert, stung by this insolence, injustice, and cruelty, and passionately attached to his young wife, who inherited the graces and talents of her grandmother and aunt Adelaide, next tried opposition—it was followed by excommunication: two common menials only could be induced to linger in the palace to supply the most pressing wants of the royal couple. All the dishes and cups used at their meagre repasts were thrown into the fire afterwards, as contaminated by their unholy touch, and the fear and loathing of the miserable wretches who served them was such that, dreading a sacrilegious contact, they often failed in their attendance, and Robert and Bertha sometimes experienced actual hunger. At length a threat of putting the whole nation under interdict overcame the personal reluctance of the persecuted pair; they separated with mutual tears, that no selfish love might bring such horrors on the people. She died soon afterwards, and Robert married Constance, daughter of the count of Provence and Toulouse, a beautiful, but imperious, capricious, unamiable, woman; the plague of her husband, and the source of incessant broils and

calamities to the nation by her unnatural preference of her youngest son to the eldest, and her wicked attempts to enlist both against their gentle-tempered father.

The listlessness of Rudolph III. speedily showed itself by not finding time for a ceremony which royalty rarely delays as onerous, that of his coronation, before the ensuing year, when he received the crown from the hands of his uncle, the good Burcard, archbishop of Lyons ; and from that period his whole life, like the winter torrents of his native land, was one continuous struggle against the obstacles which each moment opposed themselves to his wants and wishes. The rights of a paramount lord, so little capable of defending them, were soon contested by an insubordinate aristocracy, and he was for ever chafing against their ambitious checks, and the dire poverty that sometimes rendered nugatory the services of that usually fully employed body of domestics, the cooks of the royal kitchen. " He was," says an old writer, " the very poorest king in the universe," solely because his estates and immunities were so ill conducted. His unskilfulness in the art of governing, and averseness from all exertion, mental as well as corporeal, made it impossible for him to bring about that salutary amendment in his affairs imperatively required after the death of Conrad. The grandson of Bertha, who settled her financial accounts herself

with her stewards, signed her own leases, like her ancestor Charlemagne knew to a nicety the number of pigs that could be fattened in the royal forests, and was considered one of the best agriculturists of the age, shrunk with an effeminate pusillanimity and loathing from all such active, healthful, manly occupations; and ere long, pinched by a pressing want of money, he made some illegal attempts to withdraw certain fiefs from the great vassals of the crown, under the pretence that they were not hereditary. The nobility of the Transjurane, who had become strong in an inverse ratio as their monarchs grew weak, flew to arms: a cruel war ensued, which was terminated by the intermeditation of his aunt, the dowager-empress Adelaide, to whom, in his distress, he finally applied for assistance.

This excellent princess, whose admirable qualities are more known to the world than those of Bertha, from her exalted rank as the honoured wife of Otho the Great, mother and grandmother of the two succeeding emperors, had been a widow twenty-five years when thus called upon to interfere between her nephew and his rebellious subjects. She had already visited the Transjurane on the occasion of her mother's death, the performance of Bertha's funeral obsequies having, from some cause or other, devolved on her: the only point historically known



is, that the empress buried her mother in the abbatial church of Payerne. There was a singular resemblance in the fate, as well as mind and person, of these illustrious women; for Adelaide, like her mother, after having been, with her first husband Lothaire, driven from the throne of Italy, was again elevated to it by her second; and died, as Bertha did, queen-dowager of Italy, in consequence of the confirmed hatred of the Italians to Berenger II., the successor of Hugh. Aware of his general unpopularity, and presuming on the emperor's protection, Berenger, soon after his accession, became arbitrary and tyrannical: the example he had presented, by invoking foreign aid, was followed; other malcontents appealed to Otho against him, and in 961 he formally deposed Berenger at the unanimous desire of the people. The crown was thus again at the disposition of the nobles. Adelaide's amiable qualities were yet fresh in their remembrance;—the evil of incessant change and continual civil war began to tame the most turbulent; and Otho was invited to unite the crown of Italy to the imperial diadem.\* The succeeding year Otho was crowned at Rome by pope John XII., and the German empire may be said to date from that epoch.

\* Il devint roi d'Italie, par son mariage avec Adélaïde, veuve de Lothaire II.

Thus was accomplished this great event—the fruit of the glory and popularity of the royal couple; but considered by future historians as fatal to the prosperity of the Italians, since the refined became subject to the uncivilised, and the descendants of Otho, forgetful that he had been elected, were more inclined to consider Italy as a conquered province than part of their hereditary dominions.

Although the Transjurane was a prey to anarchy and calamities of every kind, Adelaide did not hesitate to quit the sumptuous court of which she was the pride and ornament, and confiding in the name of Bertha, and her own innate consciousness of worth, announced her intention of visiting the scene of her birth. Commencing her journey soon afterwards, she reached the Transjurane early in 999, and from the regard felt for her personally, the animosity of the adverse parties was immediately lulled into some appearance of reconciliation. Accompanied by a few chaplains and domestics only, with the ladies of her suite, she arrived at Lausanne, where she experienced a reception that evinced how well she had comprehended the feelings of her brother's subjects. She was met by Rudolph and the bishop, and amidst the chaunting of the priests, and the glad shouts of the people, conducted on her road to Orbe. There she assembled the great vassals of the kingdom, over whom her superior mind, though now in her sixty-

ninth year, had far more influence than the ill-paid, ill-disciplined troops of their sovereign. She gave audiences to all who desired them; examined into the causes of discontent on the side of the insurgents; and prevailed upon Rudolph to render voluntary justice in many cases where he was clearly the aggressor. She obtained the pardon of several whom his reckless conduct had lashed into rebellion; and finally, by the force of her genius, and the general respect entertained for her known judgment and piety, obtained for him an advantageous peace at the very time that the throne tottered to its fall. After having had the happiness of extinguishing this furious civil war in her native country, she still remained some time to alleviate the horrors it had engendered; and when she quitted it about the close of the year 999, she had expended so much money among the sufferers, that her return to Germany was become necessary to enable her to obtain a fresh supply for her own wants; and her very wardrobe was left behind her. Adelaide survived this visit scarcely two years. A widow indeed, although in the prime of beauty when Otho died, she never changed her mourning; preserving for twenty-seven years this emblem of fidelity. Serious, but serene in her deportment—receiving with hospitable dignity foreigners and literary men, she was yet rather the denizen of another world than of that

which she adorned to the last hour of her life. She ended her days in a convent; and her walk through this short passage leading to eternity was so pure, so circumspect, so beneficent, so truly holy, that she was canonised; and perhaps no human being, on whom that Romish honour fell, ever more deserved it.\*

Many were the regrets in Catholic times that Bertha's virtues did not receive the same recompense†; and many, even pious members of the

\* "Adelaide, figlia di Rudolfo II. re di Borgogna, nata nel 930, sposò successivamente Lotario II., re d'Italia, e l'Imperatore Ottone I., e morì nel monastero di Seltz 1001." — *Nuovo Dizionario Storico*. "Femme d'un grand caractère, comme sa mère."—*Müller*.

† "Without the consent of any pope, the people of the Transjurane have, however, bestowed on Bertha the honour of apotheosis. Some years before her remains were discovered, a sexton of Payerne, speculating on the tradition of her interment in the abbatial church, pretended to have found one of her jaws; and when strangers or the Catholic inhabitants of the country came to see her saddle, and bow the knee over her grave, he had still always 'the last tooth of Saint Bertha to sell,' till, says one of her biographers, 'he disposed of so many that, if they were reunited, at least twenty jaws, each with its juvenile complement of teeth, would be found in different parts of Europe all belonging to the good old queen.'"—*Vulliemin*.

Ulric, bishop of Augsburg, the first canonised saint of the Romish Calendar, (by a council held in the Lateran 993,) was either Bertha's uncle or cousin on her mother's side, and indebted to her for hospitable shelter when his diocese was ravaged by the Hungarians, 927. He fled with her to the tower of Neuchâtel, after she had ineffectually, but courage-

church, did not scruple to assign as the reason of this injustice her parsimonious wary legacy of *two sols* a-year to the revenues of the papal states, and the untoward clause in her last charter, which exempted all popes from the trouble of presiding over the abundant possessions of the rich abbey of Payerne.\*

At Adelaide's death the Burgundian lords and her

ously, endeavoured to make head against them in her own kingdom. He was a wise and excellent man, of a very noble house in Germany. He survived Bertha, having attained to nearly ninety years of age. The Saracens and Hungarians first appeared in the Transjurane the year after Rudolph went to Italy, and never ceased their incursions till 972. This scourge of Christendom visited the Romande in 924, 925, 927, 937, 941, 950, 954, and 972.

\* "The ground on which Berthold of Zæringen began to build Friburg, and especially that plot where now stands the church of St. Michael, belonged to the abbey of Payerne, which had also lands in Alsace. And from a state document, drawn up by the emperor Frederick the Third, it appears that the abbot of Payerne was, in virtue of his office, a prince of the empire. 'Religious houses ever declined,' says an historian, 'after enormous and increasing wealth rendered labour and a regard to the opinion of the public unnecessary to their existence.' — 'La terre sur laquelle Berthold de Zæringen commença à bâtir Fribourg, et notamment celle sur laquelle s'élève l'église de St. Michel, appartenait à l'abbaye de Payerne. (*Charte de 1178.*) On lit dans Perth's: 'Otho in Alsaciam progrediens sorori suæ Bertæ abbatiam in Erestein dedit, inter Argentoratam et Schladdistatum.' Cette abbaye, sur l'Ill, fut-elle donnée à Payerne, qui reçut 'des terres en Alsace?' — S'il en faut croire un Etat d'Ordre de l'Empire, dressé par Frederic III., l'abbé de Payerne était prince d'empire.'" — *Vulliemin.*

nephew, who had equally bowed at the shrine of her good sense, were soon again in collision; and to the distraction of the conflict was superadded a drought, so long and so severe that the streams and their sources seemed arrested by some invisible agency. A multitude of human beings with thousands of cattle perished; the land brought not forth its increase; and the miserable people, exposed to evils of all kinds, without a guide or protector to ward off a single danger, recalled with mingled despair and affection "the good times when Bertha spun."

For his escape from the perils which subsequently environed him, Rudolph was again indebted to feminine diplomacy, and his niece, the empress Gisélé, daughter of his youngest sister, became the mediatrice between him and his exasperated subjects on the one hand, and many aspirants to his crown on the other. The principal source of dissension at this period was the succession to the kingdom at his death. Having no issue by either of his wives, and ever lacking money, he had, for a large sum paid in advance, made over the crown to the emperor Henry II., son of his eldest sister Gisélé, duchess of Bavaria. Henry was a pious prince, elected to the imperial throne after the premature death of his cousin, Otho III., grandson of Adelaide, and the Burgundians were well contented that his legitimate heir should rule over them. But his death (childless),

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in 1024, leaving this point again undecided, many competitors appeared on the stage; for Conrad II., called the Salique, Henry's successor, amongst others, put in a claim as such, and also as the husband of Gisélé. The emperor's pretensions were exceedingly displeasing to all parties; the treaty with Henry was considered dissolved by his death, and the count of Champagne, who stood next in legitimate order of succession, had justly many partisans. Rudolph, however, leaned to the duke of Swabia, Gisélé's son by a former marriage, and the emperor Conrad, being determined to annex Burgundy to his dominions, raised an army, and marched upon Bâsle. In this extremity Rudolph sought succour from the empress, and her ingenuity suggested a middle course, which saved him and the country from absolute subjection.

Gisélé, granddaughter of Conrad by his youngest daughter Gerberge, and wife of the emperor Conrad the Salique, possessed the spirit and ability that placed all Bertha's female descendants in such marked contrast with the masculine line of the Transjurane. Her first husband was the duke of Swabia, by whom she had a son, but his rights were inferior to those of Eudes II., count of Champagne, son of her aunt Bertha, Conrad the Peaceful's second daughter. Under these circumstances she advised Rudolph to go to Bâsle and receive the emperor as an ally coming to negotiate rather than to conquer; and there,

by powers of persuasion apparently quite equal to those of her great aunt Adelaide, she had the address to prevail on the Transjurane nobles to accept, as their future sovereign, at Rudolph's demise, her husband, the emperor Conrad, and the son she had borne him, afterwards Henry III. This arrangement was so manifestly unjust to both the count of Champagne and the son of her first marriage, Ernest of Swabia, that it is believed her eloquence was backed by more potent arguments proceeding from the emperor's treasury. Whatever the cause, the result was favourable to a country exhausted by wars, famine, and disorder. Had the emperor entered the Transjurane hostilely, his success would have been certain, and Gisélé may be therefore considered a friend to the land of her forefathers.\* The most perfect peace succeeded this species of capitulation, which lasted till the death of Rudolph, in the year of our Lord 1032.

Mariana, in his history of the dynasty of Henry of

\* The spacious old hotel at Bâle, formerly known to all genteel travellers by the title of *Drei Könige*, but now *Trois Rois* on the Rhine, was the neutral building where, in 1026, the emperor Conrad the Salique, his son Henry the Third, king of the Romans, the empress Gisélé, and her uncle, Rudolph the Indolent, had their first interview. Three rudely executed, but not inexpressive, statues of the three monarchs, placed over the door, to commemorate this event, conferred the future name of *Drei Könige*. It was rebuilding three years ago on a great scale.



Frastamare of Spain, whose descendants sunk into sloth and voluptuousness, remarks that "not only men cease to exist, but it seems (such is the inconsistency of human things) their hereditary virtues and qualities often become enfeebled; that families have their revolutions, and degenerate as inferior animals, from their first origin by the lapse of time." The royal house of the Transjurane kings is at least one illustration of this melancholy observation. The successors of the warlike Conrad and his glorious son the first Rudolph gradually declined in valour and wisdom, till the last male branch, losing even the shadow of their mantle, laid down a sceptre long become too heavy for his weak unsteady hands, and died acknowledging the sovereignty of the emperors of Germany. After a reign of thirty-eight years, equally disastrous to his subjects and distressful to himself, Rudolph III. expired at Lausanne, aged sixty years, a lone and melancholy man, having survived his second wife Adeltrude. When he found himself dying he sent his crown and the sacred lance of St. Maurice to the Emperor Conrad the Salique, whom he regarded as his heir. He was buried in the cathedral, apart from all his race. Thus finished the second kingdom of Burgundy, after having subsisted 144 years under four kings: Rudolph I., who founded it; Rudolph II.,

who aggrandised it; Conrad the Peaceful, who preserved it; and Rudolph III., who ruined it.\*

\* The holy lance of St. Maurice, thus bequeathed to the emperor Conrad in solemn acknowledgment of his rights to the kingdom of Arles and Little Burgundy, was the same already mentioned as having been found in the hands of two bishops, Hughbert, abbot of St. Maurice, and Burcard, bishop of Lausanne, after their death in the field of battle. This celebrated relic, brought into Helvetia by St. Maurice, prefect of the Theban legion, is said to have been the identical lance or spear which pierced the side of the Saviour when on the cross. It had, however, independent of this claim to sanctity, another, arising from St. Maurice himself, who, at the head of six thousand Roman cavalry, received the crown of martyrdom from the ferocious Maximian, about the end of the third century, because they would not sacrifice to the pagan gods of Rome. The scene of this terrible butchery is laid quite close to the town of St. Maurice in the Valais, and a small expiatory chapel, called Veriolez, pointed out as built on the precise spot where, like so many lambs led to the slaughter, they offered their necks to the headsman. Voltaire, with his usual scepticism and unscrupulous insincerity where religion was in question, declared he had visited this celebrated valley, remarkable from the wild, savage, gloomy grandeur of the barren rocks which environ it on all sides, and ascertained that six thousand men could not have stood there. But the Abbé de Rivaz, whose interesting documents on the history of the Valais are distinguished for that historic fidelity and accuracy so much wanting in the splendid diction of Voltaire, has most triumphantly refuted this assertion, and proved besides that the disingenuous poet never went to St. Maurice in his whole life.

St. Maurice thenceforth became the titular saint of the Valais. The name of the town was changed from Agaune to St. Maurice in his honour, and the lance still remains in the treasury of the monastery. The handle is said to be of open iron-work, similar to many ancient ones found in various arsenals; *au reste*, it is

At the death of this prince, whose strenuous idleness, disdaining all useful occupation, had made

certainly of great antiquity, and probably really belonged to the Christian chief of the Theban legion. Twice the writer of these sketches hoped to have seen this famous relic and a valuable chalice given to the monastery by queen Bertha; but the first time she visited St. Maurice the custodier was out, and the second time she was informed the relics had been sent over the mountains, in the expectation of internal troubles, which, in fact, burst out within six weeks afterwards. Ladies not being permitted to pollute the sacred purity of the interior of the monastery, she saw the entrance chamber only, a dark vaulted dismal room, and the church, yet interesting to the lovers of the past. Whilst the gentlemen of the party went over the building, she sat with a female friend on the low wall in front of the comparatively modern *façade*, and examined the large reservoir for fish in one of the court-yards, to which is appended the following tradition. From its still dingy waters arose (in former times) a strange-looking fish, which, after sundry wild roamings, and splashings, and flounderings up and down, to the manifold surprise and alarm of the finny tribe, its legitimate inhabitants, died, and lay on the surface till death knocked at the door of some friar's cell, and bade him prepare for the reward of all his labours and privations. In the palmy days of by-gone splendour it seems, however, that this call was not so welcome as might have been expected, and that on the undesired appearance of this scaly herald to another world the monks used to crowd to the brink, and, by reciting various litanies, each tried to avert the individual journey which must be performed by some one.

A noble dog, of the St. Bernard breed, the guardian of this deep pond, when the writer lingered some hours at St. Maurice, more gallant than the monks, his masters, showed no signs of an unfriendly disposition towards her.

Gibbon mentions another holy lance found at Antioch by the Crusaders; but the point of that lance was fashioned from one of the nails employed in the crucifixion.

him the scorn and the prey of every one within his sphere, a contest again arose for the Transjurane between Conrad, emperor of Germany, and Eudes II., count of Champagne, the undoubted legitimate heir, in which it is possible the attachment of the Burgundians to the grandson of Conrad the Peaceful might have turned the scale in his favour, had he not perished unsuccessfully battling against his rival five years afterwards, 1037. The Transjurane, therefore, finally passed under the sceptre of Germany, from which it had been withdrawn by Rudolph I. in the year 888.

The fate of the sister kingdom of Arles was similar. The listless misrule of Rudolph had rendered his power there merely nominal: the principal nobility converted their fiefs into independent principalities; the lord or dauphin of Vienne, whose family became eventually masters of the whole province, was one; the lord or count of Provence, in the weakness and dissolution of the kingdom; another, and ultimately Charles last count of Provence, the evening before his death, appointed for his heir Louis XI., king of France, though Renier, duke of Lorraine, had a claim on Arles, which, like that of Eudes, count of Champagne, on the Transjurane, could not be repelled by any argument but the all-potent one of force. In January, 1482, the commissioner of Louis XI. came to Arles to receive the oath of

fidelity to that king, and thus reunited to the kingdom of France Arles and its territory, dismembered from it by Boson in 878.

With the last of the Transjurane kings the memoir of Bertha properly terminates, and nothing remains for her biographer but to touch on the numerous and affecting proofs which that memoir has furnished of the fact that the Great and the Good never die. The thrones of the Transjurane, of Arles, of Lombardy, have each been amalgamated in the vast monarchies of Germany and France; her known legitimate posterity, long extending by various ramifications through those royal lines, became extinct in the last scion of the ill-fated House of Swabia or Hohenstauffen in the person of Conradin, beheaded by the sanguinary Charles of Anjou at Naples in 1268. Time, and the vast revolution effected by the Reformation, have swept away the monasteries she founded, and levelled once more to the earth many of the churches she had raised from their ruins; the rich revenues she devoted to charitable institutions have been diverted from their original course by the storms and changes of successive ages; her little citadels of refuge are become so merely to the wild denizens of earth and air; "the spider has wove his web, and the owl hath sung her watch-song" in the towers of Bertha, and her palaces are dust: her children and her children's children departed —

buried and forgotten ; but she lived on — lives still — and will live so long as this world endures. The work she came to do she performed : she “ fed her people with a faithful and true heart, and ruled them prudently with all her power \*, ” and in the hearts of that grateful people she governed with such gentleness and wisdom that she will never die. †

\* Psalm lxxviii. 23.

† “ The Swiss, constitutionally valorous, look back with national pride to the period when, yet in their infancy as a people, they made gallant head against the common enemy of civilised Europe ; and the life of Bertha is so amalgamated with this heroic age, that she and the Saracens are bound up together in the tablets of memory consecrated by them to Swiss annals and Swiss heroism. ‘ That old tower perched up so high was the refuge of the royal spinster Bertha, when the Moor and the Hungarian, contending with us field by field for our fatherland, traversed the plains, glided at the foot of our mountains, and, creeping like wild animals of prey from valley to valley, compelled our rural population to flee to the high country, and nestle in our Alpine solitudes. ’ ‘ The tower of Gourze, that shadowy queen of the horizon, with the sky for a canopy and clouds for a footstool ! Think what that tower has witnessed. All that is the most glorious, the most heroic in our history, Bertha and the Saracens ! ’ ‘ By the side of Julia Apinula, perfect portrait of filial love, by Hubert, bishop of St. Maurice, defending unto death his honour and that of one of our daughters, figures not less affectingly Bertha, that good Bertha, queen-mother, protectress of all. ’ Such is the language employed by Swiss writers when speaking of Bertha. She is in truth the Alpha and Omega of their history ; every essential period dates from before or after her reign. In a chronology appended to an almanac for 1845, printed at Lausanne, the

It might have been supposed that the mortal spoils of a queen, committed to the tomb she had selected and prepared, amid the solemn pageants of the church of Rome, and the tears of an entire country, would there rest till that solemn hour when the grave shall give up its dead ; but in a world where nothing is lasting, and in a kingdom ever the sport of ephemeral power, they experienced a different fate. A band of armed freebooters, at a period now forgotten, penetrated into the monastery, opened the sarcophagus in which they were deposited, for the sake of the jewels and crown which usually decorated the persons of royalty, and, after plundering these hallowed remains of whatever the piety of Adelaide had enriched them, departed unknown.

Notwithstanding the melancholy tradition that the tomb had been plundered, and the church itself appropriated to another purpose, the Catholic inhabitants of Fribourg and the Valais generally made it a religious duty to visit the reputed scene of her burial when circumstances brought them into the Vaud, and recite a few prayers for the repose of her soul, from whence they repaired to the parochial church to gaze on her saddle, still hanging up in the nave, where it had been deposited as a relic at

tenth century is thus signalised : — ‘ Invasion of the Hungarians — Time at which Bertha flourished.’ ” — *Olivier, Le Canton de Vaud*, ii. ; *Rev. P. Bridel* ; *M. Vulliemin*.

the period of her interment. But these were individual marks of love and respect : the shade of Bertha was destined to obtain a prouder triumph, and perhaps the "humble queen" is the single earthly sovereign whose remains (nine centuries afterwards) received a second time the rites of sepulture, granted by the unanimous veneration of an entire people, no longer under the dominion of her race, and no longer professing the same religious opinions.

Some alterations having become necessary in the school-house, once part of the monastery, in digging near the vault of St. Michael's tower, anciently the peristyle of the abbey church, a sarcophagus was discovered on the 18th of October, 1817. It was cut out of a solid block of the same grey freestone employed in the erection of the abbey, and contained a skull and the principal bones of a female, enveloped in a thick layer of dust, the crumbling remnants of mortality. The lid was gone, but, even had it remained, nothing further would probably have been elucidated, as archæologists are decided that inscriptions were rarely placed on coffins in the tenth century. The length of the bones, the care employed in walling up the tomb, the nature and form of the sarcophagus, its isolated position, and the tradition (from time immemorial) that she was interred under the dome of St. Michael's tower, all confirmed, incontestably, the idea that the mortal remains of Bertha had been



revealed to the descendants of her people. The sarcophagus was raised from the tomb and carefully covered up. The authorities assembled in deliberation, many arrangements were made, and the 15th of August, 1818, was appointed for evincing, by some public demonstration, the veneration and gratitude of the country, so immediately blessed by her abode in Helvetia. On the morning of that day these relics of Bertha, previously placed in a small coffin, covered with white cambric, over which was thrown a black velvet shawl, richly trimmed with silver, were borne by four young ladies, dressed in white, to the parish church. The magistrates and the protestant ministers, with all the municipal authorities, in full costume, followed, attended by a numerous concourse, composed of both sexes and all conditions, crowding from the town and country. On reaching the chancel the little coffin was deposited in the same sarcophagus, elevated on a marble socle, and when this ceremony was finished the chief magistrate, representative of the government, stepped forward, and taking his place at the head, pronounced an eloquent eulogium on Bertha, queen of the Transjurane. He recalled the principal features of her life, her courage in danger, her wise administration, and her boundless charities, constituting her right to the gratitude of the people of the Vaud while time shall endure. A solid and beautiful slab of black

marble, on which was engraved the following inscription, in Latin, was then placed upon the sarcophagus : —

TO BERTHA  
 OF HOLY AND BLESSED MEMORY,  
 THE MOST ADMIRABLE WIFE OF RUDOLPH II.  
 KING OF LITTLE BURGUNDY.  
 HER NAME IS A BLESSING  
 AND HER DISTAFF AN EXAMPLE.  
 SHE FOUNDED CHURCHES AND FORTIFIED CASTLES;  
 SHE OPENED ROADS;  
 SHE CULTIVATED BARREN WASTES :  
 SHE NOURISHED THE NEEDY,  
 AND WAS THE MOTHER AND DELIGHT  
 OF THE TRANSJURANE OUR NATIVE LAND.  
 AFTER TEN CENTURIES,  
 THE SEPULCHRE IN WHICH, AS WE ARE TOLD,  
 SHE WAS INTERRED  
 HAVING BEEN FOUND IN THE YEAR OF GRACE  
 MDCCCXVIII.  
 THE SONS, GRATEFUL FOR HER BENEFITS  
 TO THEIR FATHERS,  
 HAVE RELIGIOUSLY RESTORED IT.  
 THE SENATE AND THE PEOPLE OF THE VAUD.

The whole assembly remained standing in religious silence, listening to a solemn dirge performed on the organ, till the lid of the sarcophagus was affixed, when they all burst into the following simple but pathetic address : —

Ta mémoire est toujours bénie,  
 Ton souvenir est toujours beau.  
 Repose en paix, reine chérie,  
 Dans nos cœurs et dans ce tombeau.

Modèle du palais comme de la chaumière,  
 Encourageant la ville, instruisant le hameau,  
 Toi-même travaillais, royale filandière !  
 Et le sceptre en tes mains s'allait au fuseau.  
 Si des jours écoulés nous consultons l'histoire,  
 Qui n'aime à revenir, dès que ton nom paraît,  
 Vers ce temps, ce bon temps d'instructive mémoire  
 Où sur son palefroi nôtre Berthe filait ?

Ta mémoire est toujours bénie,  
 Ton souvenir est toujours beau.  
 Repose en paix, reine chérie,  
 Dans nos cœurs et dans ce tombeau.

*Rev. P. Bridel, Pastor of Montreux.*

(TRANSLATION.)

Thy name is ever blest  
 Thy memory ever fair,  
 And peaceful be thy sainted rest  
 Beloved queen ! in earth's cold breast  
 As in our hearts . . . for thou art there !

With thine own hand thou didst the spindle guide !  
 Thy royal hand, that oft a sceptre bore.  
 Instructress of the hamlet ! and the pride  
 And solace of the city : yet not more  
 A model for the great ones of the earth  
 Than for the dwellers round the poor man's hearth !

Ah! who that reads the tale of days gone by  
But loves to turn . . . yet turns with half a sigh  
Back to the good old times, the golden age  
When first *thy* name sheds brightness o'er the page!  
Times full of teaching for those yet to run,  
When Bertha on her palfrey rode and *spun*.

Thy name is ever blest  
Thy memory ever fair,  
And peaceful be thy sainted rest  
Beloved queen! in earth's cold breast  
As in our hearts . . . for thou art there!

There is something very touching in this spontaneous effusion of homage and veneration to the manes of one over whom nine centuries had rolled their successive tides of woe and weal and wondrous change,—something that speaks powerfully for those who thus testified their admiration of virtue and their inextinguishable gratitude for benefits bestowed on their ancestors. They who could thus sympathise with a noble character, they who could thus bend in commemorative reverence before virtue, must despise vice.

Amongst the many memorials of Bertha are several national melodies, one of which, called the "Wheel Song," is still familiar to the people, and marks how truly she has ever been loved, since, although now very ancient, it must have been composed some centuries after her death, the general use of the wheel being comparatively a modern

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invention. It is believed to have originated at Payerne, where they still sing it, forgetting, in unbounded admiration of their benefactress, that one of her primary claims on the gratitude of their ancestors was the shelter she afforded them and their possessions from the incessant attacks made in these "good times" by the Saracens and Hungarians and other freebooters, who, turn in turn, ravaged the miserable country.

## LA CHANSON DES ROUETS.

Ainsi que moi filoit jadis  
La reine Berthe en ce pays . . . je file.  
Par nos rouets, par nos chansons,  
Les jours d'hiver nous abregeons,  
Nous filons, nous filons, ma fille et moi.

Quand ma voisine sur le soir  
Avec sa niece vient nous voir . . . je file.  
Autour du feu nous nous rangeons  
Et toutes quatre nous chantons.  
Nous filons, nous filons, ma fille et moi.

A mon joli petit garçon  
En filant je fais la leçon . . . je file.  
Puis je le vois leste à souhait  
Sauter autour de mon rouet.  
Nous filons, nous filons, ma fille et moi.

En filant on peut bien causer  
Mais du prochain ne faut gloser . . . je file.  
Quand de médire on fait métier,  
Le fil devient rude et grossier.  
Nous filons, nous filons, ma fille et moi.

Ne tordez ni trop, ni trop peu,  
 Mais gardez un juste milieu . . . je file  
 Fille qui songe à son amant  
 Va trop vite ou trop lentement.  
 Nous filons, nous filons, ma fille et moi.

Oignez souvent votre rouet,  
 Pour qu'en tournant il soit muet . . . je file.  
 Mettez-y l'huile de douceur,  
 C'est le charme de tout labeur.  
 Nous filons, nous filons, ma fille et moi.

La fille dont le rouet fait bruit  
 Restera seule jour et nuit . . . je file.  
 C'est l'emblème de son humeur,  
 Et l'amour recule de peur.  
 Nous filons, nous filons, ma fille et moi.

Bien filer du matin au soir,  
 Fileuses c'est votre devoir . . . je file.  
 Et vers vous quelqu' un à son tour  
 Filera le parfait amour.  
 Nous filons, nous filons, ma fille et moi.

Filez, filez, mes chers enfans !  
 Filez d'accord, filez longtemps . . . je file.  
 Filez égal, et filez doux,  
 Filez pour nous et nous pour vous.  
 Nous filons, nous filons, ma fille et moi.

## (TRANSLATION.)

## 1.

Just as *we* spin, of old 'tis said  
 Queen Bertha used to twine the thread . . . I spin.  
 And with our wheels and merry song  
 Winter's dark hours flow blithely on  
 We spin, my girl and I.

## 2.

When my neighbour comes at night  
With her niece—around the light . . . I spin.  
Round the blazing fire we gather,  
And we sing and spin together.  
We spin, my girl and I.

## 3.

While I twist the whistling thread  
The daily task is quickly said . . . I spin.  
And then my little happy boy  
Frisks round my wheel in careless joy.  
We spin, my girl and I.

## 4.

We may gossip as we spin,  
But to backbite is a sin . . . I spin.  
They who slander soon shall find  
Coarse and rough the thread they wind.  
We spin, my girl and I.

## 5.

Twist it neither slack nor tight,  
Keep between and 'twill be right . . . I spin.  
Girls who think of lovers—go  
Always over—fast or slow.  
We spin, my girl and I.

## 6.

Oil your wheel, that turning round  
It may make no creaking sound . . . I spin.  
Oil of patience is the oil!  
Sweetener *that* of every toil!  
We spin, my girl and I.

## 7.

Maid whose wheel turns gratingly  
Day and night shall lonely be . . . I spin.  
Of her temper 'tis a proof  
Frighten'd love will keep aloof.  
We spin, my girl and I.

## 8.

Spin, spin from morn till night,  
Maidens, do your task aright . . . I spin.  
And in time some lover true  
Shall twine a thread of love for you !  
We spin, my girl and I.

## 9.

Spin, girls, then spin ever  
Spin long — spin well together . . . I spin.  
Gently go, and steadily too,  
You for us and we for you.  
We spin, my girl and I.\*

It might be imagined, from a chain of attachment so strong and so unbroken, that the Transjurane had ever continued under the rule of some of Bertha's posterity ; but such was not the case. The death of her grandson, Eudes, count of Champagne, had secured its peaceable possession to the empire scarcely

\* The author is indebted for the versification of the Wheel Song, and the Rev. Philip Bridel's hymn, to a young friend in the island of Jersey, whose elegant taste, and knowledge of French, have enabled her to transfuse into English all the point and spirit of the original compositions.



one hundred and fifty years, when the power of the house of Savoy began to be felt. The rise of this dangerous neighbour, to whom the opposite shore of Lake Lemman legitimately belonged, dates from the gift, by Conrad the Salique, of the Chablais, the Valais, and some other fiefs, to Humbert, "of the White Hands," in recompense of the service he had rendered him by fighting against the count of Champagne.\* The bishoprics and castles extorted from the emperor Henry IV., by the Marchioness of Suza and her son, the count of Maurienne, ere they would suffer him to cross the St. Bernard, which fell to Savoy at her death, added great strength to that growing dynasty; and in 1235 it was so much augmented that Amadeus IV. gave his brother, count Peter, called the "little Charlemagne," all the district between the Rhone and Vevey. From that period the counts of Savoy were constantly increasing their territory in the Romande, notwithstanding some vigorous efforts on the part of successive emperors to resist their encroachments; and a bloody battle, delivered in 1259, under the walls of Chillon secured the conquest of the debatable land to them. The chosen country of Bertha passed thus to the crown of Savoy till the Reformation, when the inhabitants became alienated, to a

\* Humbert aux-Blanches Mains, fils de Bérold, lieutenant du royaume d'Arles, reçoit de Conrad II. le Comté de Maurienne à titre de fief. — *Origine de la Maison de Savoie.*

certain degree, from a sovereign no longer agreeing with them on points of religious faith; and finally the Pays-de-Vaud was subdued, in 1536, by Berne, with whom it remained for two hundred and sixty-two years, when the people threw off, unanimously, in 1798, a domestic yoke which was considered far less paternal than that of the foreign potentates who had previously governed them.\* The white cross of Savoy still decorates the portals and windows of many a romantic church, and hangs over many a house of public entertainment, both in the towns and villages of the Romande; whilst the symbol of Berne, a huge bear, has been as carefully extirpated from every commemorative stone or escutcheon, as if it possessed the destructive qualities of the formidable beast it represents.†

\* Le Pays-de-Vaud est conquis par les Bernois. 1536.—*Manuel Chronologique.*

† Lausanne, the capital of the Canton de Vaud, was the chosen abode of our illustrious historian Gibbon, and he has perpetuated the close of his great work, in a few sentences of such beauty and tenderness, that they form a legacy of admiration, bequeathed to the scenes which inspired them.

"It was on the day, or rather, the night of the 27th of June, 1787, between the hours of eleven and twelve, that I wrote the last line of the last page, in a summer-house in my garden. After laying down my pen I took several turns in a berceau or covered walk of acacias, which commands a prospect of the country, the lake, and the mountains. The air was temperate, the sky was serene, the silver orb of the moon was reflected from the waves, and all nature was silent."

It is to the successive conquests of Savoy and Berne that the paucity of documents relative to this portion of Helvetia is attributed. Savoy is known to possess many, and "Berne, jealous to efface our national remembrances," is the dignified reproach of a great historian.

Many antique buildings are pointed out to the stranger as vestiges of the palaces, or royal farms, where queen Bertha held her ambulatory court, or where she occasionally passed some days, superintending her immense agricultural establishments. At St. Maurice the crumbling remains of two round towers, behind an old half-castellated building, the former residence of the governor, at the extremity of the bridge which separates the Canton de Vaud from the Valais, on the Valais side, are considered as the protecting turrets of the royal gateway. At

The garden has experienced some diminution, and the summer-house is become dilapidated, but the house wholly unchanged, (not usually shown to strangers) was courteously opened to the writer of these pages, at the request of an obliging lady of Lausanne, and, at the moment of her departure from this refined city, she received the gift of a branch of elm, cut from a favourite tree near the summer-house, against which the philosopher was accustomed to lean at "even-tide," and contemplate the glorious prospect of the woods and waters, and Alps, tinged by the setting sun with all the primary colours of nature, as a pleasing reminiscence of her visit to the classic spot where the "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire" was begun and finished.

Geneva, near the *Bourg du Tour*, stands a very ancient arch, probably Roman, which is supposed to have been a portion of her palace, and bears her name, and the royal residence of Vufflens exists in almost primitive strength and form, to give some idea of Bertha's domestic architecture, and recall her dominion.\*

\* In one of her many voyages from Villeneuve, at the head of Lake Lemman, to Geneva, its other extremity, whilst the writer was intently gazing on the antique towers and dome of Vufflens, as they stood beautifully out from a clear blue sky, when the vessel neared Morges, she heard the following colloquy between an English traveller, not burthened with Murray's valuable hand-book for Switzerland, and a compatriot *employé* belonging to the steamer: — "What's the name of that queer looking place yonder?" "Vufflens, the castle of queen Bertha, sir. The queen of this country *some time ago*, as our queen Victoria is now, and a most wonderful sort of lady she was, by all accounts — good at every thing, fighting as well; for she was quite too much for the Saracens, and *drave* them out when they run over every other country." Poor Bertha, good at fighting! and yet this too was still the strain of eulogy — a recognition of her glorious deeds, for she did wonderfully protect her country and her people. Two bishops only, the aged prelate of Lausanne, who voluntarily exposed himself to their fury, a martyr to his imagined duty, and the bishop of Bâle, are recorded to have lost their lives in Helvetia, whilst, at the same epoch, all Italy, Germany, and the South of France quailed before them; and Raymond, count of Toulouse, writing soon afterwards to pope John the tenth, asserts that "scarcely any eminent ecclesiastics, out of a great number, were left alive."

The château of Vufflens is commonly attributed to Bertha, although some antiquaries, judging from its foundation walls

The life of Bertha was peculiarly chequered—a mingled coil, indeed, of singular vicissitudes; but her memorial is yet more marvellously strange. It is not surprising that she is often mistaken by the French for her ancestress Bertha, mother of Charle-

and style of architecture, affix to it a more remote origin, believing she merely added a square Saracenic building, flanked by four most oriental-looking towers, each of which is the reputed prison of a fair maiden, incarcerated, from her birth, for the remediless fault of not having come into the world a boy! The late countess Isabella de Montolieu, a daughter of the ancient house of Blonay, who delighted in the legendary lore of her country, has made this tradition the basis of a very romantic and well-told tale, the more pleasing because it ends happily; for the stern baron (whose luckless lady had produced the four feminine culprits, and for her incorrigible sinning in so doing was shut up also, somewhere else, after a mock funeral) at length repented, and having still no son, assembled the four astonished demoiselles and their delighted mother around his death-bed, where the contrition of such men, in truth, generally begins.

The walls are calculated, from their great solidity, to resist the tooth of time yet many ages more; they are of brick, and the mortar so incorporated as to form a part and portion of the whole. The towers have each a small round cabinet apartment with a narrow window in form of a loophole, and a little entrance chamber before the centre one is reached, for jailer or servant. "The hearts of these chivalric lords of olden times," observes the countess, "were generally as hard as their cuirasses;" and it appears the fair lady of their love, to whom they had knelt at tilt and tournament before marriage, was often destined to return the compliment afterwards at home. Such is romance and reality.

magne, whose "great foot," French historians might well have overlooked in the still greater qualities of her mind; or for some of the many Bertha's, princesses of Italy, one of whom was the wife of Rudolph's predecessor, Berenger I.; but in Germany, and Helvetia, she is confounded with personages of a very different nature; and, whilst history and tradition concur in representing Bertha as the most lovely and benevolent of created beings, she is strangely associated with extraordinary legends and superstitious rites, at once so singular and so opposite that it awakens a feeling of wonder how her name can have thus blended with them, in the remotest reminiscences of the past: it becomes an enigma in the history of the human mind, how one, who lived and died in the presence of her people, could ever be linked (even in their wildest thoughts) with the spiritual beings supposed to people every part of this globe — mountain and forest, lake, river, and dell, encaverned in the earth, and riding on the clouds!

This remarkable feature in Bertha's fate may possibly have arisen from her great mental powers, which an age not yet sufficiently removed from the fabulous period (common to every nation) to reject its wild, but stirring and interesting fictions, supposed could only be attributed to something beyond humanity; and from this point the step is easy to the belief, that at her departure from life, she re-

sumed her former state, preserving the distinctive traits which marked her pilgrimage on earth.

The native mythology of Switzerland is exquisitely beautiful, fanciful, and original; their fairy creed contained some of the loveliest dogmas that ever gilded an imaginary faith. Gentle beings of matchless charms, free from every stain, but that of loving man, sometimes deigned to quit their sparkling grottos, and relinquish their magic powers to come and dwell with a bold hunter, or handsome mountaineer, to whom they were the fondest and faithfulest of friends, whilst the object of their disinterested attachment was *constant*; but, at the faintest symptoms of infidelity, they sighed; burst the trammels that love only had formed; raised themselves from mortal bondage, and fled for ever. Earth had no secrets for them; they knew the properties of plants and minerals; could penetrate into the deep caverns buried in the bowels of Mont Blanc, glittering with silver and gold, and gems of every hue, and grant a lease of life for one hundred years to the true of heart. Alas! there is no tradition that fickle man ever won the gift, while many a romantic legend chronicles a different story.

When Bertha ruled in Helvetia, a great religious revolution had not been effected sufficiently long to remove all traces of the old code of belief. The barbarians, who subjected Rome nearly six centuries

before, had, in turn, been conquered by the gospel, and embraced the Christian faith; but the priests of Christ, fearful of disgusting or discouraging the new converts, by too suddenly requiring the sacrifice of all their ancient modes of thinking, made vast concessions to the neophytes they received in baptism. Many pagan *fêtes* were preserved under the invocations of St. Peter and St. Paul, St. George or St. Christopher, the Virgin or St. Magdalene. The heathen deities were condemned as false, but their existence was not absolutely denied; there was a fearful mixture of sacred and profane lore in the legends of the cloister, well calculated to confuse the ideas of a simple ignorant people, unable to circumscribe the illimitable powers of an unknown world. The witch of Endor, and the Sybil, of ancient days, the possessed of early Christianity, and demons of yet earlier mythology, often figured in the same wild, fabulous tale.

The barbarians, accustomed to see everywhere the presence of Odin, of Freia, and other inferior divinities, continued to believe in their action; only, instead of being beneficial to the human race, they were now considered inimical. They inspired fatal passions — they reigned over marshes, sicknesses, and calamities; they were in such numbers, that the Alps and glaciers, forests and waters, were filled with them; they usually took a malignant pleasure



in harassing and terrifying and injuring those who no longer worshipped them; but some separate spirits of a gentle, kindlier order, recompensed the virtuous; and thus good and evil were yet supposed to depend, in some degree, on their influence over mortal affairs. Nature, adored by the pagans before their conversion, had not entirely lost its empire over their coarse benighted minds, and the traditions, fears, and hopes of the fathers still lingered in the memories and clung round the hearts of the children, even in the tenth century. In Germany, the land of dark mystical romance, Bertha, strangely allegorised, shares the attributes of Freia, the goddess who reigns over the reflected light of the chaste moon, and the fair features of pure maidens. Sometimes she is represented as a follower in the *cortège* of Freia; and, when wind and storm shook the primeval forests, it was the ancient belief that Bertha then passed, not on her humble palfrey, attended by her reverend almoner, staid ladies and sober pages; but in far less orderly society, seated on a fiery-tempered courser, whose expanded nostrils emitted volumes of flame, flying through the nether world she had once inhabited, with a multitude of other bodiless companions, especially Nickar, king of the Nixes, in the valley *de Bagnes*\* — that tall, black hunter,

\* Traditions valaisannes, et surtout celles de la vallée de Bagnes.

monarch of all the Alps, whose shrill, brazen alp-horn, could summon in a moment myriads of vassal sprites from the stony hearts and airy pinnacles of the green Jura, and snowy chains of the Oberland and Mont Blanc to do his bidding.\*

At the midnight hour, which separates Christmas from the dawning year, the epoch which northern nations consecrated to their goddess, Bertha — Bertha, of the Transjurane, becomes a fairy, and may be seen attired as Diana, or entirely clad in white fleecy robes, radiant with jewels, and instead of her sceptre or distaff, bearing in her pale clear hands, a wand of black shining ebony, as queen of the magicians. Woe, at that moment, to the house, inhabited by rebel children — woe to the indolent housewife, on whose distaff flax has grown tangled and dusty, or whose presses (infallible sign of laziness) are empty of linen. She takes pleasure in spoiling and destroying all belonging to that idle

\* The mountainous region formerly belonging to the pastoral princes of Gruyères, was filled with these sweet, nondescript, connecting links between earth and air ; and should life remain, some of these imaginings of a fervid fancy, with their long train of Sylphs, and Gnomes, and ruby-eyed serpents, guardians of gold and diamond mines in the Swiss Alps, will accompany, in another series, the last hapless count of that noble race to his distant, unhonoured grave, far from the picturesque land which he and his forefathers had ruled with paternal love for more than five centuries.

one. Faithful to her former habits of method and wholesome economy, she loves when she comes back to earth, to find the family repasts prepared with the ancient simplicity of her own times: the dainty morsel, seasoned by modern luxury, for the palate of gluttony, sometimes disappears or is found scattered on the ground, and in its place — lo, hemp! She is gifted with the *Sesame* of Oriental efficacy: at her word, doors fly noiselessly open, and she penetrates, (queen-like,) with none to oppose her passage, everywhere: she throws a complacent look on all carved furniture and coffers, glossy with the polish of industrious neatness; and she is at the head of that countless domestic race, half ethereal, half mortal, half wicked, half amiable, half fiery, half funny, existing in all northern nations, under divers appellations, (“those raw materials so beautifully woven up in Shakespeare’s rich loom,” when he composed the *Tempest* and *Midsummer Night’s Dream*,) known in Helvetia by the name of *Servans*, where this active body still exercise their calling, though with abated vigour, especially in towns. Still, in villages they make themselves considerably felt, even now, especially in the Alpine districts, of Berne, and the Romande. At Bertha’s command, they take care everything is orderly in the mansion and court-yard; they second by unseen labour, the efforts of the industrious, while they add to the task of the indolent. The covering is

often rudely snatched from the bed of the incorrigible sluggard ; the finest cow in the winter barn is sometimes found with its neck dislocated, as a punishment for unkempt elfen locks, dangling over a milk-pail ; the best gown left tossing untidily about, on chair or table, not unfrequently drops into shreds, to the terror of the disconsolate owner ; and then, after having thus pushed pleasantry, or warning to the utmost verge of malicious mischief, the wild troop may be heard skurrying away, uttering loud shouts, and peals of hollow mocking laughter. But Bertha, the royal spinster, is not merely the queen of fairies, the protector and encourager of household virtues, the avenger of slothfulness, the chastiser of negligent domestics, the bugbear of cradled infants, and maturer childhood \*, the wife of the Burgundian monarch, the "humble queen," subject to all the ills to which frail humanity is heir, becomes lost in the misty atmosphere of mythology. Her blonde German features merge in those of the dusky Isis of Egypt, or the ancient Cybele †, mother of all of

\* Still ! Still ! die eiserne Bertha kommt ! Peace ! Silence ! the iron Bertha is coming !

† Bertha, Ertha, Erde ; terra mater ; alma mater. She is also Holda in the North, where she presides over pasturages ; and Bertha in the South, where she blesses agriculture and the labour of the spinner.—*Vulliemin: Grimm's Deutsche Mythologie.*

mortal frame. She is recognized as one of the Fates, occupied with fatal perseverance in spinning the destinies of earth.

At the close of a humid winter, ever favourable to the rocky and scanty soil of Helvetia, she appears (particularly in the vicinity of the Tour de Gourze) as Ceres, carrying a large sieve from which at every step she scatters vegetable treasures, while the children of Flora, hyacinths, lilies, crocuses, violets, cowslips, and whole hosts of primroses, and polyanthuses, in mottled liveries of every colour and tint start up in the fresh beauty of spring under her feet. She is Minerva, Diana, Arachne; the female progenitor of all the generations of man, the fair frail Eve; or invested with the awful beauty of the Virgin Mother of the Saviour of mankind, with a glory, and surrounded by a halo of her own long fair hair. "But under all these various disguises," says the eloquent native writer, from whom many of these details have been translated, "we her sons shall always know how to recognize her, whilst at least her virtues still continue to throw a reflected lustre over us; for ours is the land she fertilized, ours is the land she loved, and defended."

Nor is this burst of national pride misplaced, for truly theirs was the land she loved,—“their country

was her country — their God her God — with them she lived and died, and was buried.”\* But although Bertha thus individually belonged to the country and people of her adoption, she had yet a nobler office awarded her than to guide their destinies, and kindle the flame of knowledge and of virtue in their hearts. She was “not of an age, or of a race, but for all time,” designed as a beacon light to lead all of whatever tongue — of whatever soil, by her glorious example, “to fight the good fight, and press forward” through the wastes and labyrinths, the storms and trials, and temptations of this world, to that other, the constant goal of her own hopes and exertions.

Bertha, as already hinted, is believed to have lived beyond 970, and must therefore have dropped into the vale of years when “the silver cord of life is loosened, and the grasshopper becomes a burden:” but not a hint has been transmitted to posterity that she evinced any symptoms of decay, either in the exercise of her vigorous faculties, kindly warmth of heart, or assiduous employment of time. She signed, under some peculiar circumstance, not explained, a charter for her son Conrad, in 970, and rode from one royal residence to another, as in the days of her youth. Every thing implies that she was of a lively, happy

\* Ruth, chap. i. 16, 17.

temperament, rendering religion lovely in the eyes of her people; and, if the native bent of her character may be judged by the authenticated anecdote which has been quoted of her adroit application of Jacob's appropriation of the blessing by being the first comer, there was in it a dash of playful raillery—of fine irony—that enabled her to convey a lesson without harshness. No penitential pilgrimages—no ascetic austerities are incrusts, like painful excrescences upon the sober solidity of her strong judgment. She withdrew into no hermit solitude, *there* to fast and to pray; she did both in her own palace; and thus showed that all may obey the rules of the communion to which they belong, and honour the Divine Creator in whatever rank of life, or in whatever place:—that the worship of the heart (that sacrifice only acceptable to Him) may be offered before the domestic altar, or in the sacred sanctuary of home. Hers was the higher merit to live unspotted in the world, enjoying (with thankfulness) the blessings heaped upon her by the King of kings, and dispensing them in turn; his instrument among those who beheld in her his visible agent on earth for good to man. When the emperor and her daughter went to St. Maurice, to bow the knee before the relics of the Theban martyrs, she naturally accompanied them; but this is the only recorded visit

she ever paid to any shrine. Nor did her piety lead her to believe that it was requisite to abandon the ensigns of her exalted rank: her court was ever considered splendid for the times: the coronation of the infant Conrad at Lausanne, a few days after Rudolph's death, and his marriage twenty years subsequently, at Chavornay, both ceremonies doubtless directed by her, are signalized as being very magnificent.\*

The union of Adelaide at Colombier, and her subsequent court at the castle of Baldern, are also proofs that she knew how to steer between economy and parsimony, that she had discovered the golden, but often invisible, line which marks the boundary between careful habitual prudence in the administration of our revenues, and a sordid hoarding of the fruits of our wisdom. Not insensible to the wants or wishes of any class of her subjects, after her return from Italy she instituted a chapter for six noble ladies, and the college of St. Urs for the education of well-born youths at Soleure; besides rebuilding the city walls which had been in great measure levelled by the Hungarians. The ancient walls with which the Romans had protected their colonies were in many instances thrown down by

\* Les noces furent célébrées à Chavornay, avec une magnificence royale.—*M. de Gingins, Reverend P. Bridel.*



violence, or crumbling from age, and these safeguards become again of paramount importance, she now repaired in several places as well as at Soleure.\* She never appeared without being attended by her

\* From this calamitous epoch towns, and even villages, began to be universally surrounded by walls and fosses. Permission to the people, to guard themselves against the continual surprises, and brigandage of the barbarian armies was now freely granted by kings and their subordinates, willing by the same means to preserve their castles, and domains from the dangers of rival princes, or neighbouring nobles. Out of this inestimable privilege grew the subsequent importance of municipal authorities and the proverbial wealth of civic bodies. Conquest was never the object of these savages: they came for spoil, and the thousands of citizens, hitherto obliged to pay heavy ransoms to a few hundred plunderers, found courage under the shelter of ramparts and towers to set them at defiance. Industry increased with security; and, as the stream of time washed the feet of these "fenced cities," the burgers found gold to purchase their enfranchment from onerous submission to a suzerain.

From a statistical account of Soleure, it appears that in 1776, a chapter founded by queen Bertha in 930, for eleven canons and a provost, members of noble families, was still in being. The endowment must have been very ample, as the salary of the provost then amounted to £360 per annum; and that of each canon to £160. The provost was chosen by the senate, and the canons appointed alternately by the pope and the senate. Although not secularized, the revenues and original constitution had doubtless undergone some changes at that epoch. Archdeacon Coxe says, incorrectly, that queen Bertha was widow of Rudolph II. when she instituted this chapter in

almoner, who carried a large purse, from whence he distributed the gifts she ever dispensed on her progress. Her steed, though represented small, possibly to facilitate the continual mountings and dismountings, necessary in expeditions over the Alpine country of her predilection comes down to posterity most gallantly trapped and caparisoned in rich housings that nearly enveloped all but his smart fiery little face, looking proudly out from under his gay gear, as if conscious of his finery, and the privilege of carrying the "good queen."

The memoir of Bertha goes backward on the dial of time nine centuries! What changes! what revolutions! what losses have shed their many colours over the solemn face of time in that period! Amid the myriad heaps of meaner men (dimly seen in that shadowy vision of the past), as the weary traveller, after a long day of toilsome journeying recalls, whilst his senses are sinking into oblivion, the flitting scenes scarce beheld ere left behind, how many royal heads have worn a crown, performed their princely part — perished and been forgotten! but *she* is still remembered — registered by her own deeds. Charlemagne

930. Rudolph was then in Italy. From the absoluteness of her government as regent, for so many years, she was not unfrequently imagined a widow whilst yet a wife.

is not better known than Bertha. They trod the same ground — they wore the same diadem — they sprung from the same stock — the same blood circulated in their veins, and the same ardent spirit spurred on their energetic course; but there was a difference in their views, and a difference in their renown. Charlemagne is remembered as the conqueror — Bertha as the mother of the people. All therefore that appertained to her is interesting in their eyes, and her portrait-copy, made from a copy of yet more ancient date, shows her regally attired. The elegant veil of Italy (*Mesere*), perhaps adopted after her first visit with Rudolph, now worn by the middle classes of society, but then the exclusive sign of high descent, thrown lightly over the head and back, falls forward in long graceful folds on the shoulders, nearly to the feet, forming a soft shade to the high brow and polished cheek; and is surmounted by a small gold crown of conical shape, not much unlike the form of the tiara, subsequently adopted by the chief of the papal dominions. A mantle trimmed with ermine, clasped by a jewelled agraffe, hangs low over the rich swelling plaits of her patrician drapery, and her features are singularly marked with the impress of a thoughtful, compassionate, yet dignified by a happy spirit.

Her exemplary daughter Adelaide, more under

the influence of her age, withdrew into a monastery soon after she left the Transjurane, where she died, leaving her youthful grandson, Otho the Third, to brave alone the tumults and temptations attending his short reign; but Bertha, grand to the latest hour of her abode on earth, remained a living model of every virtue, in the midst of the world. And when she went to her rest (for this is the correct and beautiful metaphor employed by all who speak of her departure from life), her mission as guide and instructor did not cease. All who mourned for her, as a man mourneth heavily for his mother, — all who even now invoke her blessed name give proof that her personal agency continues. All indeed, who prize either genius, or goodness, must remember with veneration her perfect impersonation of a magnanimous queen, and Christian heroine, who, emerging from the clouds of darkness, mental and moral, that hung over an age of the densest gloom, so lived that her light irradiating all around her, “showed her good works to the glory of her Father in heaven.” And if any of earth earthy, may be permitted to appropriate the triumphant language of the apostle, “I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith: henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, shall

give me," surely the queen of Italy might be allowed so to apply them? Although her unassuming spirit would probably have shrunk with pious awe and self-distrusting diffidence from such an approximation of her humble walk, and labours to the sacred career of St. Paul, it is however very possible that her eye must have gone over the sublime pages of that holy Volume, from whence she daily drew the knowledge that rendered her so wise, and so good; she may have paused and pondered over some passages in the sublime book of Job, where her own position and deeds seem shadowed forth as in the spirit of prophecy.

When the ear heard me, then it blessed me; and when the eye  
saw me, it gave witness to me:

Because I delivered the poor that cried, and the fatherless, and  
him that had none to help him.

The blessing of him that was ready to perish came upon me:  
and I caused the widow's heart to sing for joy.

I put on righteousness, and it clothed me: my judgment was  
as a robe and a diadem.

I was eyes to the blind, and feet was I to the lame.

I was a father to the poor: and the cause which I knew not I  
searched out.

And I brake the jaws of the wicked, and plucked the spoil out  
of his teeth.

My root was spread out by the waters, and the dew lay all  
night upon my branch.

My glory was fresh in me, and my bow was renewed in my  
hand.

Unto me men gave ear, and waited, and kept silence at my counsel.

After my words they spake not again ; and my speech dropped upon them.

And they waited for me as for the rain ; and they opened their mouth wide as for the latter rain.

I chose out their way, and sat chief, and dwelt as a king in the army, as one that comforteth the mourners. — *Job* xxix. 11.

Whether one so imbued with the genuine humility of a disciple of Christ ever, in a moment of that self-consciousness of virtue which no piety can ever wholly eradicate, saw her own portrait in these remarkable sentences, is unknown ; but those who contemplate her character and her career can feel no scruple in affixing them to her hallowed memorial ; and when we recal her constant perusal of the Scriptures amid so many cares and occupations\*, her courage in danger, her prudence in defeat, her scrupulous discharge of her private as well as public duties, her patriotism, her simplicity, her active industry, her compassion to the poor and afflicted, her conjugal and maternal love, her earnest solicitude to leave undone nothing that might conduce to the welfare of her family or kingdom, — her faith in God, her hope in Christ, her strong sense breaking through the mists of superstition which enveloped her, yet so far bow-

\* La Bible qui étoit sa lecture habituelle. — *Conservateur Suisse*, vol. ix. p. 400.

ing before the ignorance of her period that her learning might illuminate those who sat in thick darkness,—the graces of the woman gilding the sterner attributes of a masculine mind, and thus presenting a portrait of all that could adorn the most refined and intellectual era of civilization,—we cannot but feel assured that to this illustrious woman will be addressed the blessed welcome of her Lord and Master when he shall judge the quick and the dead,—

Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord.

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### QUEEN BERTHA'S POSTERITY.

To those who have felt interest in the memoir of a great queen, and yet greater woman, and who are fond of tracing family descents, it may not be unamusing to follow her yet awhile through those lines springing directly from her. The race of Adelaide was utterly extinct in 1002, thirty years before the Transjurane returned to the Germanic empire by the death of Rodolph III. Otho II., Bertha's imperial grandson, had neither the abilities nor virtues of Otho the Great. The idol of his father, who is accused of preferring the offspring of his second marriage to the first, he was associated with him in the

crown of Germany when a mere boy, and at eighteen occupied, alone, the two thrones of Germany and Italy. Addicted to pleasure, his luxurious court soon became distasteful to Adelaide, who formed another, distinguished for the sterner graces of literature and religion. Otho II. had, however, that energy and spirit which subjects often take as precursive marks of a great king, and his reign of ten years was not destitute of glory, though his ambition betrayed him into some idle and unjust wars, which involved him in difficulties, from whence he escaped, on one occasion, with little honour, though with much courage. Having been taken prisoner, in a very ill-advised naval expedition against the Greeks and Saracens, he promised the Greek captain who had seized him whilst flying after defeat, an immense reward if he would land him at Rossano, where Adelaide was then sojourning. The cupidity of the commander lured him into this act of treachery to his country, and instead of proceeding with the prize to Constantinople, he steered, as stipulated upon, to Rossano. On arriving, messengers were despatched to the empress desiring her to get ready the appointed sum, and in the mean time the emperor continued on board, but, from respect to his high rank, free in all his movements. The money was speedily raised by his anxious mother; a boat came alongside the vessel, and a single agent stepped on board to finish the



negotiation before the gold should be paid over. While the captain was occupied below by this important transaction, the emperor, with fearless energy, jumped into the sea, swam to the frail little bark lying off at a distance, seized the oars, and before the astonished Greek recovered presence of mind to decide upon his own behaviour under such an unexpected circumstance, the fugitive had gained the port and was beyond his reach, with the money safely stowed at the bottom of the boat. The commander richly deserved the disappointment; but Otho, in the transaction, displayed something like the "noble astucity" eulogized by the monk Eccard, in narrating the treaties entered into by his uncle Conrad with the Saracens and Hungarians, without their extenuating apology. Conrad was dealing with barbarians, invaders of the kingdom, and, excepting that the mind always recoils from treachery and deceit, was, to a certain degree, justified by his own fearful position. Otho had no such excuse to offer, for the want of generosity and probity displayed in withholding the proffered bribe, which succeeded in seducing a brave man from his duty. He died at Rome shortly afterwards from the effects of a scratch by a poisoned arrow received in this illstarred enterprise, bequeathing the care of his son, an infant, to his own mother, Adelaide, and his widow Theophania, a Greek princess, sister of the emperors Constantine and Basil.

He had, by not unskilful tactics, secured to his successor the two thrones, and at fifteen years of age Otho III. entered Italy as its master. He was haughty and ambitious. A struggle soon arose between him and the nobility, and he put to death, in defiance of a solemn capitulation, Crecentius, a noble Roman consul, who had opposed his tyranny. The country became thenceforth tranquillized by fear; but, the deed accomplished, his conscience lacked the guilty courage with which he had executed it. He went on a pilgrimage of expiation to Mont Gargano, and becoming indisposed after his return, Stephania, the widow of Crecentius, a woman of ravishing beauty, who had vowed to revenge her husband's cruel doom, obtained an interview with him, on the pretence of being profoundly versed in medicine. Affecting to consider Crecentius the dupe of a wicked party, and herself under personal obligations to the emperor for sparing her own life, she soon acquired his confidence and such unbounded influence over him, that he took whatever she prescribed, and died poisoned by her drugs, some of which, it is said, were conveyed through the medium of a present of embroidered gloves, at Paterno, on the 9th of January, 1002, little more than twenty-two years of age, unmarried. Thus perished a victim to his own perfidy, immorality, and the blind credulity it occa-

sioned, the last descendant of Adélaïde ; — and thus was extinguished the once glorious house of Saxe.

The reigns of Bertha and Adelaïde, and the expeditions of the three Othos into Italy, are only short episodes in the history of that country ; but through the feminine posterity of Conrad the Peaceful, Bertha's son, Italy and the empire were governed for good and for evil, with two short exceptions (comprising in all a period of twenty-two years only), till 1254. At the death of Otho III., his cousin, Henry II., grandson of Bertha, by Conrad's eldest daughter, was called to the imperial throne ; and after the death of Conrad the Salique (husband of Gisélé, Conrad's grand-daughter) her son, Henry III., occupied his father's seat. Henry III. was, with the exception of Charlemagne, the most powerful emperor that ever filled that high dignity, and, had he not died at thirty-seven, his princely line might have experienced a very different and far happier fate. The melancholy doom of his son, Henry IV., has been sketched in the war of the two abbots. He was doubly descended from the Transjurane dynasty, his mother, Agnes, being daughter of Otto William, Count of Burgundy, great-grandson of Willa, daughter of Rodolph I. Henry V. leagued with the pope against a father whose chief crime was a noble defence of his royal rights, died childless. "I shall, like my brother Conrad, perish without posterity," was the expressive acknow-

ledgment of the hidden anguish of a self-stricken conscience. On the death of this unnatural son (glorious but for his rebellious ambition), broken-hearted by remorse and papal wars, at forty-four, the unsleeping animosity of the court of Rome raised up a rival, in Lothaire II., to the claims of the grandsons of Henry IV., by his daughter Agnes, married to the Duke of Swabia; but at his demise (after a stormy reign) the nation, fondly clinging to the legitimate stock, elected Conrad III., grandson of Henry IV., to the throne of his ancestors. Frederick Barbarossa, Duke of Swabia, nephew to Conrad III., and his sons, Henry VI., called the Severe, and Philip, all displayed the energy and military skill of their predecessors. The minority of Frederick II. again gave the papal court the opportunity of introducing a rival; but Otho IV. proved rebellious to the arbitrary power which raised him, and he died an exile, crushed in ten years by its vindictive hand.

The gallant, chivalric, refined Frederick II. then assumed the purple worn by his father, Henry VI. This wonderful genius, warrior, poet, statesman, linguist, and author, after vainly struggling, like his proscribed race, against the hatred and tyranny of Rome, gave up with gladness his weary breath, at fifty-seven. He was accused, by his papal foes, of writing an infidel work, in Latin, against the revelations of Moses and Jesus Christ, which no one ever

saw, and which perhaps never existed. His want of faith in the sacred origin and dogmas of popes is less doubtful; he was avowedly terribly suspicious of them and their mission, and employed as much address to defend himself from their enterprises as his ancestress, Bertha, displayed to protect her monastery at Payerne. With her more immediate descendant, Henry IV., he was almost ever under the ban of excommunication, either for not going to Palestine to fight for the empty tomb of the Saviour of Peace, when he judged that his own affairs required him imperatively at home, or because a fit of sickness prevented him from employing the celerity he was enjoined to use when on his journey; or for having finally recovered Jerusalem from the hands of the Sultan by the peaceable method of negotiation, instead of employing the edge of the sword, a plan more agreeable to the ferocious spirit of the haughty pontiff.

Frederick II. was followed to the grave, in four years, by his son, Conrad IV., a prince who had displayed much prudence and many great qualities during his father's frequent absences. Conrad IV. left an only child, scarcely two years of age, to the guardianship of his illegitimate brother, Manfred, son of Frederick II., a most valiant, magnanimous man; and there is every reason to believe (despite papal authority to the contrary) that Manfred was not unworthy of his brother's confidence. But vain was

now the last wrestle of this heroic line with the increasing importance of its sworn enemy. After offering the birthright of the infant king of Rome to many crowned heads too just to accept the legal boon, Charles, Duke of Anjou, the cruel, unscrupulous brother of St. Louis, garnished his brows of brass with the crown of Naples; and the three illustrious houses of the Transjurane, Franconia, and Swabia, were annihilated at one fell swoop in the person of the high-minded, spirited Conradin, who perished under the axe of the executioner, by the order, and in the presence of, the savage usurper of his crown. This intrepid prince, taken prisoner in a gallant effort to regain the thrones wrested from him in his childhood, died as became the heir of the Rudolphs, the Henrys, and the Fredericks. A few minutes before he laid down on the block, without shrinking, a head over which seventeen summers had scarcely shed their bloom, he advanced to the edge of the scaffold and threw amongst the crowd (assembled in silent horror in the great market-place at Naples, the 26th of October, 1269, to view the terrific spectacle) his glove, as a defiance to the rights of his murderer, and a pledge that he bestowed the inheritance of which the popes had despoiled his family on those who could defend them: it was picked up by some faithful adherent, whose escape was favoured by the sympathizing crowd, and conveyed by

him to Constance, queen of Aragon, daughter of the valorous Manfred, king of the Two Sicilies, already slain two years before, near Benevento, combatting for his own possessions and those of his young nephew. Constance was married to Peter III., king of Aragon, who succeeded to the kingdom of Sicily 1282, after the Sicilian Vespers exterminated the hated rule of the French in that island. Don Pedro of Aragon was then called to the inheritance bequeathed to him by the hapless Conradin at the fearful moment of death, as the heir of the house of Hohenstauffen or Swabia; and thus, through Constance, daughter of Manfred, the thrice royal, thrice noble blood of Bertha, has been transfused, and yet circulates in the veins of many a reigning dynasty; for every Bourbon branch springing from Peter III. of Aragon may claim her as their progenitor!

The rigid rules of Blazonry would demand, indeed, a bar across each shield thus quartered with the arms of Manfred; but the suffrage of all antiquity having decided that in descending even illegitimately from royalty and genius, there is "honour in dishonour," the most illustrious personages can feel it no derogation from their dignity to trace a sovereign line through so many glorious kings and emperors, to Bertha, the great and good queen of Little Burgundy, Arles, and Italy.

THE END.



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